

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Subtle, *the* ALCHEMIST
Face, *the* house-keeper
Dol Common, *their* collegue
Dapper, *a* lawyer's clerk
Drugger, *a* tobacco-man
Lovewit, *master of the* house
Sir Epicure Mammon, *a* knight
Pertinax Surly, *a* gamester
Tribulation Wholesome, *a* pastor of *Amsterdam*
Ananias, *a* deacon *there*
Kastrill, *the* angry boy
Dame Pliant, *his* sister, *a* widow
Neighbours

Officers, Attendants, &c

SCENE, London

THE
A L C H E M I S T.

A R G U M E N T.

*T*he sickness hot,² a master quit, for fear,
*H*is house in town, and left one servant there;
*E*ase him corrupted, and gave means to know

A Cheater, and his punk, who now brought low,
*L*eaving their narrow practice, were become
*C*ozeners at large; and only wanting some
*H*ouse to set up, with him they here contract,
*E*ach for a share, and all begin to act.
*M*uch company they draw, and much abuse,
*I*n casting figures, telling fortunes, news,
*S*elling of flies,³ flat bawdry with the stone,
*T*ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

² *The sickness hot, &c.*] This, as has been already observed, was the term in use for that species of *plague* with which London was so frequently afflicted in the 16th and 17th centuries. On the first decisive symptoms, the alarm became general, and all who could, hastened into the country, leaving their houses in the charge of some confidential servant. Lilly tells us, in the history of his life, that he was left, in 1625, "to take care of his master's house, which had much money and plate in it." He appears to have spent his time in frivolous dissipations, "for ease corrupted him" also, though it did not make him quite as profligate as Face.

³ *Selling of flies,*] i. e. of familiar spirits. See p. 25.

PROLOGUE

*Fortune, that favours fools,⁴ these two short hours
 We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,
 Judging spectators, and desire, in place,
 To th' author justice, to ourselves but grace
 Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,
 No country's mirth is better than our own
 No clime breeds better matter for your whole,
 Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
 Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage,
 And which have still been subject for the rage
 Or spleen of comic writers Though this pen
 Did never aim to grieve, but better men,
 Howe'er the age⁵ he lives in doth endure
 The vices that she breeds, above their cure
 But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,
 And in their working gain and profit meet,
 He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,
 But will with such fair correctives be pleased
 For here he doth not fear who can apply
 If there be any that will sit so nigh
 Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
 They shall find things, they'd think or wish were
 done,
 They are so natural follies, but so shown,
 As even the doers may see, and yet not own*

⁴ *Fortune that favours fools, &c*] We had this expression in *Every Man out of his Humour* Jonson seems conscious of the surpassing attractions of this drama he could not well, indeed, be ignorant of them, and if great merit could justify boasting, (which it cannot,) would need little apology for his bold appeal to the judgment, instead of the candour, of his audience

⁵ *Howe'er the age &c*] From Livy's preface to his history *Ad hæc tempora, quibus nec vitia nostra, nec remedia pati possumus, percontum est*

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Lovewit's House.

Enter FACE, in a captain's uniform, with his sword drawn, and SUBTLE with a vial, quarrelling, and followed by DOB COMMON.

Face. Believe 't, I will.

Sub. Thy woist. I fart at thee.

Dol. Have you your wits? why, gentlemen!
for love—

Face. Surah, I'll strip you——

Sub. What to do? lick figs'

Out at my——

⁶ *Face. Surah, I'll strip you——*] "Our poet could not possibly have chosen a happier incident to open his play with. Instead of opening with a dull narration, you have action; and such action too, as cannot possibly be supposed to happen at any other time, than this very present time. Two rogues with their punk, are introduced quarrelling, and just so much of their secrets is discovered to the audience, as is sufficient for the audience at present to know." So far Upton talks judiciously:—but when he proceeds to inform the reader that "our learned comedian does not deal in vulgar English here, but in vulgar Attic or Roman expressions, "and quotes Aristophanes and Horace, to prove his assertion, it is impossible to suppress a smile at such a ridiculous abuse of learning. The "vulgarity," with the leave of this tasteless idolater of the ancients, is truly English, and had been used to good effect, long before Jonson's time, by numbers of his countrymen, who never heard of the *Plutus*, or the *Ibam forte via*

⁷ *What to do? lick figs &c.*] This alludes to a story told by Rabelais. In revenge for an insult offered to the empress by the Milanese, the emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, led her mule into the public square; there "*par son ordonnance le bourreau*

Face Rogue, rogue !—out of all your sleights

Dol Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen ?

Sub O, let the wild sheep loose I'll gum your silks

With good strong water, an you come

Dol Will you have

The neighbours hear you ? will you betray all ?

Hark ! I hear somebody

Face Sirrah——

Sub I shall mar

All that the tailor has made, if you approach

Face You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,

Dare you do this ?

Sub Yes, faith, yes, faith

Face Why, who

Am I, my mungrel ? who am I ?

Sub I'll tell you,

Since you know not yourself

Face Speak lower, rogue

Sub Yes, you were once (time's not long past) the good,

Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept

Your master's worship's house here in the Friers, For the vacations——

Face Will you be so loud ?

mis' es membres honteuses de l animal une figue, presents et voyants les citadins captifs puis ena de par l'empereur a son de trompe, que quiconques d iceulx vould out la mort evader, arrachast publicquement la figue avec les dents, puis la remist en propre lieu sans aide des mains" Lib iv c 45

* Three-pound thrum,] One whose livery was made of the ends of a weaver's warp, (thrums,) or coarse yarn, of which three pounds were sufficient to make him a suit *What*

Or does it mean that his livery, which, in those days, was usually laced and badged, cost but three pounds ?

Sub. Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

Face. By your means, doctor dog!

Sub. Within man's memory,
All this I speak of.

Face. Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanced by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.

Sub. I do not hear well.*

Face. Not of this, I think it.
But I shall put you in mind, sir;—at Pie-corner,
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls,
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn-nose,
And your complexion of the Roman wash,
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,
Like powder-corns shot at the artillery-yard.

Sub. I wish you could advance your voice a
little.†

Face. When you went pinn'd up in the several
rags
You had raked and pick'd from dunghills, before
day;
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes;
A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloke,
That scarce would cover your no buttocks

Sub. So, sir!

* *Sub.* I do not hear well.

Face. Not of this, I think it.] A pleasant pun on the Latin sense of *hear well*, to be well reputed. Just below, there is an allusion, equally facetious, to the *Aureli, patris esuritronum* of Catullus.

† *I wish you could advance your voice a little*] i. e. speak louder. *Face*, who is the servant of the house, is afraid of being overheard by the neighbours, and therefore persists in speaking low, till he is completely roused by the sarcasms of *Subtle*. There is not a scene in any comedy in the English language, which, for genuine spirit and humour, and a close observance of nature, can pretend to vie with this.

Face When all your alchemy, and your algebra,
 Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
 Your conjuring, cozening, and your dozen of trades,
 Could not relieve your corps with so much linen
 Would make you tinder, but to see a fire,
 I gave you countenance,² credit for your coals,
 Your stills, your glasses, your materials,
 Built you a furnace, drew you customers,
 Advanced all your black arts, lent you, beside,
 A house to practise in——

Sub Your master's house¹

Face Where you have studied the more thriving skill
 Of bawdry since

Sub Yes, in your master's house
 You and the rats here kept possession
 Make it not strange I know you were one could
 keep
 The buttery-hatch still lock'd, and save the chip-
 pings,
 Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitæ men,³
 The which, together with your Christmas vails
 At post-and-pair,⁴ your letting out of counters,

² *I gave you countenance,*] i e credit, &c See vol II
 p 111

³ *Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitæ men,*] i e defraud⁵ the poor
 of the beer which was meant for them It was usual, at that
 time,—

“And pity ’tis, so good a time had wings
 “To fly away,”

to distribute, at the buttery-hatch of great houses, a daily
 or weekly dole of broken bread and beer to the indigent fami-
 lies of the neighbourhood

⁴ ——— your Christmas vails

At post and pair,] “Post-and-pair,” the author of the *Com-
 pleat Gamester* says, “is a game on the cards very much played
 in the west of England” If we may trust our old dramatists, it
 was “very much played” every where The author’s account
 of it, I do not very clearly understand, it seems, however, to have
 somewhat resembled Brag Like most of our old games of

Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,
Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up
house.

Face You might talk softer, racial. s

Sub. No, you scab,

I'll t'nder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

Face. The place has made you valiant.

Sub. No, your clothes —

Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse?
Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and watering-
pots,

Sublimed thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
In the third region, call'd our state of grace?
Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains
Would twice have won me the philosopher's work?
Put thee in words and fashion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary fellowships?
Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quavelling dimensions,
Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?
Made thee a second in mine own great art?
And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel,
Do you fly out in the projection?
Would you be gone now?

Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?

Will you mar all?

Sub. Slave, thou hadst had no name.

chance, it was of a complicated nature, and highly favourable to gambling. It appears from this passage that *card-money* is of venerable antiquity. *Letting out of counters*, which occurs in the same line, means supplying the gamblers with pieces of ivory, or base metal, to count with at play, for which the servants received a small gratuity.

Dol Will you undo yourselves with civil war?

Sub Never been known, past *equi clubanum*,
The heat of hoise-dung, under ground,⁵ in cell-
lairs,
Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's, been
lost

To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,
Had not I been

Dol Do you know who hears you, sovereign?

Face Suriah——

Dol Nay, general, I thought you were civil

Face I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus
loud

Sub And hang thyself, I care not.

Face Hang thee, collier,

And all thy pots, and pans, in picture, I will,
Since thou hast moved me——

Dol O, this will o'erthrow all

Face Write thee up bawd in Paul's, have all
thy tricks

Of cozening with a hollow cole,⁵ dust, scrapings,
Searching for things lost,⁶ with a sieve and
sheers,

⁵ *Of cozening with a hollow cole, &c*] This is a well known artifice, but the particular allusion is to an anecdote in "the Chanons Yeomans Tale," where a priest is imposed upon by it—Under pretence of converting quicksilver into metal, "this cursed Chanon," as Chaucer calls him, while the honest priest was busied elsewhere,

"Out of his bosome toke a bechen *cole*,
In which ful subtelly was made an *hole*,
And the ein was put of sylver lymayle,
An unce⁶, und stopped was without fayle,
The hole with waxe to kepe the lymayle in," &c

Lymayle is the "dust and scrapings" of gold and silver

⁶ *Searching for things lost, &c.*] This species of divination, which is of the remotest antiquity, yet retains its credit among the vulgar. By "erecting figures," &c in the next line, is meant delineating schemes of the different positions of the

Erecting figures in your rows of houses,
 And taking in of shadows with a glass,⁷
 Told in red letters;⁸ and a face cut for thee,
 Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.⁹

planets, with respect to the several constellations. *House*, in astrology, is the twelfth part of the zodiac

⁷ *And taking in of shadows with a glass,*] This mode of divination was very common in Jonson's time, and indeed long before and after it. What he calls the *glass*, was a globular crystal or berry, into which the angels Uriel, Gabriel, &c. entered, and gave responses, as Lilly says, "in a voice, like the Irish, much in the throat." This, if it proves nothing else, will serve to shew that the Irish was the primitive language! Of all the various modes of imposture, this was at once, the most artful and the most impudent. It was usually conducted by confederacy, for the possessor of the glass seldom pretended to see the angels, or hear their answers. His part was to mumble over some incomprehensible prayers: after which a *speculatrix*, a virgin of a pure life, (for the angels were very delicate on this point,) was called in to inspect the crystal. "I was very familiar," Lilly says, "with one Sarah Skelhorn, who had been speculatrix to Arthur Gauntlet. This Sarah had a perfect sight, and indeed the best eyes for that purpose I ever yet did see. Sir Robert Holborn," he continues, "brought me one Gladwell, of Suffolk, who had formerly had conference with Uriel and Raphael, but lost them both by carelessness. He would have given me two hundred pounds to have assisted him for their recovery, but *I am no such man!*"—Gladwell's berry "was of the largeness of a good big orange, set in silver, with a cross on the top, and another on the handle, and round about engraved the names of these angels, Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel," &c. Lilly's Life, p. 150.

⁸ *Told in red letters,*] i. e. says Upton, letters written in blood, —but he mistakes the whole sense of the passage. Instead of turning to Aristophanes, as he does upon the present occasion, he should have looked at some of our old song books, where he would have seen that those *red letters* were, as Whalley truly observes, the material parts of them ticked out in this manner to catch the eye of passengers. Rubric titles to ballads, stories, &c. were then to be seen upon every post. It is the knavery of Subtle, which Face threatens to put into red letters, with his figure (as the manner was), printed at the top of the ballad, to put the subject of it out of all doubt.

⁹ *and a face cut for thee*

Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.] Gamaliel Ratsey was a

Dol Are you sound?
Have you your senses, masters?

Face I will have
A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,
Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to printers

Sub Away, you trencher-rascal!

Face Out, you dog-leach!
The vomit of all prisons——

notorious highwayman, who always robbed in a mask, which was undoubtedly made as hideous as possible, in order to strike terror. In the title page of an old pamphlet, (which I have not seen,) containing the history of his exploits he is said to be represented with this frightful visor. In allusion to which, I suppose, he is called by Gab Hervey, "Gamaliel Hobgoblin." On the books of the Stationers Company, (May 1605,) is entered a work called "the life and death of Gamaliel Ratsey, a famous theefe of England, executed at Bedford." There are also several "Ballads," on the subject, entered about the same time. But the achievements of Gamaliel have been sung in more than one language,—a proof, at least, of their celebrity. In a small volume, belonging to Mr Bindley, of the Stamp Office, intitled "Schediasmata Poetica, sive Epigrammatum Libellus, authore J. Johnson, in artibus Magistro Cantab. &c Londini, 1615," are the following testimonials to the notoriety of this hero. The first has some of the quaint humour of the times the second is a complete failure the author should have parodied Horace instead of Virgil

In Ratseum, furem famosissimum

*Cereus in vitum flecti, tu certe cerâ,
Tu brevibus Gyris, Ratsee, dignus eras
Pæcoqui præcedens properavit funera funis,
Funs funestus quæ tibi finis erat
O tu qui superes, si bacchanalia vras,
Quæ tua sunt perdas, haud aliena clepe*

——
Ejusdem Sermo ad Socios,

*O Soci, (neque enim nos hî latuere dolores)
*O passi mala fata, dabit Deus his quoque funem
Per varios casus et tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in laqueum, sedes ubi fata molestas
Ostendunt, illic fas colla refringere nostra*

Dol. Will you be -
Your own destructions, gentlemen?

Face. Still spew'd out
For lying too heavy on the basket.¹

Sub. Cheater!

Face. Bawd!

Sub. Cow-herd!

Face. Conjuror!

Sub. Cut-purse!

Face. Witch!

Dol. O me!
We are ruin'd, lost! have you no more regard
To your reputations? where's your judgment?
'sight,

Have yet some care of me, of your republic —

Face. Away, this brach!² I'll bring thee, rogue,
within

The statute of sorcery,³ tricesimo tertio
Of Harry the eighth. ay, and perhaps, thy neck
Within a noose, for laundring gold and barbing
it.⁴

————— *Still spew'd out*

For lying too heavy on the basket.] i. e. for eating more than his share of the broken provisions collected, and sent in for the prisoners. This is mentioned by Shirley - "you shall howl all day at the grate for a meal at night from the basket." *Bud in Cage* WHAL.

² *Away, this brach!*] "A mannerly name for a b—h," as the old book on sports says. See Massinger, vol. i. 210.

³ *I'll bring thee, rogue, within*

The statute of sorcery, &c.] By this statute, which Face has very accurately dated, all witchcraft and sorcery was declared to be felony without benefit of clergy. This was confirmed by the famous statute 1 Jac. I. c. 12.

⁴ *For laundring gold and barbing it.*] To launder gold is, probably, to wash it in *aqua regia*, a practice, it is to be feared, (while gold was,) not uncommon. This verb is not found in our dictionaries; though it is as regularly formed as the substantive, (laundress,) and seems altogether as necessary.

Dol [*Snatches Face's sword*] You'll bring your
 head within a cockscomb, will you?
 And you, sir, with your menstrue—[*dashes Subtle's*
vial out of his hand]—gather it up —
 'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,
 Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
 Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats
 I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,
 For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt of you both
 Have you together cozen'd all this while,
 And all the world, and shall it now be said,
 You've made most courteous shift to cozen your-
 selves?

You will accuse him! you will bring him in
[*to Face*]
Within the statute! Who shall take your word?
 A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,
 Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust
 So much as for a feather^s and you, too, [*to Subtle*
 Will give the cause, forsooth! you will insult,
 And claim a primacy in the divisions!
 You must be chief! as if you only had
 The powder to project with, and the work
 Were not begun out of equality?
 The venture tripartite? all things in common?

Laundring occurs in Shakspeare, or in "one deformed that
 goes up and down under his name"

"*Laundring* the silken figures in the brine
 That season'd woe had pelleted in tears!"

A Lover's Complaint

Barburg is clipping This is sufficiently obvious This also
 was felony without benefit of clergy, so that Subtle was really
 in danger

^s *Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust*

So much as for a feather] Blackfriars was celebrated for
 the residence of Puritans at this time, the principal dealers in
feathers and other vanities of the age! This is noted by many
 of our old dramatists, but see vol. ii p. 466.

Without priority ? 'Sdeath ! you perpetual curs,
 Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
 And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
 And lose not the beginning of a term,
 Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too,
 And take my part, and quit you.

Face. 'Tis his fault ;

He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,
 And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

Sub. Why, so it does.

Dol. How does it ? do not we
 Sustain our parts ?

Sub. Yes, but they are not equal.

Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope
 Ours may, to-morrow, match it.

Sub. Ay, they may.

Dol. May, murmuring mastiff ! ay, and do.
 Death on me !

Help me to throttle him. [*Seizes Sub. by the throat.*]

Sub. Dorothy ! mistress Dorothy !
 'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you
 mean ?

Dol. Because o' your fermentation and ciba-
 tion ?⁶

Sub. Not I, by heaven——

Dol. Your Sol and Luna——help me. [*to Face.*]

⁶ *Because of your fermentation and cibation ?* I trust that the reader will not expect me to explain all the technical terms of this art. An adept himself, perhaps, would be puzzled by some of them, and I am a mere tyro. *Fermentation* is the sixth process in alchemy, and means the mutation of any substance into the nature of the ferment, after its primary qualities have been destroyed. *Cibation* (the seventh process) is feeding the matter in preparation, with fresh substances, to supply the waste of evaporation, &c. *Sol* and *Luna*, with which mistress Dorothea reproaches Subtle just below, are gold and silver ; for in the cant of alchemy, nothing goes by its right name.

Sub Would I were hang'd then ! I'll conform myself

Dol Will you, sir ? do so then, and quickly swear

Sub What should I swear ?

Dol To leave your faction, sir,
And labour kindly in the common work

Sub Let me not breathe if I meant aught beside

I only used those speeches as a spur
To him

Dol I hope we need no spurs, sir Do we ?

Face 'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shark best

Sub Agreed

Dol Yes, and work close and friendly

Sub 'Slight, the knot

Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me
[*They shake hands*]

Dol Why, so, my good baboons ! Shall we go make

A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours,
That scarce have smiled twice since the king
came in,

A feast of laughter at our follies ? Rascals,
Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,
Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in,
For whrch you should pay ear-rent ? No, agree
And may don Provost ride a feasting long,
In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scarfs,
My noble sovereign, and worthy general,
Ere we contribute a new ciewel garter
To his most worsted worship ?

Sub. Royal Dol !

Spoken like Claridiana,¹ and thyself.

Face. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,

And not be styled Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
Dol Singular : the longest cut at night,
Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.

[*Bell rings without.*

Sub. Who's that ? one rings. To the window,

Dol . [*Exit Dol.*—pray heaven,

The master do not trouble us this quarter.

Face. O, fear not him. While there dies one
a week

O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward
London :

Beside; he's busy at his hop-yards now ;

I had a letter from him. If he do,

He'll send such word, for airing of the house,

As you shall have sufficient time to quit it :

Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

Re-enter DOL.

Sub. Who is it, Dol ?

Dol. A fine young quodling.²

[*To his most worsted worship*] Dol grows quite facetious at "don Provost's" expense. *Crewel*, a word which frequently occurs in our old poets, and seldom without suggesting a pun, as here, means a finer kind of yarn, of which trimmings were occasionally made. "His most worsted worship," in the present exaltation of Dorothy's mind, is, perhaps, his most baffled worship. Not the worst quibble in these volumes

¹ *Spoken like Claridiana,*] The heroine of that interminable romance, the *Mirror of Knighthood*, who, after a world of turmoil and fighting, espouses the knight of the sun, the darling of "the fair Landabrides," so often mentioned by our poet.

Face O,
My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night,
In Holborn, at the Dagger^s He would have

as it stands here, in his corrected copy That Upton knew his own meaning is highly probable, (though I will not affirm it,) but that he knew his authors I cannot possibly believe. A "quodling" is not a *whitlow*, neither is a "puffin." a *shortness of breath*

In *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio says—"as a squash before 'tis a peascod, or a *codling* when 'tis almost an apple." On which Steevens observes, that a *codling* anciently meant an immature apple, and produces this passage of Jonson to confirm it. An apple, though *immature*, is still, I presume, an apple, which the *codling* of Shakspeare is not, unless *almost* have the same meaning as *altogether*. The fact is, that Steevens spoke by guess, and was not lucky. *Codling* (a mere diminutive of *cod*), is not necessarily restricted to this or that—it means an involucre or kell, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate form. This is what Shakspeare means. "I have seen Summer go up and down with hot codlings," says a character in the *Sun's Darling*. "This," exclaims the editor of Ford, "*plainly* proves the assertion of Steevens that codlings are immature apples, as none but such could be had in summer." Mr. Weber is always positive in proportion to his want of knowledge. The "*codling*" of Shakspeare is perfectly distinct from the "*hot codlings*" of Ford, which, as any one but his editor would have discovered, are not *apples* but *young peas* which under this name were cried, ready dressed, about the streets of London. With respect to the *quodling* of the text, to which it is more than time to return, and which has been so often and so ridiculously quoted to confirm what Shakspeare never meant, it is neither an apple nor a pea, but a sportive appellation for a young quill driver, derived from the *quods* and *quids* of legal phraseology, which have given so many other cant terms to the language. Dapper was dressed as youths of his grave profession usually were in Jonson's time, in a band and gown. Hence Dorothy's knowledge of his occupation, and Face's instant recognition of her description.

(I told you of him) a familiar,
To rifle with at horses, and win cups.

Dol. O, let him in.

Sub. Stay. Who shall do't?

Face. Get you

Your robes on: I will meet him, as going out.

Dol. And what shall I do?

Face. Not be seen; away! [*Exit Dol.*

Seem you very reserv'd.

Sub. Enough [*Exit.*

Face. [*aloud and retiring.*] God be wi' you, sir,
I pray you let him know that I was here:
His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid,
but—

Dap. [*within.*] Captain, I am here.

Face. Who's that?—He's come, I think, doctor.

Enter DAPPER.

Good faith, sir, I was going away.

Dap. In truth,

I am very sorry, captain.

Face. But I thought

Sure I should meet you.

Dap. Ay, I am very glad.

I had a scuivy writ or two to make,
And I had lent my watch last night⁴ to one
That dines to day at the sheriff's, and so was robb'd
Of my pass-time.

out the views and connections of Dapper. It occurs again in the last act.

⁴ A familiar.] i. e. an attendant spirit or demon, such as witches always carried about them.

⁵ And I had lent my watch last night, &c.] This little burst of vanity is pleasant and characteristic. Watches, at this time, were scarce and dear, and seem to have conferred some kind of distinction on their possessors; they were, of course, much coveted by those who aspired to be thought fashionable, &c. to frequent good company. Our old dramatists are full of allusions

Re enter SUBILE in his velvet cap and gown

Is this the cunning-man?

Face This is his worship

Dap Is he a doctor?

Face Yes

Dap And have you broke with him, captain?

Face Ay

Dap And how?

Face Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so dainty,

I know not what to say

Dap Not so, good captain

Face Would I were fairly rid of it, believe me

Dap Nay, now you grieve me, sir Why should you wish so?

I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful

Face I cannot think you will, sir But the law is such a thing—and then he says, Read's matter falling so lately⁶

to this circumstance Thus Brome, who probably had his master, Jonson, in his thoughts,

——“when every puiſne clerk can carry
“The time o' the day in his breeches” *Antipodes*

And Marmion

Pet Ne'er a watch ' 'tis the greatest solecism in society that ever I heard of ne'er a watch!

Lion How deeply you conceive of it!

Pet You have not a gentleman, that's a true gentleman, without one” *The Antiquary*

⁶——And then he says, Read's matter

Falling so lately] In Rymer's *Fædera*, vol xvi p 666, we meet with a pardon from James I to the person here meant, for practising the black art “Simon Pead of St George's Southwark, p ofessor of physic, who was indicted for the invocation of wicked spirits, in order to find out the name of the person who had stole 37l 10s from Tobias Matthews of

Dap. Read! he was an ass,
And dealt, sir, with a fool.

Face. It was a clerk, sir.

Dap. A clerk!

Face. Nay, hear me, sir, you know the law
Better, I think——

Dap. I should, sir, and the danger:
You know, I shew'd the statute to you.

Face. You did so.

Dap. And will I tell then! By this hand of flesh,
Would it might never write good court-hand more,
If I discover. What do you think of me,
That I am a chiaus?

Face. What's that?

St. Mary Steynings in London.] This was in 1608. This *Simon Read* and one *Roger Jenkins* stood suit with the college of physicians in 1602, for practising without a license, in which they were both cast. *WHAL.*

[*That I am a chiaus?—What's that?—The Turk was here.*] A *chiaus* was an envoy sent from the Port on special occasions; for the Turk, at that time, kept no leiger ambassadors in any part of Europe. Dapper uses the term for a cheat or swindler, in consequence of a circumstance which took place a short time before this comedy appeared. In 1609, sir Robert Shirley sent a messenger or *chiaus*, (as our old writers call him,) to this country, as his agent, from the Grand Signior, and the Sophy, to transact some preparatory business. Sir Robert followed him, at his leisure, as ambassador from both those princes, but before he reached England, his agent had *chiaused* the Turkish and Persian merchants here of 4000*l* and taken his flight, unconscious, perhaps, that he had enriched the language with a word of which the etymology would mislead Upton and puzzle Dr Johnson. This is “the Turk was here” in Dapper's time. Two other *chiauses* are mentioned by our annalists, as visiting us in 1618 and 1625; these, however, were more respectable characters, and are only noticed for the degree of pomp with which James and Charles I. respectively, received them. After all, *chouse* is not so remote from *cozen* (an old word, from the Dan *kosa*;) but that we may easily believe something very like it had long been familiar to us. The frequent use of the word, however, at this period, is undoubtedly owing to the celebrity conferred upon it by the knavery of Sir Robert's *chians*. The word

Dap The Turk was here
 As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?
Face I'll tell the doctor so
Dap Do, good sweet captain
Face Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's prevail,
 This is the gentleman, and he is no chiaus
Sub Captain, I have return'd you all my answer
 I would do much, sir, for your love——But this
 I neither may, nor can
Face Tut, do not say so
 You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,
 One that will thank you richly, and he is no
 chiaus
 Let that, sir, move you
Sub Pray you, forbear——
Face He has
 Four angels here
Sub You do me wrong, good sir
Face Doctor, wherein? to tempt you with these
 spirits?
Sub To tempt my art and love, sir, to my peril
 Fore heaven, I scarce can think you are my friend,
 That so would draw me to apparent danger
Face I draw you! a horse draw you, and a
 halter,
 You, and your flies together——
Dap Nay, good captain
Face That know no difference of men
Sub Good words, sir
Face Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs-meat 'Slight,
 I bring you
 No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs,* or Claribels,

occurs in Shirley, spelt as here—“We are in a fair way to be ridiculous What think you, madam, *chiaus'd* by a scholar?”
Honorata and Mammon

* No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs, or Claribels,] i. e. no feigning heroes of old ballads and romances Clim of the Clough

That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush
And spit out secrets like hot custard—

Dap. Captain !

Face. Nor any melancholic under-scribe,
Shall tell the vicar ; but a special gentle,
That is the heir to forty marks a year,
Consorts with the small poets of the time,
Is the sole hope of his old grandmother ;
That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands,
Is a fine clerk, and has his cyphering perfect,
Will take his oath o' the Greek Testament,¹
If need be, in his pocket ; and can court
His mistress out of Ovid.

Dap. Nay, dear captain—

Face. Did you not tell me so ?

Dap. Yes ; but I'd have you
Use master doctor with some more respect.

Face. Hang him, proud stag, with his broad
velvet head !—

But for your sake, I'd choak, ere I would change
An article of breath with such a puckfist :
Come, let's be gone. [*Gong.*

was a celebrated archer often mentioned in the histories of
Robin Hood.

“ For he brought Adam Bell, and *Clum of the Clough*,

“ And William a Cloudees-lee,

“ To shoot with our Forester for forty marks,

“ And the Forester beat them all three.”

Nash uses the word for a roaring bully, a drunkard.

² *That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush.*] *Five-and-fifty*,
it appears, was the highest number to stand on at the old game
of Primero. If a *flush* accompanied this, the hand was irresistible,
and swept the table ; the holder, therefore, might well
look big on it

¹ *Will take his oath o' the Greek Testament.*] This is the reading
of the quarto, and seems better adapted to the case of Dapper
(as Whalley justly observes) than that of the folio 1616, which has
the “Greek Xenophon.” The alteration is easily accounted for,
but appears no longer necessary.

- Sub* Pray you let me speak with you
Dap His worship calls you, captain—
Face I am sorry
 I e'er embark'd myself in such a business
Dap Nay, good sir, he did call you
Face Will he take then?
Sub First, hear me——
Face Not a syllable, 'less you take
Sub Pray you, sir——
Face Upon no terms, but an *assumpsit*
Sub Your humour must be law
[He takes the four angels]
Face Why now, sir, talk
 Now I dare hear you with mine honour Speak
 So may this gentleman too
Sub Why, sir—— *[Offering to whisper Face]*
Face No whispering
Sub Fore heaven, you do not apprehend the
 loss
 You do your self in this
Face Wherein? for what?
Sub Marry, to be so importunate for one,
 That, when he has it, will undo you all
 He'll win up all the money in the town
Face How!
Sub Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,
 As they do crackers in a puppet-play
 If I do give him a familiar,
 Give you him all you play for, never set him.
 For he will have it
Face You are mistaken, doctor
 Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,
 A rifling fly, none of your great familiars
Dap Yes, captain, I would have it for all games
Sub I told you so
Face *[Taking Dap aside]* 'Slight, that is a new
 business!

I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,
When you had left the office, for a nag
Of forty or fifty shillings.

Dap. Ay, 'tis true, sir;
But I do think now I shall leave the law,^a
And therefore——

Face. Why, this changes quite the case.
Do you think that I dare move him?

Dap. If you please, sir;
All's one to him, I see.

Face. What! for that money?
I cannot with my conscience, nor should you
Make the request, methinks.

Dap. No, sir, I mean
To add consideration.

Face. Why then, sir,
I'll try.—[*Goes to Subtle.*] Say that it were for all
gaines, doctor?

Sub. I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him
At any ordinary, but on the score,
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me

Face. Indeed!

Sub. He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,
If it be set him.

Face. Speak you this from art?

Sub. Ay, sir, and reason too, the ground of art.
He is of the only best complexion,
The queen of Fairy loves.

Face. What! is he?

^a *Ay, 'tis true;*

But I do think now I shall leave the law, &c.] This is excellent, the avarice of Dapper begins to operate; and his desires expand in consequence of what he had been permitted to overhear: the keen observation and art of Jonson are eminently conspicuous in every part of this wonderful drama.

Sub Peace

He'll overhear you Sir, should she but see him —

Face What ?

Sub Do not you tell him

Face Will he win at cards too ?

Sub The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,
You'd swear were in him,³ such a vigorous luck
As cannot be resisted 'Slight, he'll put

S x of your gallants to a cloke,⁴ indeed

Face A strange success, that some man shall be
born to'

Sub He hears you, man——

Dap Sir, I'll not be ingrateful

Face Faith, I have confidence in his good
nature

You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful

Sub Why, as you please, my venture follows
yours

Face Tioth, do it, doctor, think him trusty,
and make him

He may make us both happy in an hour,⁵

Win some five thousand pound, and send us two
on't

³ *Sub* The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,

You'd swear, were in him] The poet alludes to the two famous chemists Isaac, and John Isaac Hollandus who flourished about this time, and wrote several treatises on Alchemy

WHAL The works of the latter were published in 1617, with this title, *M Joannis Isaaci Hollandi Opera mineralia et vegetatilia, sive de lapide philosophico quæ reperi potuerunt, omnia*

⁴ ————— He'll put

Sir of your gallants to a cloke,] i e strip them to the cloke, the last thing which "a gallant" parted with, as it served to conceal the loss of the rest Cartwright, a devoted follower of Jonson, has imitated, or rather caricatured, much of this dialogue in the *Ordinary*

⁵ He may make us both happy in an hour,] i e rich We

Dap. Believe it, and I will, sir.

Face. And you shall, sir. [*Takes him aside.*]

You have heard all?

Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, sir.

Face Nothing!

Dap. A little, sir.

Face Well, a rare star

Reign'd at your birth.

Dap At mine, sir! No.

Face. The doctor

Swears that you are——

Sub. Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.

Face. Allied to the queen of Fairy.

Dap. Who? that I am?

Believe it, no such matter——

Face. Yes, and that

You were born with a cawl on your head.*

Dap. Who says so?

Face. Come,

You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.

Dap. I'fac, I do not: you are mistaken.

Face. How!

Swear by your fac, and in a thing so known

have had this Grecism before. See vol. II. p. 404. Thus, too, Cartwright.

“I see the tide of fortune rolling in

“Without resistance. Go, be close and happy”

Ordinary, A. II. sc. 3.

* You were born with a cawl on your head] This prognostication of good fortune is alluded to by many of our old writers. Thus in *Elina*:

“Were we not born with cawls upon our heads,

“Think'st thou, Chichon, to come off thrice a-row,

“Thus safely from such dangerous adventures”

This superstition, which is of very ancient date, is even now prevalent in many weak minds.

Unto the doctor ? how shall we, sir, trust you
 In the other matter ? can we ever think,
 When you have won five or six thousand pound,
 You'll send us shares in't, by this rate ?

Dap By Jove, sir
 I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half
 I' fac's no oath !

Sub No, no, he did but jest

Face Go to ! Go thank the doctor he's your
 friend,

To take it so

Dap I thank his worship

Face So !

Another angel

Dap Must I ?

Face Must you ! 'sight,

What else is thanks ? will you be trivial ?—

Doctor, [*Dapper gives him the money*]
 When must he come for his familiar ?

Dap Shall I not have it with me ?

Sub O, good sir !

There must a world of ceremonies pass,

7 *I' fac's no oath*] An allusion, perhaps, to the petty *salvos* by which the Puritans contrived to evade the charge of swearing unless it be rather aimed at the strictness with which the Masters of the Revels affected to revise the language of the stage That some revision was but too necessary, is abundantly clear, but these tasteless and officious tyrants acted with little discrimination, and were always more ready to prove their authority than their judgment The most hateful of them, sir Henry Herbert, in his examination of *the Wits* of Davenant, had marked, it appears, a number of harmless interjections, which might have subjected the poet to some punishment but the good natured Charles interfered, and sir Henry has thus recorded his spleen and disappointment "The kinge is pleased to take *faith, death, slight, &c*, for asseverations, and no oathes—to which I doe humbly submit as my master's judgment, but under favour do conceive them to be oathes, and enter them here, to declare my submission and opinion "

You must be bath'd and fumigated first :
 Besides, the queen of Fairy does not rise
 Till it be noon.

Face. Not, if she danced, to-night.

Sub. And she must bless it.

Face. Did you never see
 Her royal grace yet ?

Dap. Whom ?

Face. Your aunt of Fairy ?

Sub. Not since she kist him in the cradle, cap-
 tain ;

I can resolve you that.

Face. Well, see her grace,
 Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.
 It will be somewhat hard to compass ; but
 However, see her. You are made, believe it,
 If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman,
 And very rich ; and if she take a fancy,
 She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.
 'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has :
 It is the doctor's fear.

Dap. How will't be done, then ?

Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do
 you

But say to me, captain, I'll see her grace.

Dap. Captain, I'll see her grace.

Face. Enough. [Knocking within.]

Sub. Who's there ?

Anon.—Conduct him forth by the back way.—
[Aside to Face.]

Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself ;
 Till when you must be fasting ; only take
 Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
 Two at your mouth, and one at either ear ;
 Then bathe your fingers ends and wash your eyes,
 To shaipen your five senses, and cry *hum*

Thrice, and then *buz* as often, and then come
[*Exeunt*

Face Can you remember this?

Dap I warrant you

Face Well then, away It is but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants,
And put on a clean shirt you do not know
What grace her grace may do you in clean linen

[*Exeunt Face and Dapper*

Sub [*within*] Come in! Good wives, I pray
you forbear me now,
Troth I can do you no good till afternoon—

And then cry buz, &c] From a singular passage in Selden relating to the punishment of witchcraft, it would seem that *buz* was a kind of cabalistical word, used by the impostors of those days in their invocations "If one should profess, that by turning his hat *thrice*, and crying *buz* ' he could take away a man's life, (though in truth he could do no such thing,) yet this were a just law made by the state, that whosoever should turn his hat *thrice* and cry *buz* ' with an intention to take away a man's life, shall be put to death" Vol III p 2077 Mr Scott has misapprehended this passage (if it be this to which he alludes) He says (Dryden's Works, vol xv p 297,) that "it was the absurd and cruel doctrine of one of the English lawyers, that if a man firmly believes that, by *whirling his hat round his head*, and crying *bo*, he could occasion the death of an enemy, he becomes, by performing that ceremony, guilty of murder"—Here all the characteristics of the original are lost not to observe, that Selden speaks of a law *to be passed* in consequence of a practice which might have very serious effects, and which must then be a direct and wilful violation of this supposed law

9

You do not know

What grace her grace may do you in clean linen] It seems almost superfluous to observe, that the fairies are constantly represented as great enemies to uncleanness Thus, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*

"These make our girls their *sluttry* rue,

"By pinching them both black and blue,

"And put a penny in their shoe,

"The house for *cleanly* sweeping"

Re-enters, followed by DRUGGER.

What is your name, say you, Abel Drugger?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. A seller of tobacco?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. Umph!

Free of the grocers?

Drug. Ay, an't please you.

Sub. Well——

Your business, Abel?

Drug. This, an't please your worship;
I am a young beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just
At corner of a street:—Here is the plot on't—
And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,
Which way I should make my door, by necro-
mancy,
And where my shelves; and which should be for
boxes,
And which for pots I would be glad to thrive, sir:
And I was wish'd to your worship² by a gentleman,
One captain Face, that says you know men's
planets,
And their good angels, and their bad.
Sub. I do,
If I do see them——³

Re-enter FACE

Face What ' my honest Abel ?
Thou art well met here

Drug Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just as you worship came here, of your worship
I pray you speak for me to master doctor

Face He shall do any thing — Doctor, do you
hear ?

This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow,
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does
not

Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains,
Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
Wrapp'd up in greasy leather, or piss'd clouts
But keeps it in fine lily pots, that, open'd,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper⁴

A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith
Sub He is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on

*He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper*] It should be observed
that the houses of druggists (tobaccoists) were not merely fur-
nished with tobacco, but with conveniences for smoaking it.
Every well frequented shop was an academy of this " noble art,"
where professors regularly attended to initiate the country
aspirant. Abel's shop is very graphically described, and seems
to be one of the most fashionable kind. The *maple block* was for
shredding the tobacco leaf, the *silver tongs* for holding the coal,
and the *fire of juniper* for the customers to light their pipes.
Juniper is not lightly mentioned, " when once kindled,"
Fuller says, " it is hardly quenched " and Upton observes, from
Cardan, that " a coal of juniper, if covered with its own ashes,
will retain its fire a whole year "

⁵ Mr Bewle, the author of some very stupid notes on Milton,
(see the late editions of that poet,) has chosen to " vent his

Face. Already, sir, have you found it? Lo
 • thee, Abel!

Sub. And in right way toward riches—

Face. Sir!

Sub. This summer

He will be of the clothing of his company,
 And next spring call'd to the scarlet;⁶ spend
 what he can.

Face. What, and so little beard?

folly" on Jonson also, and to accuse him, in his *Reflections on Originality*, of "plagiarism, tediousness, and obscurity."

"A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith."

A quaint distinction—and no goldsmith! It means possibly that he had not the chrysosperme, (the philosopher's stone.) It is, however, by no means obvious that this is the real meaning, and therefore it must remain hardly intelligible, &c. p 66 This egregious critic did not know that goldsmiths, in Jonson's age, were not only bankers, but brokers and money-lenders. Abel was a good, "honest fellow," and no usurer. This is the simple meaning of the passage, produced with such parade to convict Jonson of "obscurity." His "plagiarism" (for we may as well dismiss the critic at once) is proved by his taking a trite line from Martial—marked by the poet himself, be it observed, as a quotation; and—happily detected, after a lapse of two centuries, by this sagacious gentleman. The "tediousness" is thus brought home to him. Abel says, (p 42,)

"Yes, I have a portague I have kept this half year."

"Holinshead mentions the *portague* as a piece very solemnly kept of divers. This custom we are sure from hence continued in his time. But a reader of Jonson is continually teased with these!" p 65 Why *these* should be more *teazing* in the poet than the historian, it is difficult to conjecture—but enough of Mr. Bowle, on whom I should not have wasted a syllable, had not all his trash been transcribed for the press, on the margin of Whalley's corrected copy.

⁶ *This summer*

He will be of the clothing of his company,
 And next spring call'd to the scarlet;] i e he will, this year,
 be brought upon the livery of the Grocers company, and the next,
 be drunk to as sheriff.

Sub Sir, you must think,
 He may have a receipt to make han come
 But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine
 for't,
 His fortune looks for him another way
Face 'Shd, doctor, how canst thou know this
 so soon ?

I am amused at that !⁷

Sub By a rule, captain,
 In metoposcopy, which I do work by,
 A certain star in the forehead, which you see not
 Your chesnut or your olive-colour'd face
 Does never fail and you long ear doth promise.
 I knew't, by certain spots, too, in his teeth,
 And on the nail of his mercurial finger

Face Which finger's that ?

Sub His little finger Look
 You were born upon a Wednesday ?

Drug Yes, indeed, sir

Sub The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus,
 The fore-finger, to Jove, the midst, to Saturn,
 The ring, to Sol, the least, to Mercury,
 Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,
 His house of life being Libra, which fore-shew'd,
 He should be a merchant, and should trade with
 balance

⁷ *I am amused at that*] *I am amazed* The two words have the same origin, (which is not that given by Dr Johnson,) and were once perfectly synonymous Thus in *Mons d'Olive* "I am *amused*, or I am in a *quandary*, gentlemen,—for, in good faith, I remember not very well whether of them was my word" A II Sc 1 See vol III p 131

⁸ *I know't, by certain spots too, in his teeth, and on the nail of his mercurial finger*] Our poet's authority is *Caes. in* *Sunt etiam in nobis vestigia quadam futurorum eventuum in ungibus, atque etiam in dentibus—sed pro manus natura, et digitorum in quibus fiunt, et colorum, et mutatione eorum* *WHALE*

Face. Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest Nab?

Sub. There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,
That shall yield him such a commodity
Of drugs——This is the west, and this the south?
[*Pointing to the plan.*]

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And those are your two sides

Drug. Ay, sir.

Sub. Make me your door, then, south; your
broad side, west:

And on the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat;
Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those Mercurial spirits,
That do fright flies from boxes.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And

Beneath your threshold, bury me a load-stone
To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest,
They'll seem to follow.

Face. That's a secret, Nab!

Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice⁹

⁹ *And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice*] “The droll antic character, so often mentioned in our old plays.” Whalley copied this from Upton, as usual, though nothing was ever more absurd. The “vice” is, simply, some kind of machinery, a doll, in short, moved by wires. Thus Holmshed describes the “Rood of Boxlie” in Kent, as “made with divers vices to moove the eyes and lips” And thus Chapman:

————— “Every thing
“About your house so sorttully disposed,
“That even as in a turnspit, called a jack,
“One vice assists another, the great wheels
“Turning, but softly, make the less to whirr
“About their business.”

Gentleman Usher, A. III. Sc. 1.

And a court-fucus, to call city-dames
You shall deal much with minerals

Drug Sir, I have
At home, already——

Sub Ay, I know you have arsenic,
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, alkali,

Cinoper I know all—This fellow, captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say¹—I will not say directly,
But very fair—at the philosopher's stone

Face Why, how now, Abel¹ is this true?

Drug Good captain,
'What must I give?

[*Aside to Face*

Face Nay, I'll not counsel thee
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what
thou canst,)

Thou'rt like to come to

Drug I would gi' him a crown

Face A crown¹ and toward such a fortune²
heart,

Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop No gold
about thee?

Drug Yes, I have a portague,² I have kept this
half year

Face Out on thee, Nab¹ 'Slight, there was
such an offer—

Shalt keep't no longer, I'll give't him for thee
—Doctor,

Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears

¹ *And give a say &c*] i e make a shrewd attempt at, &c
See vol II p 549 Subtle alludes to this speech, p 89

² *Yes, I have a portague, &c*] A gold coin worth about
three pounds twelve shillings It was very common in this
country, not many years since, and principally on those parts
of the coast most addicted to smuggling See p 39

He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Does raise him in the world.

Drug. I would entreat
Another favour of his worship

Face. What is't, Nab?

Drug. But to look over, sir, my almanack,
And cross out my ill days,³ that I may neither
Bargain, nor trust upon them.

Face. That he shall, Nab:
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.

Su. And a direction for his shelves.

Face. Now, Nab,
Art thou well pleased, Nab?

Drug. 'Thank, sir, both your worships.

Face. Away. — [Exit *Drugger*.]
Why, now, you smoaky persecutor of nature!

Now do you see, that something's to be done,
Beside your beech-coal, and your corsive waters,
Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?

You must have stuff, brought home to you, to
work on:

And yet you think, I am at no expense
In searching out these veins, then following them,
Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelli-
gence

Costs me more money, than my share oft comes to,
In these rare works.

Sub. You are pleasant, sir. —

³ And cross out my ill days, &c.] In our old almanacks, as may be collected from the dramatic poets, the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to buying and selling, were usually distinguished by particular marks. See vol. ii. p. 42. Mr. Steevens had one of them in his possession, dated 1562, and another, but of a more recent period, is mentioned by Aubrey, with similar advantages. There is some well meant ridicule of this practice in a curious old pamphlet called *the Owles Almanack*, in which every day of the month has its appropriate fortune annexed to it.

Re enter Dol

How now !

What says my dainty Dolkín ?

Dol Yonder fish-wife
Will not away And there's your giantess,
The bawd of Lambeth

Sub Heart, I cannot speak with them

Dol Not afore night, I have told them in a
voice,

• Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars
But I have spied sir Epicure Mammon——

Sub Where ?

Dol Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue
To one that's with him

Sub Face, go you, and shift *[Exit Face]*

Dol, you must presently make ready, too

Dol Why, what's the matter ?

Sub O, I did look for him

With the sun's rising 'marvel he could sleep
This is the day I am to perfect for him
The magisterium, our great work, the stone,
And yield it, made, into his hands of which
He has, this month, talk'd as he were possess'd
And now he's dealing pieces on't away —
Methinks I see him entering ordinaries,
Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,
Reaching his dose, walking Moor-fields for lepers,
And offering citizens' wives pomander-bracelets,
As his preservative, made of the elixir,
Searching the spittle, to make old bawds young ;
And the highways, for beggars, to make rich
I see no end of his labours He will make
Nature ashamed of her long sleep when art,
• Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,

In her best love to mankind, ever could :
 If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold
 [Exeunt

ACT II. SCENE I.

An outer Room in Lovewit's House.

Enter sir EPICURE MAMMON and SURLY.

Mam. Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot
 on shore

In *Novo Orbe* ; here's the rich Peru :
 And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
 Great Solomon's Ophir ! he was sailing to't,
 Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.
 This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
 I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH ;
 THIS DAY YOU SHALL BE SPECTATISSIMI.
 You shall no more deal with the hollow dye,

* *You shall no more deal with the hollow dye,*] This alludes to
 the way of cheating among gamesters, to make their dice hollow,
 and then, by loading them, to make them run high or low. The
 high were so loaden, as to run 4, 5, or 6, the low to run 1, 2,
 or 3. WHAT.

Cartwright dilates on this very pleasantly :

————— “ Your high
 “ And low men are but trifles ; your poised dye,
 “ That's ballasted with quicksilver or gold,
 “ Is gross to this.—For the bristle dye, it is
 “ Not worth that hand that guides it, toys, fit only
 “ For clerks to win poor costermongers' ware with.
 “ Your hollow thumb join'd with your wriggled box,
 “ The slur, and such like, are not to be talk'd of,
 “ They're open to the eye.” *Ordinary*, A. ii. Sc. 3.

Our present race of gamblers have not, I believe, much im-

Or the frail card No more be at charge of
 keeping
 The livery-punk for the young heir, that must
 Seal, at all hours, in his shirt no more,
 If he deny, have him beaten to't, as he is
 That brings him the commodity No more
 Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
 Of velvet entrails for a rude spun cloke,
 To be display'd at madam Augusta's⁵ make
 The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
 The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights,
 Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets
 Or go a feasting after drum and ensign
 No more of this You shall start up young
 viceroyes,
 And have your punks, and punketees, my Surly
 And unto thee I speak it first, BL RICH
 Where is my Subtle, there? Within, ho'
 Face [within] Sir, he'll come to you by and by
 Mam That is his fire-diake,
 His Lungs,* his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
 Till he firke nature up, in her own centre
 You are not faithful, sir' This night, I'll change

proved on the tricks of their predecessors, on the dice On the card, they unquestionably fall far short of them

⁵ *To be display'd at madam Augusta's,*] The mistress of a brothel, and probably the same whom he elsewhere calls madam Cæsarean *WHAL*

From what follows, I should rather suppose her to be the mistress of an ordinary, or gambling house Surly was a gambler "One thing (says Purchas) I cannot forget, that in prodigall excesse, the *insides* of our clokes are richer than the *outsides*" *Microcosmus*, p 268 This explains the preceding line

⁶ *His Lungs,*] *Lungs* was a term of art, for the under operators in chymistry, whose business principally was to take care of the fire So Cowley, in his sketch of a philosophic college, in the number of its members reckons two *Lungs*, or chemical servants, and afterwards, assigning their salaries, "to each of the *Lungs* twelve pound" *WHAL*

⁷ *You are not faithful, sir*] Not easy of faith, not believing

All that is metal, in my house, to gold :
 And, early in the morning, will I send
 To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
 And buy their tin and lead up, and to Lothbury
 For all the copper.

Sur. What, and turn that too ?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire, and
 Cornwall,

And make them perfect Indies ' you admire now ?

Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see th' effects of the Great
 Medicine,

Of which one part projected on a hundred
 Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon,
 Shall turn it to as many of the sun ;
 Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum :
 You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.

But if my eyes do cozen me so, and I
 Giving them no occasion, sure I'll have
 A whore, shall piss them out, next day.

Mam. Ha ! why ?

Do you think I fable with you ? I assure you,
 He that has once the flower of the sun,
 The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
 Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,
 Can confer honour, love, respect, long life ;

And to Lothbury,

For all the copper] Lothbury, (Stow says) " is inhabited chiefly by foundries, that cast candlesticks, chafing dishes, spice mortars, and such like copper works " p. 287

9 And make them perfect Indies ']—Transmute all their tin into gold. What follows may be explained from Chaucer :

" The bodies seven, lo ! here, hem anone,
 " *Sol* gold is, and *Luna* silver we threpe,
 " *Mars* yron, *Mercury* quicksilver we clepe,
 " *Saturnus* leade, and *Jupiter* is tinne,
 " And *Venus* copir." *Chaucer's Yeoman's Tale.*

Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will In eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old man of fourscore, a child

Sur No doubt, he's that already

Mam Nay, I mean,

Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age, make him g tions and daughters,
Young giants, as our philosophers have done,
The ancient patriarchs, afore the flood,
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it,
Become stout Maises, and beget young Cupids

Sur The decay'd vestals of Pict-hatch* would
thank you,

That keep the fire alive, there

Mam 'Tis the secret

Of nature naturized¹ 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases coming of all causes
A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve,
And, of what age soever, in a month
Past all the doses of your digging doctors
I'll undertake, withall, to fright the plague
Out of the kingdom in three months²

* *The decay'd vestals of Pict hatch*] See vol 1 p. 17

¹ *Of nature naturized*] Our poet seems here to allude to the theological distinction of *natura naturans*, and *natura naturata*. The former appellation is given to the *Creator*, who hath imparted existence and *nature* to all beings, and by the latter term the *creatures* are distinguished, as having received their *nature* and properties from the power of another. *WHALE*

² *I'll undertake, withall, to fright the plague*

Out of the kingdom, in three months] The defence which Dr Anthony published of himself at Cambridge in 1610, is called *Medicinæ chymicæ et veri potabilis auri assertio, ex lucubrationibus Fra Anthonii Londinensis, in medicina doctoris*. It is divided into seven chapters the last enumerates the several distempers which his *aurum potabile* cures, among which is the plague itself, as he asserts to have been demonstrated by experience, in the plague which depopulated London in 1602. *WHALE*

Sur. And I'll
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises,
then,³
Without their poets.

Mam Sir, I'll do't. Mean time,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city, with preservative,
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate—

Sur. As he that built the Water-work, does
with water?⁴

Mam. You are incredulous.

Sur. Faith I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.

Mam. Pertinax, [my] Surly,
Will you believe antiquity's records?
I'll shew you a book where Moses and his sister,
And Solomon have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam—⁵

³ *The players shall sing your praises, then,]* The theatres were always shut up during the plague To this, Surly alludes

⁴ *As he that built the Water-work, does with water.]* *He,* viz sir Hugh Middleton, as Mr Upton too remarks: the New River was brought to London much about this time *WHIL*

Both Upton and Whalley are mistaken here The New River was not admitted into the receptacle prepared for it, till Michaelmas day, 1613, three years, at least, after this passage was written. Jonson speaks of a water-work already built, and most probably of that constructed in 1595 by Bevis Balmei, for conveying Thames water to the middle and west parts of the city This engine is noticed by Stow in his "*Survey of Queen Hith ward*"

⁵ *I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,*

And Solomon have written of the art,

Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam] "Fabricius," Upton tells us, "in his valuable account of ancient books, has given a collection of the writers on chemistry. In this collection *Moses*, *Miriam*, (his sister,) and *Solomon* are cited So likewise is *Adam* Zozimus Panoplia cites the prophet *Moses* — *χημειστικὴ συνταξις.*"

Sur How¹

Mam Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch

Sur Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?⁶

Mam He did,

Which proves it was the primitive tongue

Sur What paper?

Mam On cedar board

Sur O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms

Mam 'Tis like your Irish wood,
'Gainst cob-webs I have a piece of Jason's
fleece, too,

Which was no other than a book of alchemy,
Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-vellum⁷
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And, all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work, the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire, our argent-vive, the dragon
The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the
biting,

⁶ *Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch? &c*] "Joannes Goropius Becanus, a man very learned—fell thereby into such a conceit, that he letted not to maintain the Teutonic tongue to be the first and most ancient language of the world, yea, *the same that Adam spake in Paradise*" *Verstegan*, p 207 "If," as good master Eliot observes, in his *Orthoepra Gallica*, 1593, "the commicall Aristophanes were alive, he should here have a good argument to write a comedie" To this, also, Butler alludes

"Whether the devil tempted her

"By a *High Dutch* interpreter" &c

⁷ ——— *I have a piece of Jason's fleece too,*

Which was no other than a book of alchemy,

Writ in large sheep skin, a good fat ram vellum] From Suidas, as Upton observes, Το μυθολογούμενον χρυσίον δερὸς ἐκελίον ην ἐν δερμασί γυγραμμένον περιέχον ὅπως δει δια χρημείας χρυσὸν ἐργασισθῆαι ἐν τοῦ δερματός.

And they are gather'd into Jason's helm,
 The alembic,⁸ and then sow'd in Mars his field,
 And thence sublimed so often, till they're fix'd.
 Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
 Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Aëgeus' eyes,
 Boccaccio's Demogorgon, thousands more,
 All abstract riddles of our stone.—

Enter FACE, as a servant.

How now

Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?

Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir;
 You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment
 Has done his office; three hours hence prepare you
 To see projection.⁹

Mam. Pertinax, my Sully,
 Again I say to thee, aloud, Be rich
 This day, thou shalt have ingots, and, to-morrow,
 Give lords th' affront.¹—Is it, my Zephyrus, right?
 Blushes the bolt's-head?²

⁸ *Jason's helm, the alembic,*] It may be just necessary to observe here, that *alembic*, in Jonson's time, did not, as now, denote the whole of a certain apparatus for distilling, but only the *head* of it, or that part in which the distilled matter was collected. *WHAL* Hence the allusion to *helmet*

⁹ *To see projection*] This is the twelfth and last process in Alchemy. The adept has nothing to do now but to pour his *medicine* on the briser metals, and make gold and silver again. The red or *crimson*, as Newton informs us, is

“certainly,

“Last colour in work of Aëgeus”

¹ *Give lords th' affront.*] i. e. meet, and look them in the face. This sense of the word was not obsolete in Dryden's time:

“*Olinda* Do you affront my sister?

“*Florimel* Ay, but thou art so tall, I think

“I shall never affront thee.” *Wild Gallant*

² *Blushes the bolt's head?*] A long, strait-necked glass vessel or receiver, gradually rising to a conical figure. *WHAL.*

Face Like a wench with⁶ child, sir,
That were but now discover'd to her master.

Mam Excellent witty Lungs¹—my only care
is,

Where to get stuff enough now, to project on,
This town will not half serve me,

Face No, sir¹ buy
The covering off o' chuiches

Mam That's true

Face Yes

Let them stand bare, as do their auditory,
Or cap them, new, with shingles

Mam No, good thatch
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs —
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace,
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,
Lost in the embers,³ and repair this brain,
Hurt with the fume o' the metals

Face I have blown, sir,
Hard for your worship, thrown by many a coal,
When 'twas not beech,⁴ weigh'd those I put in,
just,

³ *I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,
Lost in the embers,]* Thus Chaucer

“For rednesse have I non right well I knowe

“In my visage, for fumes dyverse

“Of metals which ye have herde me reherce,

“Consumed and wasted hath my rednesse”

Chanon Yeoman's Tale

* ————— thrown by many a coal

When 'twas not beech,] I know not the peculiar property of
beech coal, but such only was used by the alchemists Of this,
there is frequent mention in the same Tale,

“This false chanon, the foule fende him fetcbe,

“Out of his bosom toke a *bechen* cole

Again

“When that our pottle is broke, as I have said,

“Every man chyte and holte him well apayd

To keep your heat still even; these blear'd eyes
Have wak'd to read your several colours, sir,
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.⁵

Mam. And, lastly,
Thou hast descry'd the flower, the sanguis agni?

Face. Yes, sir.

Mam Where's master?

"—It was not temperd as it ought to be.

"Nay (quoth the fourthe) stynte and herken me,

"Because our fyre was not made of *beche*,

"That is the cause, and none other so *teche*."

In Lilly's *Gallathea* there is much of this jargon. There too, the alchemist professes that he "can do nothing without *beeche coales*". This impostor, and his man Peter, are the pleasantest characters to be found in Lilly. •

⁵ ————— To read your several colours, sir,

Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,

The peacock's tail, the plumed swan] These are terms made use of by adepts in the hermetic science, to express the several effects arising from the different degrees of fermentation. Thus we are told by one of them, from the putrefaction of the dead carcasses a *crow* will be generated, which putting forth its head, and the bath being somewhat increased, it will stretch forth its wings and begin to fly • at length being made white by a gentle and long rain, and with the dew of heaven, it will be changed into a white *swan*, but a new-born *crow* is a sign of the departed dragon. *WIAL.*

"These phylosophers spoken so mistily

"In this crafte, that men cannot come thereby,

"For any witte that they have now adayes."

So said Chaucer, and the case is not much mended since his time: all these uncouth terms allude to the various colours which the materials assume in their progress towards perfection. The *crow* and the *green lion* seem to be of singular value, as the adept is frequently congratulated on their appearance. The white, or the *plumed swan*, is also of choice estimation, and ranks, in degree, only below the yellow, and the red, the *sanguis agni*, which, as I have already observed, is the last stage of the process. The exultation of Mammon, therefore, is highly natural.

Face At his prayers, sir, he,
Good man, he's doing his devotions
For the success

Mam Lungs, I will set a period
To all thy labours, thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglio

Face Good, sir

Mam But do you hear?
I'll geld you, Lungs

Face Yes, sir

Mam For I do mean
To have a list of wives and concubines,
Equal with Sôlomon, who had the stone
Alike with me, and I will make me a back
With the elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.
Thou art sure thou saw'st it blood?

Face Both blood and spirit, sir

Mam I will have all my beds blown up, not
stuffed

Down is too hard and then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated Then, my glasses
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures,⁶ as I walk

~ ————— *Then, my glasses*

Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse,

And multiply the figures] This species of lust, which the iniquitous Mammon is contriving, was really practised by one Hostius in the time of Nero, an account of whose impurities we have in the first book of Seneca's *Natural Questions* *Hoc loco volo tibi narrare fabellam, ut intelligas quam nullum instrumentum irritandæ voluptatis libido contemnat, et ingeniosa sit ad incitandum furorem suum* And afterwards he says, *Non quantum peccabat videre contentus, specula sibi, per quæ flagitia sua divideret, disponeretque circumdedit* WHAT

In the preceding lines, there is an allusion to Suetonius

Naked between my succubæ My mists
 I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
 To lose our selves in; and my baths, like pits
 To fall into; from whence we will come forth,
 And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.—
 Is it arrived at ruby?—Where I spy
 A wealthy citizen, or [a] rich lawyer,
 Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow
 I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.

Face And I shall carry it?

Mam. No. I'll have no bawds,
 But fathers and mothers: they will do it best,⁷
 Best of all others. And my flatterers
 Shall be the pure⁸ and gravest of divines,
 That I can get for money. My mere fools,
 Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets
 The same that writ so subtly of the fart,⁹

“*Cubicula plurifariam disposita tabellis ac sigillis lascivissimarum
 picturarum et figurarum adornavit, librisque Elephantidis instruxit.*”

Tib. c. 43. It is not necessary to enter into further explanations of the impure images of this profligate voluptuary, who is portrayed with inimitable skill; but the reader who wishes for more on the subject, may turn to the notes of Faber on the *Εκκλησιαζουσαι* of Aristophanes. I may just add that Mammon's idea of “blowing up his beds,” is taken from Heliogabalus, who introduced cushions filled with wind, at some of his ridiculous entertainments.

⁷ *They will do it best,*] From Juvenal:

Inprobitas ipsos audent tentare parentes,

Tanta in muneribus fiducia ' Sat. x.

⁸ *And my flatterers*

Shall be the pure, &c] i. e. says Upton, “the puritans.” I think not the positive is used here, by a construction familiar to our old writers, for the superlative—“the pure and gravest,” are the purest and gravest.

⁹ ————— *And then my poets*

The same that writ so subtly of the fart.] Who the author alluded to should be, I cannot say in the collection of poems, called *Musarum Deliciæ*, or the *Muses Recreation*, by sir John Mennis, and Dr. Ia. Smith, there is a poem called the *fart censured in the parliament house*, it was occasioned by an escape of

Whom I will entertain still for that subject
 The few that would give out themselves to be
 Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, bely
 Ladies who are known most innocent, for them,
 Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of
 And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
 A-piece, made in a plume to gather wind
 We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the
 med'cine

My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
 Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded
 With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies
 The tongues of carps,¹ dormice, and camels heels,
 Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
 Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy *

that kind in the House of Commons I have seen part of this poem ascribed to an author in the time of queen Elizabeth, and possibly it may be the thing referred to by Jonson *WHAT*

This "escape," as Whalley calls it, took place in 1607, long after the time of Elizabeth. The ballad is among the *Harleian MSS* and is also printed in the *State Poems*. It contains about forty stanzas of the most wretched doggerel, conveying the opinion of as many members of parliament, on the subject, and as each of them is accompanied by a brief trait or description of the respective speakers, it might, notwithstanding its meanness, have interested or amused the politicians of those days. I subjoin a few of the characters, as a specimen —

"Quoth spruce Mr James of the Isle of Wight"—

"Philip Gawdy stroak'd the old stubble of his face"—

"Then modest sir John Hollis,"—

"Sir Robert Cotton, well read in old stories"—

"Then precise sir Antony Cope" &c &c

* *The tongues of carps,*] These have been always accounted delicious. Even honest Walton licks his lips at the mention of them. "The tongues of carps (he says) are noted to be *choice* and costly meat, especially to them that buy them. but Gesner says, carps have no tongue like other fish, but a piece of flesh-like fish in their mouth, like to a tongue, and should be called a palate: but it is certain it is *choicely good*." Fuller gives the same account of them

² *Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy*] This (as Upton observes

And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.³

My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd⁴ salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I my self will have
The beards of barbels served,⁵ instead of sallads;
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite, and poignant sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my cook, *There's gold,*
*Go forth, and be a knight.*⁶

Face. Sir, I'll go lock
A little, how it heightens. [Exit.

Mam. Do.—My shirts
I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light

is from Lampridius *Comedit sæpius ad imitationem Apici calcanea camelorum, et cristas vivis gallinaceis demptas, linguas paronum et luscinarum quod qui ederet ab epilepsia tutus diceretur. Vit. Hellogab.*

³ ——— spoons of amber,

Headed with diamond and carbuncle] The spoons of Jonson's time (and I have seen many of them) had frequently ornamented heads; usually small figures of amber, pearl, or silver washed with gold. Sir Epicure improves on this fashionable luxury.

⁴ Calver'd &c] This method of dressing fish is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. See Massinger, vol. iii. p. 55. A more elaborate account of it may be seen in Walton's *Angler*, p. 449, edit 1808. *Calvering*, at present, is a far more simple process than that formerly in use.

⁵ *I myself will have*

The beards of barbels served, &c] This too is from Lampridius: *Barbas sane mulorum tantas jubebat exhiberi, ut pro nasturtius, apiastis, et facellaribus et fœnogræco exhiberet plenis fabatarum et discis.* Mullus, which Jonson and others translate "barbel," is a sur-mullet. See my notes on Juv. Sat. iv.

There's gold,

Go forth, and be a knight] Covertly reflecting, as I believe, on the number of knights (many of them more unfit for the honour than sir Epicure's cook) who were made at the accession of James.

As cobwebs, and for all my other raiment,
 It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
 Were he to teach the world not anew
 My gloves of fishes and birds skins, perfumed
 With gums of paradise, and eastern all—

Sur And do you think to have the stone with
 this?

Mam No, I do think t' have all this with the
 stone

Sur Why, I have heard, he must be *homo*
frugi,

A pious, holy,⁷ and religious man,
 One free from mortal sin, a very virgin

Mam That makes it, sir, he is so but I buy it,
 My venture brings it me He, honest wretch,
 A notable, superstitious, good soul,
 Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
 With prayer and fasting for it and, sir, let him
 Do it alone, for me, still Here he comes
 Not a profane word afore him 'tis poison —

Enter SUBTLE

Good morrow, father

⁷ *Why, I have heard he must be homo frugi,*

A pious, holy, &c] All the pretenders to alchemy affected a more than ordinary degree of piety Even the works of the most notorious cheats abound with grave exhortations to frequent prayer, and purity of life "The study required (Lilly says) must be sedentary, of great reading, sound judgment¹ which no man can accomplish except he wholly retire, use prayers, and accompany himself with angelical consorts" p 87 This hypocritical cant is often repeated in the course of his work, and the reason of it is sufficiently evident, for weak and worthy men were betrayed by it into a false confidence in their impostures — But I need not dwell longer on this, for the whole conversation of Subtle with Mammon is a most correct and beautiful epitome of all that has been advanced on the subject

Sub. Gentle son, good morrow,
And to your friend there. What is he, is with
you?

Mam. An heretic, that I did bring along,
In hope, sir, to convert him.

Sub. Son, I doubt
You are covetous, that thus you meet your time
In the just point prevent your day at morning.*
This argues something, worthy of a fear
Of importune and carnal appetite.
Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave you,
With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry
To see my labours, now even at perfection,
Got by long watching and large patience,
Not prosper where my love and zeal hath placed
them.

Which (heaven I call to witness, with your self,
To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my
ends,

Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
To pious uses, and dear charity
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular lusts employ
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle and most secret ways.

Mam. I know, sir;

* Prevent your day, at morning] i. e. anticipate it. a very common expression in our old writers. In a note on this line, in the margin of Whalley's copy, in the hand-writing of Steevens, it is said that "the last of the moderns who uses the word in this sense is Prior."

"Then had I come, *preventing* Sheba's queen,
"To see the comeliest of the sons of men" *Solomon*

This is certainly not the latest instance:—but the matter is of little import.

You shall not need to fear me I but come,
To have you confute this gentleman

Sur Who is,

Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward you stone, would not be gull'd

Sub Well, son,

All that I can convince him in, is this,
The work is done, bright sol is in his robe
We have a medicine of the triple soul,
The glorified spirit Thanks be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it!—Ulen Spiegel⁹

Face [within] Anon, sir

Sub Look well to the register

⁹ *Ulen Spiegel* [the Owl Glass] the hero of a German jest book, which seems to have been very popular, as it was translated into French and English at a very early period. Menage appears to consider him as a real personage. He was, he says, “un Alleman, du pais de Saxe, qui vivoit vers 1480, comme Till Ulespiegle, célèbre en ces petites tromperies ingénieuses. Sa vie avant été composée en Alleman, on a appelle de son nom dans l’Allemagne Ulespiegle un fourbe ingénieux. Ce mot a passé ensuite en France dans la même signification.” Notwithstanding this precise account, we may be pretty sure that no such person ever existed. All nations have had their low cheats for the amusement of the vulgar. There is the “English Rogue,” the “Spanish Rogue,” and this dullest of all possible rogues, the “German Rogue.” His name, however, elegantly translated by our ancestors into Howleglass, was familiarly used by them for a witty knave, a trickster, &c. This has escaped the recollection of the accurate and learned Jamieson. He gives two instances of its use

“Now *Holyglass*, returning hame,

“To play the sophist, thought no shame”

Legend of St Andrew

—“speaking of the council, he called them *Hollglasses*, corruptants, and men of no religion” *Spotswood’s Hist* “Can this,” he adds, “be a corruption of *Gallowglass*, a word used by Shakespeare?” Certainly not. The allusion is to *Ulespiegle*, or Howleglass, the knave of Saxony

¹ *Look well to the register*] So they call the iron plate or

And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
To the aludels.²

Face. [*within.*] Yes, sir.

Sub. Did you look

O' the bolt's-head yet?

Face. [*within.*] Which? on D, sir?

Sub. Ay;

What's the complexion?

Face. [*within.*] Whitish.

Sub. Infuse vinegar,

To draw his volatile substance and his tincture.

And let the water in glass E be filter'd,

And put into the gripe's egg.³ Lute him well;

And leave him closed in balneo.⁴

Face [*within.*] I will, sir.

Sur. What a brave language here is! next to
canting

Sub. I have another work, you never saw, son,
That three days since past the philosopher's wheel,

slider, which, on being pushed forward, increases the heat of the fire in small chimnies, by accelerating the current of air.

² *To the aludels*] *Aludel*, the Alchem. Dict. says, *est vitrum sublimatorium* that is, if I understand the term, subliming pots without bottoms, fitted into each other, without luting.

³ *And put into the gripe's egg.*] A vessel of this form. The gripe is the vulture; sometimes, indeed, our old writers inadvertently use the word for griffe or *gryphe*, the griffin, a "grimlie beast," somewhat related to the dragon of romance.

⁴ *And leave him closed in balneo*] *Balucum, est quando res dissolvienda in conveniente vase aquæ calidæ in suo ahenæ contentæ imponitur, ubique operatio perficitur.* *Lexicon Alchem.* "When the heat is communicated to the vessel containing the body to be distilled, through any medium, as that of boiling water, or hot sand, the body is said to be distilled in a water bath, or sand bath, the chemists having agreed to call the medium, serving for the communication of heat to the distilling or subliming vessel, a bath."

In the lent heat of Athanor,⁵ and s become
Sulphur of Nature

Mam But 'tis for me?

Sub What need you?

You have enough in that is perfect

Mam O but——

Sub Why, this is covetise!

Mam No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious uses,⁶
Founding of colleges and grammar schools,
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And now and then a church

Re-enter FACE

Sub How now!

⁵ ——— the philosopher's wheel,

In the lent heat of Athanor,] "*Athanor, est furnus compositus
arcano philosophorum lapidi elaborando calorem, ubi ignis ad vas non
pertingit, tribuens*" *Ibid* It appears to be a digest

ing furnace, calculated for the retention of heat Of the *philoso-
pher's wheel*, which is frequently mentioned by Ripley, I can
only say that the more I study, the less I understand of it the
reader must therefore content himself with knowing that it be-
tokens a very hopeful state of the process, though not so for-
ward as one as the *crow's head*

⁶ *I shall employ it all in pious uses, &c*] How exquisitely
does the hypocrisy of Mammon set off the knavery of Subtle?
Cartwright has imitated this part of the dialogue with great
pleasantry

Hearsay "Your care shall be

"Only to tame your riches, and to make them

"Grow sober and obedient to your use

Caster "I'll send some forty thousand unto Paul's,

"Build a cathedral next in Banbury,

"Give organs to each parish in the kingdom,

"And so root out the unmusical elect"

Ordinary, A II SC 3

Face. Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the filter?

Sub. Marry, yes;
And bring me the complexion of glass B.
[Exit Face.]

Mam. Have you another?

Sub. Yes, son; were I assured
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorify it: but I hope the best.—
I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow,
And give him imbibition.⁷

Mam. Of white oil?

Sub. No, sir, of red F is come over the helm
too,
I thank my maker, in S. Mary's bath,
And shews *lætæ virginis* Blessed be heaven!
I sent you of his fæces there calcined.
Out of that calx, I have won the salt of mer-
cury.

Mam. By pouring on your rectified water?

Sub. Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

Re-enter FACE

How now! what colour says it?

Face. The ground black, sir.

Mam. That's your crow's head?

Sur. Your cock's-comb's, is it not?

⁷ And give him imbibition] *Imbibitio est ablutio, quando liquor corpori adiutus elevatur, et citum non inmens in corpus recidit.*—but I need not proceed. for as this author gravely adds, hæc plane philosophica est operatio, nec ad vulgares esse dimittit St. Mary's bath, (*balneum Mariae*), which occurs below, is setting a vessel in a larger one filled with water, over the fire To reverberate, is to heat in a fire, where the flames are beat back from the top upon the matter placed at the bottom.

Sub No, 'tis not perfect Would it weje the
crow¹

That work wants something

Sur O, I look'd for this

The hay's a pitching² [*Aside*

Sub Are you sure you loosed them
In their own menstrue³?

Face Yes, sir, and then married them,
And put them in a bolt's-head nipp'd to diges-
tion,

According as you bade me, when I set
The liquor of Mars to circulation
In the same heat

Sub The process then was right

Face Yes, by the token, sir, the petoitt brake,
And what was saved was put into the pellican,
And sign'd with Hermes' seal⁴

Sub I think 'twas so

We should have a new amalgama

Sur O, this ferret

Is rank as an ~~an~~ole-cat [*Aside*

Sub But I care not

Let him e'en die, we have enough beside,
In embrion H has his white shirt on⁵

Face Yes, sir,
He's ripe for inceration,⁶ he stands warm,

² *The hay s a pitching*] *Hays* are nets for catching rabbits they were usually stretched before their holes Thus, in a passage already quoted from Minshieu (vol 1 p 70) "A connee-catcher is one who robs warrens, and connee grounds, *pitching haies* before their holes,' &c and in Wyat's *Epistle to Poynes*

"Nor none, I trowe, that hath a wit so badde,

"*lo sett his hay for conneyes ore riveres* "

³ *And signed with Hermes seal*] A vessel is said to be hermetically sealed, when it is closed in such a manner that the most subtle spirit cannot transpire This is effected by heating the neck in the fire, and then twisting it

⁴ *He's ripe for inceration*] "*Inceratio est mistio humoris*

In his ash-fire. I would not you should let
Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,
For luck's sake to the rest: it is not good.

Mam. He says right.

Sur. Ay, are you bolted?² [*Aside.*

Face. Nay, I know't, sir,
I have seen the ill fortune. What is some three
ounces

Of fresh materials?

Mam. Is't no more?

Face. No more, sir,
Of gold, t'amalgam with some six of mercury.

Mam. Away, here's money. What will serve?

Face. Ask him, sir.

Mam. How much?

Sub. Give him nine pound:—you may give
him ten.

Sur. Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd, do.

Mam. There 'tis. [*Gives Face the money.*

Sub. This needs not; but that you will have
it so,

To see conclusions of all for two
Of our inferior works are at fixation,
A third is in ascension. Go your ways.
Have you set the oil of luna in kemia?

Face. Yes, sir.

Sub. And the philosopher's vinegar?

Face. Ay. [*Exit.*

Sur. We shall have a sallad!

Mam. When do you make projection?

Sub. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine,
By hanging him in *balneo vaporoso*,

cum re sicca, per combustionem lentam ad consistentiam ceræ remollitæ" Ibid

² *Ay, are you bolted?* Still alluding to the rabbit-net. Are you at length driven by the "ferret, as he has just called Face, (from his red eyes,) into the snare laid for you?

And giving him solution, then congeal him,
 And then dissolve him, then again congeal him
 For look, how oft I iterate the work,
 So many times I add unto his virtue
 As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred,
 After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand,
 His third solution, ten, his fourth, a hundred
 After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
 Of any imperfect metal, into pure
 Silver or gold, in all examinations,
 As good as any of the natural mine
 Get you your stuff here against afternoon,
 Your brass, your pewter, and your audions

Mam Not those of iron?

Sub Yes, you may bring them too
 We'll change all metals

Sur I believe you in that.

Mam Then I may send my spits?

Sub Yes, and your iacks

Sur And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and
 hooks

Shall he not?

Sub If he please.

Sur —To be an ass.

Sub How, sir!

Mam This gentleman you must bear withal
 I told you he had no faith

Sur And little hope, sir,
 But much less charity, should I gull myself

Sub Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in our
 art,

Seems so impossible?

Sur But your whole work, no more
 That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
 As they do eggs in Egypt!

Sub Sir, do you
 Believe that eggs are hatch'd so?

Sur. If I should ?

Sub. Why, I think that the greater miracle.
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.

Sur. That cannot be.
The egg's ordain'd by nature to that end,
And is a chicken *in potentia*.

Sub. The same we say of lead and other
metals;
Which would be gold, if they had time.

Mam. And that
Our art doth further.

Sub. Ay, for 'twere absurd
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect in the instant : something went before.
There must be remote matter.

Sur. Ay, what is that ?

Sub. Marry, we say —

Mam. Ay, now it heats : stand, father,
Pound him to dust.

Sub. It is, of the one part,
A humid exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the unctuous water ; .
On the other part, a certain crass and viscous
Portion of earth ; both which, concoiporate,
Do make the elementary matter of gold ;
Which is not yet *propria materia*,
But common to all metals and all stones ;
For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more driness, it becomes a stone :
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,
Who are the parents of all other metals.
Nor can this remote matter suddenly
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.
Nature doth first beget the imperfect, then

Proceeds she to the perfect Of that airy,
 And only water, mercury is engender'd,
 Sulphur of the fat and earthy part, the one,
 Which is the last, supplying the place of male,
 The other of the female, in all metals
 Some do believe hermaphrodeity,
 That both do act and suffer But these two
 Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive
 And even in gold they are, for we do find
 Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in them,
 And can produce the species of each metal
 More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth
 Beside, who doth not see in daily practice
 Art can beget bees,³ hornets, beetles, wasps,
 Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures,
 Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly placed
 And these are living creatures, far more perfect
 And excellent than metals.

Mam Well said, father!

Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,

He'll bray you in a mortar

Sur Pray you, sir, stay

³ *Art can beget bees, &c*] While the doctrine of equivocal generation was in fashion, this was a powerful argument. Alchemy has now lost one of its principal props. Upton refers, for an explanation of this, to Pliny and Ovid; if he had referred to the works of Kelley, Ripley, Norton, &c, he would have been much more fortunate; for in them Jonson found not only most of his terms, but the greater part of his reasoning. But of these writers Upton probably knew nothing. With all his learning, he seems to have been a man of very confined knowledge, and his palpable want of judgment prevented him from making much advantage of what he really possessed. I have not thought it necessary to quote the passages to which Jonson alludes, but the reader who may think it worth his while to turn to them in the *Theatrum Chemicum*, will be struck with the wonderful dexterity with which he has availed himself of his most wretched materials.

Rather than I'll be bray'd, sir, I'll believe
That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game,
Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a man
With charming.

Sub. Sir?

Sur. What else are all your terms,
Whereon no one of your writers 'grees with other?
Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,
Your stone, your medicine, and your chryso-
speime,
Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,
Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,
Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,
Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your
panther;
Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your
adrop,*
Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit,
And then your red man, and your white woman,
With all your broths, your menstrues, and mate-
rials,
Of piss and egg-shells, women's terms, man's
blood,
Hair o' the head, buint clouts, chalk, merds, and
clay,
Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,
And wolds of other strange ingredients,
Would buist a man to name?

Sub. And all these named,
Intending but one thing, which art our writers
Used to obscure their art

Mam. Sir, so I told him—
Because the simple idiot should not learn it,
And make it vulgar.

* *Your adrop, &c.*] *Adrop est aza, lapis ipse Chem Dict Lato*,
is a species of aurichalc, *azoch* and *chibrit* are, I believe, but
other names for mercury; *zernich* is auripigment, and *heautarit*
—I know not what.

Sub Was not all the knowledge
Of the Ægyptians writ in mystic symbols?
Speak not the scriptures oft in parables?
Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
That were the fountains and first springs of
wisdom,

Wiapp'd in perplexed allegories?

Mam I uig'd that,
And clear'd to him, that Sisyphus was damn'd
To roll the ceaseless stone, only because
He would have made Ours common [*Dol appears*
at the door]—Who is this?

Sub 'S precious!—What do you mean? go in,
good lady,
Let me entreat you [*Dol retires*]—Where's this
varlet?

Re-enter FACE.

Face Sir

Sub You very knave! do you use me thus?

Face Wherein, sir?

Sub Go in and see, you traitor! Go!
[*Exit Face*]

Mam Who is it, sir?

Sub Nothing, sir, nothing

Mam What's the matter, good sir?
I have not seen you thus distemper'd who is't?

Sub All arts have still had, sir, their adversa-
ries,
But ours the most ignorant —

Re-enter FACE

What now?

Face 'Twas not my fault, sir, she would speak
with you

* *Sub* Would she, sir! Follow me [*Exit*

Mam [*stopping him*] Stay, Lungs

Face. I dare not, sir.

Mam. Stay, man; what is she?

Face. A lord's sister, sir.⁴

Mam. How! pray thee, stay.

Face. She's mad, sir, and sent hither—

He'll be mad too.—

Mam. I warrant thee.—

Why sent hither?

Face. Sir, to be cured.

Sub. [*within.*] Why, rascal!

Face. Lo you!—Here, sir! [*Exit.*]

Mam. 'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece.

Sur. Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I will be bunt else.

Mam. O, by this light, no: do not wrong him.

He's

Too scrupulous that way: it is his vice.

No, he's a rare physician, do him right,

An excellent Paracelsian,⁷ and has done

⁴ *Face.* *A lord's sister, sir, &c.*] I have adopted the arrangements of the quarto, 1612, in these short speeches. It is so much more natural than that of the folio, 1616, that I am inclined to attribute the alteration to a mere oversight.

⁵ *I warrant thee.*] i. e. I will secure thee from the effects of his anger.

⁶ — *a Bradamante,*] The name of an heroine in *Orlando Furioso*. *WHAL*

⁷ *An excellent Paracelsian,*] A follower of Paracelsus Philippus Aureolus Paracelsus Theophrastus Bombastus de Hohenheim, (I love, as the good vicar of Wakefield says, to give the whole name,) was born, in 1493, at Einfideln, a little town near Zurich. His father, who was a physician, taught him the rudiments of his art, and would, perhaps, have taught him more, had not the incurable passion of his son for rambling prevented it. Before he was twenty, he had over-run a great part of Germany, conversing indifferently with barbers, old women, conjurers, chemists, quacks, &c. and eagerly adopting, from each, whatever he imagined conducive to the system of imposture which he had already planned. From Germany he proceeded to Russia, where he fell into the hands of the Tartars, and was carried to the Cham, who

Strange cures with mineral physic He deals all
 With spirits, he, he will not heal a word
 Of Galen, or his tedious recipes —

sent him to Constantinople, to preside over the education of his son! Here, as all the world knows, he learned the grand secret, and returned to Germany with the philosopher's stone. At Basle, he set up for a physician, and having by accident, or mistake, cured Frobenius, (the noted printer,) he acquired considerable practice. In 1527, he was appointed professor of physic, and gave lectures. As he had far more cunning than knowledge, he wrapped up all that he delivered in a kind of mystical jargon, (like the alchemists,) which was perfectly unintelligible, and procured him a vast number of scholars. Emboldened by success, he now pretended to magic, and held conference with a familiar, or demon, whom, for the convenience of consulting, he constantly carried about with him in the hilt of his sword. He was also a warm stickler for reformation in ecclesiastical matters, which, as he had no religion, sets off his patriotism to great advantage. His language was rude, and his manner gross and offensive in the highest degree, he was arrogant, assuming, and full of the most extravagant promises and pretensions. He offered to teach the secret of making gold *ad libitum*, and lived on alms. He undertook readily to protract the existence of his patients to any period, and, while debating in his own mind how many centuries he himself would live, died of a common fever in the hospital of Saltsburg, in the 48th year of his age. The rest of his character is easily settled. He was of a lively fancy, and of an active and restless disposition. In our times he would have been a quack and a puppet-show man, in his own, this was not sufficient for his ambition, and he became a professed necromancer. From what I have read of his works, which are written in a mean, uncouth, and barbarous style, I should suppose that such a man might be compounded out of a Darwin and a Cagliostro. Paracelsus seems to have first fallen upon that ridiculous species of quackery which was revived not long ago with such parade, under the name of animal magnetism. His *chair of life* was assisted in its operation by a process very similar to what the modern professors of the art call *treating* the patient was wearied by some contemptible mummery into a state of somnolency, from which he was to awake with a renovated constitution.

is not a little mortifying to observe, that the boasted discoveries of this prodigious period, which has been proudly

Re-enter FACE.

How now, Lungs !

Face. Softly, sir ; speak softly. I meant
To have told your worship all. This must not
hear

Mam. No, he will not be "gull'd." * let him
alone.

Face. You are very right, sir ; she is a most rare
scholar,
And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.

termed the "age of reason," but which would be more aptly
denominated the age of impudence, had been made long since.
There is not one of the miraculous inventions, which for a short
time immortalized the philosopher Godwin, that had not been
the object of sovereign contempt and ridicule many centuries
before he was born.

* *No, he will not be gull'd*] Mammon alludes with a sneer,
to Surly's declaration, p. 49.

9 *She is gone mad with studying Broughton's works*] "Mr
Hugh Broughton, a celebrated rabbin in queen Elizabeth's days,
and a great publisher." WHAL

Broughton was an English divine, and a considerable pro-
ficient, (as has been already observed, vol. iii. p. 213) in the
Hebrew. His attainments, however, in this language only served
to make him ridiculous, for he fell upon a mode of explaining it
perfectly incomprehensible to himself as well as to others.
He was of a very pugnacious humour, and wasted many
years of his life, in a most violent dispute with the arch-
bishop of Canterbury, and a Jew rabbi, about the sense of
sheol and *hades*. This rabbi, Howell says, was of the tribe of
Aaron, and of such repute for sanctity at Amsterdam, (where he
saw him,) that "when the other Jews met him, they fell down
and kissed his feet" *Let vii* This did not, however, secure
him from the coarse revilings of Broughton, whose insolence and
pride were beyond all bounds. The reader may be amused
with a specimen or two of his opinion of himself. "The Jews
desired to have me sent to all the synagogues in Constantinople,
if it were but to see my angelicall countenance." "French,
Dutch, Papist, Protestant, call for me, being a man approved

If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,
 She falls into her fit, and will discourse
 So learnedly of genealogies,
 As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir

Mam How might one do t' have conference
 with her, Lungs?

Face O divers have run mad upon the confer-
 ence

I do not know, sir I am sent in haste,
 To fetch a vial

Sur Be not gull'd, sir Mammon

Mam Wherein? play ye, be patient

Sur Yes, as you are,

And trust confederate knaves and bawds and
 whores

Mam You are too foul, believe it — Come here,
 Ulen,

One word

Face I dare not, in good faith [Going]

Mam Stay, knave

Face He is extreme angry that you saw her, sir

Mam Drink that [Gives him money] What is
 she when she's out of her fit?

Face O, the most affablest creature, sir! so
 merry!

So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like quick-silver,
 Over the helm, and circulate like oil,
 A very vegetal discourse of state,
 Of mathematics, bawdry, any thing——

Mam Is she no way accessible? no means,

over the world" "If the queen (Elizabeth) will not preferre
 me for my pains, I will leave the land," &c

All this, with much more, is to be found in an "answer to Master
 Broughton's letters to the lord archbishop of Canterbury," in
 which he is constantly spoken of as one grown mad with unpro-
 fitable study, and self-conceit. At all events, the study of him
 was well calculated to make others mad

No trick to give a man a taste of her — wit —
Or so ?¹

Sub. [*within.*] Ulen !

Face. I'll come to you again, sir. [*Exit.*

Mam. Surly, I did not think one of your
breeding

Would traduce personages of worth.

Sur. Sir Epicure,

Your friend to use ; yet still, loth to be gull'd :

I do not like your philosophical bawds.

Their stone is lechery enough to pay for,

Without this bait.

Mam. 'Heart, you abuse your self.

I know the lady, and her friends, and means,

The original of this disaster. Her brother

Has told me all

Sur. And yet you never saw her
Till now !

Mam. O yes, but I forgot. I have, believe it,
One of the treacherousest memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.

Sur. What call you her brother ?

Mam. My lord —

He will not have his name known, now I think on't.

Sur. A very treacherous memory !

Mam. On my faith —

Sur. Tut, if you have it not about you, pass it,
Till we meet next.

Mam. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true. *
He's one I honour, and my noble friend ;
And I respect his house.

Sur. Heart ! can it be,
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,

* *Ulen !*] In the folio 1616, this is made a part of Mammon's speech. It is evident, however, from the abrupt departure of Face, that it is spoken by Subtle within. The 4to 1612, omits it altogether. Jonson constantly writes this word in the German character.

In these commodities, the superintendent
To all the quainter traffickers in town¹
He is the visitor, and does appoint,
Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what
price;

Which gown, and in what smock; what fall,
what tie.

Him will I prove, by a third person, to find
The subtleties of this dark labyrinth:

Which if I do discover, dear sir Mammon,
You'll give your poor friend leave, though no
philosopher,

To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall
weep.

Face. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.

Sur. I will not, sir.

Sir Epicure. I shall leave you. [*Exit.*

Mam. I follow you, straight.

Face. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
This gentleman has a parlous head.⁵

Mam. But wilt thou, Ulen,
Be constant to thy promise?

Face. As my life, sir.

Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am, and
praise me,

And say, I am a noble fellow?

Face. O, what else, sir?

And that you'll make her royal with the stone,
An empress, and you self, king of Bantam.

⁴ *What fall,*] The *fall* (a very fashionable article of dress) was a ruff or band, which instead of being plaited round the neck, was turned back on the shoulders.

⁵ *This gentleman has a parlous head.*] A common corruption of *perilous*, dangerous; surewd, &c. So *Shakespeare*:

“O tis a parlous boy.

“Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.”

Rubad III.

Mam Wilt thou do this?

Face Will I, sir!

Mam Lungs, my Lungs!

I love thee

Face Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busy himself about projection

Mam Thou hast witch'd me, rogue 'take, go
[*Gives him money.*]

Face Your jack, and all, sir

Mam Thou art a villain—I will send my jack,
And the weights too Slave, I could bite thine ear^a
Away, thou dost not care for me

Face Not I, sir!

Mam Come, I was born to make thee, my
good weasel,
Set thee on a bench, and have thee twirl a chain
With the best lord's vermin of 'em all

Face Away, sir

Mam A count, nay, a count palatine——

Face Good, sir, go

Mam Shall not advance thee better no, nor
faster [Exit

Re-enter SUBTLE and DOL

Sub Has he bit? has he bit?

Face And swallow'd too, my Subtle
I have given him line, and now he plays, i' faith

Sub And shall we twitch him?

Face Thorough both the gills
A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad

^a *Slave, I could bite thine ear, &c*] See vol. II p. 184 The flow of spirits and exultation of Mammon at the near prospect of gratifying two of his predominant passions, (lust and avarice,) are exquisitely delineated

Sub. Dol, my lord What'ts'hum's sister, you
must now

Bear your self *statelich*.¹

Dol. O let me alone.

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.

I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud ;

Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,

And be as rude as her woman.

Face. Well said, sanguine !

Sub. But will he send his andirons ?

Face. His jack too,

And's iron shoeing-horn ; I have spoke to him.

Well,

I must not lose my wary gamester yonder.

Sub. O monsieur Caution, that *will not be gull'd*.

Face. Ay,

If I can strike a fine hook into him, now !—

The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.

Well, pray for me. I'll about it. [*Knocking without.*]

Sub. What, more gudgeons !

Dol, scout, scout ! [*Dol goes to the window*] Stay,

Face, you must go to the door,

'Pray God it be my anabaptist —Who is't, Dol ?

Dol. I know him not. he looks like a gold-end-man.²

¹ *Bear your self statelich.*] Dutch, and should be written *staatelyk*. This affectation of introducing Dutch and Flemish words was common to our old writers we have *lustigh*, *fielich*, &c in every drama : terms with which we were supplied by the soldiers who returned from the wars in the Netherlands, and which are very inadequately translated by the English words *lusty*, *fielc*, &c.

² *He looks like a gold-end-man.*] I find, from Whalley's copy, that he had consulted Steevens on the meaning of this expression, but without success. It is somewhat strange that this distinguished critic should be ignorant of so common a term. A gold-end-man, is one who buys broken pieces of gold and silver

Sub Ods so 'tis he, he said he would send
what call you him?

The sanctified elder, that should deal
For Mammon's jack and andirons Let him in
Stay, help me off, first, with my gown [*Exit*
Face with the gown] Away,
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber [*Exit*
Dol] Now,

In a new tune, new gesture, but old language —
This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me
About the stone too, for the holy brethren
Of Amsterdam, the exiled saints, that hope
To raise their discipline by it I must use him
In some strange fashion, now, to make him ad-
mire me' —

Enter ANANIAS

Where is my diudge? [*Aloud*

an itinerant jeweller In the *Beggar's Bush*, Higgins enters, crying, "Have ye any *ends of gold and silver*, maids?" words which might be heard every day in the streets of London And in *Eastward Hoe*, where the word often occurs, Gertrude says, that her father "will do more for his daughter that has married a scurvy *gold-end man* (a goldsmith's apprentice) than for her"

————— *I must use him*

In some strange fashion now to make him admire me | "Nothing (says Upton) can be finer imagined than this change of Subtle's behaviour Fools always admire what they least understand, and character is the least they are acquainted with To the voluptuous and wicked Mammon, Subtle appears holiness and humility itself, to the ignorant and devout Ananias, he appears all learning and science, to which every other consideration must submit and all this, very agreeably to the rules of decorum, to excite the admiration and wonder of those various kinds of fools" *WHALE*

*Re-enter FACE**Face* SU¹

Sub Take away the recipient,
 And rectify your menstree from the phlegma
 Then pou it on the Sol, in the cucurbite,
 And let them macerate together,

Face Yes, su
 And save the ground?

Sub No *terra damnata*
 Must not have entrance in the work — Who are
 you?

Ana A faithful brother,¹ if it please you.

Sub What's that?
 A Lulhamist² a Ripley³ Filius artis?
 Can you sublime and dulcify? calcine?
 Know you the sapor pontic? sapor stiptic?⁴
 Or what is homogeneous, or heterogeneous?

¹ A faithful brother,] So the Puritans styled themselves
 Subtle affects to misunderstand the expression, and to take him
 for a believer in alchemy

² A Lulhamist?] A follower of Raimund Lully See vol iii
 p 214

³ A Ripley?] George Ripley, so called from the place of his
 birth, was canon of Bridlington in Yorkshire He was an
 adept, and wrote a poem called *the Compound of Alchymie*,
 which, with a few shorter pieces by him, on the same subject,
 was printed by Ashmole, in his *Theatrum Chemicum*, 1652
 Ripley lived in the 15th century, and dedicated his great work
 to Edward IV More of him may be found in Fuller's *Worthies*
of England

⁴ Know you the sapor pontic? sapor stiptic?] I learn from
 Norton that "there be nyne sapor," all of which, he adds,
 "maie bee learnde in halfe an hower The two in the text,
 which are all that I shall burden the reader's memory with at
 present, are thus explained

"So is the sowerish tast called *sapor pontic*,

"And lesse sower allso called *sapor stiptic*"

I have taken some pains to instil a portion of this "divine
 art," alchemy, into my readers, and, to say the least, shall

Ana I understand no heathen language, truly
Sub Heathen! you Knipper-doling⁵ is Ar-
 sacra,

Or chrysopœia, or spagyrica,
 Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge,
 A heathen language?

Ana Heathen Greek, I take it

Sub How! heathen Greek?

Ana All's heathen but the Hebrew⁶

think myself very ungratefully used, if a small portion of the gold which they may make by the aid of my researches, be not set aside for my use

⁵ *Heathen you Knipper-doling?*] "*Knipper-doling* (as Upton says) was a fanatical anabaptist at Munster in Germany, he, with one Rotman and John Bockholdt, commonly called John of Leyden, a tailor, and the rest of the superstitious crew, raised great disturbances in the Low Countries about the year 1533"

⁶ *Ana All's heathen but the Hebrew*] There is much admirable humor in making this zealous botcher disclaim all knowledge of, and all esteem for, the language of the New Testament. In this, however, the poet has not advanced one step beyond the truth. Some of Luther's followers (the Knipper-dolings and Bockholdts of the time) are thus represented by Erasmus "*Ille tui discipuli palam docebant disciplinas humanas esse et eam pretatis non esse descendas linguas nra Hebraicam*" Indeed, the anabaptists of Munster seriously proposed "to burn every book but the *Old Testament*" This is not forgotten by bishop Corbet, in his *Distacted Puritan*

"In the holy tongue of Canaan

"I placed my chiefest pleasure,

"Till I prick'd my foot

"With an Hebrew root,

"That I bled beyond all measure"

Cleveland has a similar allusion, in his *Puritan*

"With some small Hebrew, but no Greek,

"To find out words, when stuff's to seek," &c

This predilection for "the language of Canaan" continued till the Restoration. To judge from the common discourse, the sermons, and controversial writings of the Puritans during the Usurpation, it might almost be concluded that no such book as the *New Testament* was in existence, since their language,

Sub. Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth and
 , speak to him,
 Like a philosopher: answer, in the language.
 Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
 Of metals in the work.

Face. Sir, putrefaction,
 Solution, ablution, sublimation,
 Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
 Fixation.

Sub. This is heathen Greek, to you, now!—
 And when comes vivification?

Face. After mortification.

Sub. What's cohobation.

Face. 'Tis the pouring on
 Your aqua regis, and then drawing him off,
 To the true circle of the seven spheres.

Sub. What's the proper passion of metals?

Face. Malleation.

Sub. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?

Face. Antimonium.

Sub. This is heathen Greek to you!—And what's
 your mercury?

Face. A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.

Sub. How know you him?

Face. By his viscosity,
 His oleosity, and his suscitability.

Sub. How do you sublime him?

Face. With the calce of egg-shells,
 White marble, talc.

though interlarded with scripture phrases, even to profaneness,
 scarcely ever borrows a word from it.

The Puritans who fled from this country to New England at
 the beginning of the civil war, carried this prejudice with them;
 and so deeply was it rooted, that in the rebellion of the colo-
 nies, a member of that state seriously proposed to Congress the
 putting down of the English language by law, and decreeing
 the universal adoption of the *Hebrew* in its stead.

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 nies, a member of that state seriously proposed to Congress the
 putting down of the English language by law, and decreeing
 the universal adoption of the *Hebrew* in its stead.

Sub Your magisterium, now,
What's that?

Face Shifting sir, your elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,
Hot into dry

Sub This is heathen Greek to you still!
Your *lapis philosophicus*?

Face 'Tis a stone,
And not a stone, a spirit, a soul, and a body
Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolv'd,
If you coagulate, it is coagulated,
If you make it to fly, it flieth

Sub Enough [Exit *Face*
This is heathen Greek to you! What are you, sir?

Ana Please you, a servant of the exiled brethren,
That deal with widows and with orphans goods,
And make a just account unto the saints
A deacon

Sub O, you are sent from master Wholsome,
Your teacher?

Ana From Tribulation Wholsome,
Our very zealous pastor.

Sub Good! I have
Some orphans' goods to come here.

Ana Of what kind, sir?

Sub Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchen-
ware,
Metals, that we must use our medicine on
Wherein the brethren may have a pennyworth,
For ready money

Ana Were the orphans' parents
Sincere professors?

Sub Why do you ask?

Ana Because
We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth,
Their utmost value.

Sub 'Shld, you'd cozen else,
 And, if their parents were not of the faithful !—
 I will not trust you, now I think on it,
 'Till I have talk'd with your pastor Have you
 brought money
 To buy more coals ?

Ana No, surely

Sub No ! how so ?

Ana The brethien bid me say unto you, sir,
 Surely, they will not venture any more,
 Till they may see projection

Sub How !

Ana You have had,
 For the instruments, as buicks, and lome, and
 glasses,
 Already thirty pound, and for materials,
 They say, some ninety more and they have
 heard since,

That one, at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,
 And a small paper of pin dust

Sub What's your name ?

Ana My name is Ananias

Sub Out, thou vild

That coze'd the apostles ! Hence, away !
 Flee, mischief ! had your holy consistory
 No name to send me, of another sound,
 Than wicked Ananias ? send your elders
 Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
 And give me satisfaction, or out goes
 The fire, and down th' alembecs, and the furnace,
 Pigei Henicus, or what not Thou wretch !
 Both sericon and bufo⁷ shall be lost,
 Tell them. All hope of rooting out the bishops,

⁷ *Both sericon and bufo,*] Both the red and the black tincture These terms are adopted to confound and terrify the simple deacon In the next line, Jonson little suspected that he was treading on living coals—*suppositos cineri doloso*

On the antichristian hierarchy, shall perish,
 If they stay threescore minutes the aqueity,
 Terreity, and sulphureity
 Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
 Thou wicked Ananias' [*Erit Ananias*] Th's will
 fetch 'em,
 And make them haste towards their gulling more
 A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
 Those that are fioward, to an appetite

*Re-enter FACE in his uniform, followed by
 DRUGGER*

Face He is busy with his spirits, but we'll
 upon him

Sub How now! what mates, what Baiards
 have we here?⁸

Face I told you, he would be furious —Sh,
 here's Nab,
 Has brought you another piece of gold to look on
 —We must appease him Give it me,—and plays
 you,

You would devise—what is it, Nab?

Drug A sign, sir

Face Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving sign,
 doctor

Sub I was devising now

Face 'Slight, do not say so,
 He will repent he gave you any more—
 What say you to his constellation, doctor,
 The Balance?

⁸ *What Baiards have we here?* Alluding to the proverb,
 "As bold as blind Baiard" Thus Chaucer

"Ye ben as bold as is bayarde the blind,
 "That blondereth forth, and peril casteth none"

Baiardo is the horse of Rinaldo, in Ariosto W^HAL

Sub. No, that way is stale, and common.
 A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull,
 On the bull's-head: in Aries, the ram,
 A poor device! No, I will have his name
 Form'd in some mystic character; whose radii,
 Striking the senses of the passers by,
 Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
 That may result upon the party 'owus it.
 As thus—

Face Nab!

Sub He shall have a *bel*, that's *Abel*;
 And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,
 In a *rug* gown,⁹ there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *drug*:
 And right anenst him a dog snarling *er*;¹

⁹ *And by it standing one whose name is Dee,*

In a rug gown,] This is evidently levelled at the celebrated Dr John Dee, a man of considerable knowledge in the mathematics, and a great pretender to astrology, alchemy, and magic. He began, like most of the fraternity, with being a dupe; but soon turned cheat, connected himself with the notorious Kelley, and rambled over Europe in the ostensible character of a conjuror, but really as a spy. On his return, he settled at Mortlake, where he died in extreme poverty, notwithstanding his possession of the philosopher's stone, being, as Lilly says, "enforced many times to sell some book or other to buy a dinner." Lilly adds, that Dee was excessively vain: and this is confirmed by what he says in one of his letters—that "if he had found a Mæcenas, Britain would not have been destitute of an Aristotle."

In a very dull and prolix introduction to his *Treatise on Navigation*, Dee observes that the common reports of him were, "that he was not only a conjuror or caller of devils, but a great doer therein, yea, the great conjuror, and so, as some would say, the arche conjuror of this whole kingdom." This, however, the doctor calls "a damnable sklaunder." In the print before one of his books, he appears wrapped up in a rough shaggy gown: to this Jonson alludes.

¹ *And right anenst him a dog snarling er,*] *Anenst* is the old word for *against*, and is frequently found in Chaucer, and his contemporaries. It is not yet worn out in Scotland. *Er*, or *R*, as Shakspeare says, "is the dog's letter."

Irritata canis quod homo quam plenus' dicit

There's *Drugger*, Abel Drugger That's his sign
And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic ²

Face Abel, thou art made

Drug Sir, I do thank his worship

Face Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab
He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor

Drug Yes, sir

I have another thing I would impart——

Face Out with it, Nab

Drug Sir, there is lodged, hard by me,
A rich young widow——

Face Good! a bona ioba ³

Drug But nineteen, at the most ³

Face Very good, Abel

Drug Mary, she's not in fashion yet, she
wears

A hood, but it stands a cop

Face No matter, Abel

² *And here's now mystery, and hieroglyphic* ¹] The ridicule on the taste for repuses, common at that time, is well placed Camden, in his *Remains*, will help the reader to others of the same kind *WHIT*

It was no uncommon practice in the age of Jonson, when astrology was every where in repute, to consult the impudent pretenders to it, on the construction of a lucky sign To this we probably owe the sun and whalebone, the cat and gridiron, and many others of those anomalous groups, which diverted and puzzled the wits of queen Anne's days and which the poet so pleasantly exposes With respect to the string of puns before us, poor as they now appear, they doubtless contributed, in no small degree, to the mirth of the audience for whom they were drawn up, as we may be pretty confident that most of these strange combinations conveyed some local or temporary allusion Jonson surveyed the prevailing follies with a keen and sarcastic glance, and in more instances than can now be discovered, portrayed and ridiculed them

³ *But nineteen at the most* ¹] Abel is very correct The lady says that she was born in 1591, and this was written in 1610

⁴ *It stands a cop* ¹] *c* conical, terminating in a point This was the ancient mode It came originally from France

Drug. And I do now and then give her a fucus—

Face. What 'dost thou deal, Nab?

Sub. I did tell you, captain.

Drug. And physic too, sometime, sir, for which she trusts me

With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose
To learn the fashion

Face. Good (his match too ')—On, Nab.

Drug. And she does strangely long to know
her fortune.

Face. Ods id, Nab, send her to the doctor,
hither.

Drug. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship
already;

But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,

And hurt her marriage,

Face. Hurt it 'tis the way

To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more

Follow'd and sought: Nab, thou shalt tell her
this.

She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your
widows

Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;

Their honour is their multitude of suitors

Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What 'dost thou

Thou dost not know

Drug. No, sir, she'll never marry

Under a knight her brother has made a vow

Face. What 'dost thou despair, my little
Nab,

Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,
And seeing so many of the city dubb'd?

One glass o' thy water, with a madam I know,

Will have it done, Nab: what's her brother, a
knight?

Drug. No, sir, a gentleman newly warm in his
land, sir,

Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that does
govein

His sister here, and is a man himself—
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die in the country

Face How! to quarrel?

Drug Yés, sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do*, to manage them by line

Face 'Slid, Nab, the doctor is the only man
In Christendom for him. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels. He will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring them
both,

Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her
The doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to
'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premisses

Sub O, good captain!

Face He shall,
He is the honestest fellow, doctor—Stay not,
No offers, bring the damask, and the parties.

Drug I'll try my power, sir

Face And thy will too, Nab

Sub 'Tis good tobacco, this! what is't an
ounce?

Face He'll send you a pound, doctor

Sub O, no

Face He will do't

It is the gooddest soul!—Abel, about it
Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone—
[*Exit Abel*]

A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed,
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
To get a med'cine for them

Sub. And shall, sir. This works.

Face. A wife, a wife for one of us, my dear
• Subtle !

We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have
The more in goods, the other has in tail.

Sub. Rather the less: for she may be so light
She may want grains.

Face. Ay, or be such a burden,
A man would scarce endure her for the whole.

Sub. Faith, best let's see her first, and then
determine.

Face. Content: but Dol must have no breath
on't.

Sub. Mum.

Away you, to your Surly yonder, catch him.

Face. 'Pray God I have not staid too long.

Sub. I fear it. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Lare before Lovewit's House.

Enter TRIBULATION WHOLESOME, and ANANIAS.

Tri. These chastisements are common to the
saints,

And such rebukes^s we of the separation
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

Ana. In pure zeal,
I do not like the man, he is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

^s *And such rebukes &c.* It stands thus in the quarto 1612:

“And such rebukes the elect must bear with patience,

“They are the exercises of the spirit,

“And sent to tempt our frailties.”

Tri I think him a profane person indeed

Ana He bears

The visible mark of the beast in his forehead
And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man

Tri Good brother, we must bend unto all means,
That may give furtherance to the holy cause

Ana Which his cannot the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course

Tri Not always necessary

The children of perdition are oft-times
Made instruments even of the greatest works
Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of metals, that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion
Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?
Or more profane, or choleric, than your glass-men?
More antichristian than your bell-founders?
What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the blood It may be so,
When as the work is done, the stone is made,
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline,
Against the menstruous cloth and rag of Rome
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit You did fault, t' upbraid him
With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg,
weighing

What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the silenced saints,

* *And stand up for the beauteous discipline,* So the pretended reformation of the church was at this time affectedly called by the Puritans. See vol iii p 482

Which ne'er will be, but by the philosopher's
stone.

And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
Assured me; *aurum potabile* being
The only medicine, for the civil magistrate,
T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;
And must be daily used in the disease.

Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by man;
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

Tri. Let us call on him then.

Ana. The motion's good,
And of the spirit, I will knock first. [*Knocks.*]
Peace be within!

[*The door is opened, and they enter.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Lovewit's House.

'SUBTLE, followed by TRIBULATION and
ANANIAS.

O, are you come? 'twas time. You
threescore minutes
Were at last thread, you see; and down had gone
Furnus acedæ, turris circulatorius :
Lembec, bolt's-head, retort and pelican
Had all been cinders.—Wicked Ananias!
Art thou return'd? nay then, it goes down yet.
Tri. Sir, be appeased; he is come to humble
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,

Furnus acedæ, turris circulatorius] "*Furnus acedæ sive incuræ, ubi uno igne et parvo labore diversi furni foventur.*" *Lex.*
Alch. *Turris circulatorius est vas vitreum, ubi infusus liquor ascendendo et descendendo quasi in circulo rotatur.*" *Ibid.*

If too much zeal hath carried him aside
From the due path

Sub Why, this doth qualify !

Tri The brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct

Sub This qualifies more !

Tri And for the orphans goods, let them be
valued,

O! what is needful else to the holy work,
It shall be numbered, here, by me, the saints,
Throw down their purse before you.

Sub This qualifies most !

Why, thus it should be, now you understand
Have I discours'd so far to you of our stone,
And of the good that it shall bring your cause ?
Shew'd you (beside the main of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
From the Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet)
That even the med'cinal use shall make you a
faction,

And party in the realm ? As, put the case,
That some great man in state, he have the gout,
Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,
You help him straight there you have made a
friend

Another has the palsy or the dropsy,
He takes of your incombustible stuff,
He's young again there you have made a friend
A lady that is past the feat of body,
Though not of mind, and hath her face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore,
With the oil of talc * there you have made a
friend,

* With the oil or talc] " Talc is a cheap kind of mineral

And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,
A knight that has the bone-ach, or a squire
That hath both these, you make them smooth
and sound,

With a bare fricace of your medicine. still
You increase your friends.

Tri. Ay, it is very pregnant.

Sub. And then the turning of this lawyer's
pewter

To plate at Christmas.—

Ana. Christ-tide, I pray you.⁹

Sub. Yet, Ananias!

Ana. I have done.

Sub. Or changing

His parcel gilt to massy gold. You cannot
But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an army in the field, to buy
The king of France out of his realms, or Spain
Out of his Indies What can you not do
Against lords spiritual or temporal,
That shall oppone you?

Tri. Verily, 'tis true.

We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.

Sub. You may be any thing, and leave off to
make

Long-winded exercises; or suck up
You *ha* ' and *hum* ' in a tune. I not deny,
But such as are not graced in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,

which this county (Sussex) plentifully affords, though not so fine as what is fetched from Venice. It is white and transparent like chrysal, full of strekes or veins, which prettily scatter themselves. Being calcined and variously prepared, it maketh a curious *white-wash*, which squire justify lawful, because clearing not changing the complexion." *Fuller's Worthies*.

⁹ *Christ-tide, I pray you.*] For the scrupulous care with which the Puritans avoided the use of the Popish word *mass*, even in composition, see vol. iii, p. 178.

And get a tune to call the flock together
 For, to say sooth, a tune does much with women,
 And other phlegmatic people, it is your bell

Ana Bells are profane, a tune maybe religious

Sub No warning with you ! then farewell my
 patience

'Slight, it shall down I will not be thus tortured

Tri I pray you, sir

Sub All shall perish I have spoke it

Tri Let me find giace, sir, in your eyes, the
 man

He stands corrected neither did his zeal,
 But as your self, allow a tune somewhere
 Which now, being tow'rd the stone, we shall not
 need

Sub No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows
 To give you legacies, or make zealous wives
 To rob them husbands for the common cause
 Nor take the start of bonds broke but one day,
 And say, they were forfeited by providence
 Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,
 To celebrate your next day's fast the better,
 The whilst the brethren and the sisters humbled,
 Abate the stiffness of the flesh Nor cast
 Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones,
 As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt,
 Or whether matrons of the holy assembly
 May lay their hair out, or wear doublets,
 Or have that idol starch about their linen '

Ana. It is indeed an idol.

Tri. Mind him not, sir.

I do command thee, spirit of zeal, but trouble,
To peace within him ! Pray you, sir, go on.

Sub. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the
prelates,

And shorten so your ears against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity
Rail against plays, to please the alderman
Whose daily custard you devour. nor lie
With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one
Of these so singular arts. Nor call your selves
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, affected
By the whole family or wood of you,²
Only for glory, and to catch the ear
Of the disciple

Tri. Truly, sir, they are
Ways that the godly brethren have invented,
For propagation of the glorious cause,
As very notable means, and whereby also
Themselves grow soon, and profitably, famous.

Sub O, but the stone, all's idle to it ! nothing !
The art or angels, nature's miracle,
The divine secret that doth fly in clouds

an exacter copy of the principles and practice of the fanatics in that time, than what is given us in this scene, the pamphlets and writings of that period, as well as the troubles that followed in the next reign, corroborate all that Jonson has here said.

WHAT.

² ————— *And such like, affected*

By the whole family or wood of you] We had this expression before, see vol iii p 369 “*Wood* (says Upton) is used to signify any miscellaneous collection, or stock of materials, hence some poets intitle their miscellaneous works *sitarum libri*, and our poet, conforming to this practice, calls his the *For est*.”

From east to west, and whose tradition
Is not from men, but spirits

Ana I hate traditions,

I do not trust them ——

Tri Peace!

Ana They are popish all

I will not peace I will not ——

Tri Ananias!

Ana Please the profane, to grieve the godly,
I may not

Sub Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome³

Tri It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir
But truly, else, a very faithful brother,
A botcher, and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth

Sub Has he a competent sum there in the bag
To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charity, and conscience sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor orphan,
Though I desire the brethren too good gainers
There they are within When you have view'd,
and bought 'em,

And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for projection, there's no more
To do cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I'll give't you in by weight

³ *Sub Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome*] This is very artfully managed The zeal of Ananias is completely roused, and it is therefore no longer safe to oppose it Subtle has watched the precise moment, and his affected forbearance, and change of language are timed with admirable adroitness, and profound knowledge of human nature The sly and satiric humour of the next speech is above all praise Though more than two centuries have elapsed since it was made, it has not lost a jot of its pertinency and value

Tri. But how long time,
Sir, must the saints expect yet?

Sub. Let me see,
How's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days
hence,
He will be silver potate; then three days
Before he citronise: Some fifteen days,
The magisterium will be perfected.

Ana. About the second day of the third week,
In the ninth month?

Sub. Yes, my good Ananias.

Tri. What will the orphan's goods arise to,
think you?

Sub. Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd
three cars,

Unladed now: you'll make six millions of them.—
But I must have more coals laid in.

Tri. How!

Sub. Another load,
And then we have finish'd. We must now increase
Our fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past

Fimvs equinus, balnei, cineris,

And all those lenter heats. If the holy p̄pise
Should with this draught fall low, and that the
saints

Do need a present sum, I have a trick
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
And with a tincture make you as good Dutch
dollars

As any are in Holland.

Tri. Can you so?

Sub. Ay, and shall 'bide the third examination.

Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

Sub. But you must carry it secret

Tri. Ay, but stay,
This act of coining, is it lawful?

Ana. Lawful!

We know no magistrate or, if we did,
This is foreign coin

Sub It is no coining, sir
It is but casting

Tri Ha! you distinguish well
Casting of money may be lawful

Ana 'Tis, sir⁴

Tri Truly, I take it so

Sub There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it, believe Ananias
This case of conscience he is studied in

Tri I'll make a question of it to the brethren

Ana The brethren shall approve it lawful,
doubt not

Where shall it be done? [*Knocking without*]

Sub For that we'll talk anon
There's some to speak with me Go in, I pray
you,

And view the parcels That's the inventory
I'll come to you straight [*Exeunt Trib and Ana*]
Who is it?—Face! appear

Enter FACE in his uniform

How now! good prize?

Face Good pox! yond' costive cheater
Never came on

Sub How then?

⁴ *We know no magistrate,*] The Puritans rejected all human forms of government as carnal ordinances, and were for establishing a plan of policy, in which the scripture only was to be the civil code *WHAL*

⁵ *'Tis, sir*] This Ananias is a pleasant fellow. He quarrels with *Christmas*, and other innocent terms in common use, and yet is eager to vouch for the legality of false coining! The Puritan of Butler, with all his excellence, is but a copy of the one before us

Face. I have walk'd the round⁶
Till now, and no such thing.

Sub. And have you quit him?

Face. Quit him! an hell would quit him too,
he were happy.

Slight! would you have me stalk like a mill-jade,
All day, for one that will not yield us grains?
I know him of old.

Sub. O, but to have gull'd him,
Had been a mastery.

Face. Let him go, black boy!
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess
thee.

A noble count, a don of Spain, my dear
Delicious compeer, and my party-bawd,
Who is come hither private for his conscience,
And brought munition with him, six great slops,
Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round
trunks,⁷

Furnished with pistolets, and pieces of eight,
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,
(That is the colour,) and to make his battery
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,
Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt Where is she?
She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,
The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,

⁶ *I have walk'd the round*] i. e. the porch or circular parts of the Temple church, where Surly was to meet him: (p. 76) Mr. Waldron informs me that, within his remembrance, it was left open in the day-time. If the reader chooses to understand it, simply, for "I have watched," there is sufficient authority for him.

⁷ *And brought munition with him, six great slops, Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks.*] Large breeches or trowsers, such as are worn by sailors. *Round trunks* mean the *trunk hose*, which were the common wear of that and the preceding age. WHAL.

For she must milk his epidiidimis
Where is the doxy?

Sub I'll send her to thee
And but dispatch mybiace of little John Leydens,
And come again my self

Face Are they within then?

Sub Numbering the sum

Face How much?

Sub A hundred marks, boy [Exit

Face Why, this is a lucky day Ten pounds
of Mammon!

Three of my clerk! a portague of my grocer!
This of the brethren! beside reversionions,
And states to come in the widow, and my count!
My share to-day will not be bought for forty—

Enter Dol

Dol What?

Face Pounds, dainty Dorothy! art thou so
near?

Dol Yes, say, lord general, how fares our
camp?

Face As with the few that had entrench'd
themselves

Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol,
And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
Daily by their small parties This dear hour,
A doughty don is taken with my Dol,
And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt,
My Dousabel,^s he shall be brought nere fetter'd

^s *My Dousabel,*] i. e. *douce et belle* This name is very common in our old pastoral poets, as is *Bonnybel* (*bonne et belle,*) which Jonson uses just below Voltaire was accustomed to call his niece, Madame Denis, *Belle et bonne* to say the truth, she had quite as much goodness as beauty, and so, indeed, had her uncle

With thy fan looks, before he sees thee, and
thrown

In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon,
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy
drum,

Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum, till he be tame
As the poor black-birds were in the great frost,
O! bees are with a bason, and so have him
In the swan-skin coverlid, and cambric sheets,
Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-
gift⁹

Dol What is he, general?

Face An adalantado,

A grandee, girl Was not my Dapper here yet?

Dol No

Face Nor my Dugger?

Dol Neither

Face A pox on 'em,

They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards
Would not be seen upon these festival days —

Re-enter SUBTLE,

How now! have you done?

Sub Done They are gone the sum
Is here in bank, my *Face* I would we knew

Another chapman now would buy 'em outright

Face Slid, Nab shall do't against he have the
widow,

To furnish household

Sub Excellent, well thought on
Pray God he come.

Face I pray he keep away
Till our new business be o'erpast

[*My little God's-gift*] "So (as Upton observes) he calls
Dol, in allusion to her name, Dorothea, which has this meaning
in Greek "

Sub But, Face,
How cam'st thou by this secret don ?

Face A spirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
For Surly, I have my flies abroad Your bath
Is famous, Subtle, by my means Sweet Dol,
You must get tune your virginal, no losing
O' the least time and, do you hear ? good action
Fink, like a flounder, kiss, like a scallop,¹ close,
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue His
great

Verdugoship* has not a jot of language,
So much the easier to be cozen'd, my Dolly
He will come here in a hired coach, obscure,
And our own coachman, whom I have sent as
guide,

No creature else [*Knocking without*] Who's that ?
[*Exit Dol*]

Sub It is not he ?

Face O no, not yet this hour

Re-enter DOL

Sub Who is't ?

* *Kiss, like a scallop, close* &c] We had this expression in *Cynthia's Revels*, p 334 it is an allusion to a little poem attributed to the emperor Gallienus

— *non murmura vestra columbæ,
Brachia non hederæ, non vincant oscula conchæ, &c*

* *His great Verdugoship*] Verdugo is the name of a noble Spanish family, and was probably that of some individual well known to the writers of Jonson's time He is mentioned by Fletcher

"Contrive your beard o' the top cut, like Verdugo,
"It shews you would be wise — *Famer Tamed*

Dol Dapper,
Your clerk.

Face. God's will then, queen of Fairy,
On with your tire; [*Exit Dol.*] and, doctor, with
your robes.

Let's dispatch him for God's sake.

Sub. 'Twill be long.

Face I warrant you, take but the cues I give
you,
It shall be brief enough [*Goes to the window.*]
'Slight, here are more!

Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,
That fain would quarrel.

Sub. And the widow?

Face. No,
Not that I see. Away! [*Exit Sub.*]

Enter DAPPER.

—O sir, you are welcome.

The doctor is within a moving for you,
I have had the most ado to win him to it!—
He swears you'll be the darling of the dice:
He never heard her highness dote till now.
Your aunt has given you the most gracious words
That can be thought on

Dap. Shall I see her grace?

Face. See her, and kiss her too.—

Enter ABEL, followed by KASTRIL.

What, honest Nab!

Hast brought the damask?

Nab. No, sir; here's tobacco.

Face. 'Tis well done, Nab: thou'lt bring the
damask too?

Drug Yes here's the gentleman, captain,
master Kastrii,
I have brought to see the doctor

Face Where's the widow ?

Drug Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says,
shall come

Face O, is it so ? good time Is your name
Kastrii, sir ?

Kas Ay, and the best of the Kastriis, I'd be
sorry else,

By fifteen hundred a year Where is the doctor ?
My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
That can do things has he any skill ?

Face Wherein, sir ?

Kas To carry a business, manage a quarrel
fairly,

Upon fit terms

Face It seems, sir, you are but young
About the town, that can make that a question

Kas Sir, not so young, but I have heard
some speech

Of the angry boys,³ and seen them take tobacco,
And in his shop,⁴ and I can take it too.

And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practise in the country

³ ————— *I have heard some speech*

Of the angry boys,] These are called the *terrible boys*, in the
Silent Woman, the roarers and vapourers of the time *WHAT*

⁴ *And seen them take tobacco*

And in his shop] It has been already mentioned, (p 28,) that Abel's shop was frequented by the adept, as well as the tyro, in the mystery of "taking tobacco" Here the latter was duly qualified for his appearance at ordinaries, taverns, and other places of fashionable resort Here he practised the "*gulan ebolitio*, the euripus, the whistle, and many other modes of suppressing or emitting smook with the requisite grace, under cavalier Shift, and other eminent masters, whose names have not reached the present times—*carent quia vate sacro*

Face. Sir, for the duello,
The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,
To the least shadow of a hair ; and shew you
An instrument he has of his own making,
Wherewith no sooner shall you make report
Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Most instantly, and tell in what degree
Of safety it lies in, or mortality.
And how it may be borne, whether in a right line,
Or a half circle, or may else be cast
Into an angle blunt, if not acute.
All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules
To give and take the lie by.

Kas. How ' to take it?

Face. Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle;
But never in diameter.⁵ The whole town
Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily
At the eating academies.

⁵ *But never in diameter*] i. e. the lie *direct* the others are the lie *circumstantial*. See *As you Like it*, where the several degrees are humorously recounted. The same subject is alluded to by Fletcher in words exactly similar to our author's.

" ————— Has he given the lie

" In circle or oblique, or semicircle,

" Or direct parallel ' you must challenge him."

Queen of Corinth, A. 4 sc. 1.

The ridicule upon this absurdity of daelling is finely maintained, as occasion presented, by the great triumvirate of dramatic poets, Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher. WIIAL

It only remains to refer the reader who may wish for further information on this subject, to a very pertinent note by Warburton on the following speech of Touchstone, *As you Like it*, A. 5 sc. 4. " O sir, we quarrel in *print by the book*," &c. The book alluded to there, as well as here, is a formal treatise on *Honour and Honourable Quarrels*, by Vincentio Saviolo, (a more precise Caranza,) and the copious extracts, which the commentator has judiciously selected, comprise all that is necessary to render the well-meant satire of our old dramatists fully intelligible.

Kas But does he teach
Living by the wits too?

Face Any thing whatever
You cannot think that subtlety but he reads it
He made me a captain I was a stark pimp,
Just of your standing, 'fore I met with him,
It is not ~~two~~ months since I'll tell you his
method

First, he will enter you at some ordinary

Kas No, I'll not come there you shall pardon me

Face For why, sir?

Kas There's gaming there, and tricks

Face Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game?

Kas Ay, 'twill spend a man

Face Spend you! it will repair you when you
are spent

How do they live by their wits there, that have
vented

Six times your fortunes?

Kas What, three thousand a year?

Face Ay, forty thousand

Kas Are there such?

Face Ay, sir,
And gallants yet Here's a young gentleman
Is born to nothing,—[*Points to Dapper*] forty
marks a year,

Which I count nothing—he is to be initiated,
And have a fly of the doctor He will win you,
By irresistible luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a barony They will set him
Upmost, at the groom porters, all the Christmas
And for the whole year through, at every place,
Where there is play, present him with the chair,
The best attendance, the best drink, sometimes
Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing,
The purest linen, and the sharpest knife,

The partridge next his trencher : and somewhere
 The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty.
 You shall have your ordinaries bid for him,
 As play-houses for a poet ; and the master
 Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,
 Which must be butter'd shrimps . and those that
 drink

To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being
 The goodly president mouth of all the board.

Kas. Do you not gull one ?

Face 'Ods my life ! do you think it ?
 You shall have a cast commander, (can but get
 In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
 For some two pair of either's ware aforehand,)
 Will, by most swift posts, dealing [but] with him,
 Arrive at competent means to keep himself,
 His punk and naked boy, in excellent fashion,
 And be admired for't.

Kas Will the doctor teach this ?

Face. He will do more, sir : when your land
 is gone,
 As men of spirit hate to keep earth long,
 In a vacation, when small money is stalling,
 And ordinaries suspended till the term,
 He'll shew a perspective, where on one side
 You shall behold the faces and the persons
 Of all sufficient young heirs in town,
 Whose bonds are current for commodity,
 On th' other side, the merchants foims, and
 others,
 That without help of any second broker,

⁶ *Whose bonds are current for commodity,*] This alludes to a practice often mentioned by the wits of Jonson's time, of compelling the young spendthrift to take a part of the sum which he wanted to borrow, in different kinds or damaged goods, at a stated price, of which he made what he could. There is no end to their pleasantries on this subject. See Massinger, vol. ii p. 51.

Who would expect a share, will trust such
parcels

In the third square, the very street and sign
Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be deliver'd, be it pepper, soap,
Hops, or tobacco, oat-meal woad, or cheeses
All which you may so handle, to enjoy
To your own use, and never stand obliged

Kas I'faith 'is he such a fellow?

Face Why, Nab here knows him

And then for making matches for rich widows,
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man!
He's sent to, far and near, all over England,
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes

Kas God's will, my suster shall see him

Face I'll tell you, sir,

What he did tell me of Nab It's a strange
thing!—

By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it
breeds melancholy,
And that same melancholy breeds worms, but
pass it —

He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern
But once in's life!

Drug Truth, and no more I was not

Face And then he was so sick—

Drug Could he tell you that too?

Face How should I know it?

Drug In troth we had been a shooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomach—

Face And he has no head

To bear any wine, for what with the noise of
the fiddlers,

And care of his shop, for he dares keep no ser-
vants—

Drug. My head did so ach—

Face. As he was fain to be brought home,
The doctor told me. and then a good old
woman—

Drug. Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-lane,
—did cure me,
With sodden ale, and pellitory of the wall;
Cost me but two-pence. I had another sickness
Was worse than that.

Face. Ay, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteen-pence,
For the water-work.⁷

Drug. In truth, and it was like
T' have cost me almost my life.

Face. Thy hair went off?

Drug. Yes, sir; 'twas done for spight.

Face. Nay, so says the doctor.

Kas. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my
suster;
I'll see this learned boy before I go;
And so shall she.

Face. Sir, he is busy now:
But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;
And he by that time will be free.

Kas. I go [Exit.

Face. Dugger she's thine: the damask!—

[Exit *Abel.*] Subtle and I
Must wrestle for her. [Aside.]—Come on, master
Dapper,
You see how I turn clients here away,
To give you cause dispatch: have you per-
form'd

The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

⁷ *Face.* Ay, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteen-pence,
For the water-work } The New-River, begun in 1608 by sir
Hugh Middleton, and finished in 1613. WHALE
This is the second mistake on this subject. See p. 49.

Dap Yes, of the vinegar,
And the clean shirt

Face 'Tis well that shirt may do you
More worship than you think You aunt's a-fire,
But that she will not shew it, t' have a sight of
you

Have you provided for her grace's servants ?

Dap Yes, here are six score Edward shillings

Face Good !

Dap And an old Harry's sovereign

Face Very good !

Dap And three James shillings, and an Eliza-
beth groat,

Just twenty nobles

Face O, you are too just

I would you had had the other noble in Maries

Dap I have some Philip and Maies

Face Ay, those same

Are best of all where are they ? Hark, the
doctor

Enter SUBTLE, disguised like a priest of Fairy,
with a stripe of cloth

Sub [In a feigned voice] Is yet her grace's
cousin come ?

Face He is come

Just twenty nobles *Face* O, you are too just

I would you had had the other noble in Maries] If the reader
will be at the pains to reckon this account, he will find master
Dapper deserves the praise of justice which Face gives him.
Twenty nobles, at six shillings and eight pence each, amount to
the sum of six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence, which
sum the other pieces make. The Harry's sovereign was a half
sovereign only, and valued at ten shillings. Face wanted the
other noble in Maries, because the money was coined in the
several successive reigns of Henry, Edward, Elizabeth, and
James, so that Mary's being left out made a chasm in the
account. **WHAT**

Sub And is he fasting?

Face Yes.

Sub And hath cried hum?

Face Thrice, you must answer.

Dap Thrice.

Sub And as oft buz?

Face. If you have, say.

Dap I have

Sub. Then, to her cuz,

Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,
As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.
And though to fortune near be her petticoat,
Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:
And therefore, ev'n of that a piece she hath sent,
Which, being a child, to wrap him in was sent;
And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it,
With as much love as then her grace did tear it,
About his eyes, [*They blind him with the rag.*] to
shew he is fortunate.

And, trusting unto her to make his state,
He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt
him.

Face She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he
has nothing,

But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her grace's word—throw away your purse—
As she would ask it—handkerchiefs and all—

[*He throws away, as they bid him.*]

She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.—
If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send
Her fancies here to search you, therefore deal
Directly with her highness. if they find
That you conceal a mite, you are undone.

Dap. Truly, there's all.

Face All what?

Dap My money, truly

Face Keep nothing that is transitory about you
Bid Dol play music [*Aside to Subtle*]—Look, the
 elves are come

[*Dol plays on the cittern within*

To pinch you, if you tell not truth Advise you
 [*They pinch him*

Dap O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't⁹

Face *Ti, ti*¹

They knew't, they say

Sub *Ti, ti, ti, ti* He has more yet

Face *Ti, ti-ti-ti* In the other pocket?

[*Aside to Sub*

Sub *Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi*

They must pinch him or he will never confess,
 they say [*They pinch him again*

Dap O, O!

Face Nay, pray you hold he is her grace's
 nephew,

*Ti, ti, ti*² What care you? good faith you shall
 care —

Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies Shew
 You are innocent

Dap By this good light, I have nothing

Sub *Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta* He does equivocate,
 she says

Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da, and swears by the light
 when he is blinded

Dap By this good dark, I have nothing but a
 half-crown

⁹ *Dap* O, I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't] A spur-ryal was a gold coin, and in the third of James I it passed for fifteen shillings They were first coined in Edward the Fourth's time. **WHAL**

¹ *Face* *Ti, ti*] The fairies speak the same language in *Randolph's Amyntas* I suppose that it is merely a hint to the performers to mutter some strange, and inarticulate jargon

Of gold^a about my wrist, that my love gave me ;
And a leaden heart I wore since she forsook me.

Face. I thought 'twas something. And would
you incur
Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles ? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-
crowns ' [*Takes it off.*
You may wear your leaden heart still.—

Enter DO L hastily.

How now !

Sub. What news, Dol ?

Dol. Yonder's your knight, 'sir Mammon.

Face. 'Ods lid, we never thought of him till
now !

Where is he ?

Dol. Here hard by : he is at the door.

Sub. And you are not ready, now ! Dol, get
his suit.³ [*Exit Dol.*

He must not be sent back.

Face. O by no means.

What shall we do with this same puffin here,
Now he's on the spit ?

Sub. Why, lay him back awhile,
With some device.

Re-enter DO L with Face's clothes

—'Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, Would her grace speak with
me ?

I come —Help, Dol ! [*Knocking without.*

² — *I have nothing but a half-crown*

Of gold] Crowns in silver were not coined till Henry
VIIIth's time, nor common till the reign of Edward VI. *WHAL.*

³ *Get his suit.*] i. e. Face's his servant's dress.

⁴ *What shall we do with this same puffin here,*] A species of
water-coot, or gull.

Face [*Speaks through the key hole*] Who's there? sir Epicure,
 My master's in the way Please you to walk
 Three or four turns, but till his back be turn'd,
 And I am for you — Quickly, Dol!

Sub Her grace
 Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper

Dap I long to see her grace

Sub She now is set
 At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you
 From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,
 And a piece of ginger-bread, to be merry withal,
 And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting
 Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she
 says,

It would be better for you

Face Sir, he shall
 Hold out, an 'twere this two hours, for her high-
 ness,

I can assure you that We will not lose
 All we have done —

Sub He must not see, nor speak
 To any body, till then

Face For that we'll put, sir,
 A stay in's mouth

Sub Of what?

Face Of gingerbread
 Make you it fit He that hath pleas'd her grace
 Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little —
 Gape sir, and let him fit you

[*They thrust a gag of ginger bread in his mouth*]

Sub Where shall we now
 Bestow him?

Dol. In the privy

Sub Come along, sir,
 I now must shew you Fortune's privy lodgings

Face Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?

Sub. All:

Only the fumigation's somewhat strong

Face. [*speaking through the key-hole*] Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.

[*Exeunt with Dapper.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Lovewit's House.

Enter FACE and MAMMON.

Face. O sir, you are come in the only finest time.—

Mam. Where's master?

Face. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will be all changed shortly.

Mam. Into gold?

Face. To gold and silver, sir.

Mam. Silver I care not for.

Face. Yes, sir a little to give beggars.

Mam. Where's the lady?

Face. At hand here. I have told her such brave things of you,
Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit—

Mam. Hast thou?

Face. As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinity in your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage.—

Mam. I warrant thee

Face. Six men [sir] will not hold her down:
and then,
If the old man should hear or see you——

Mam. Fear not.

Face. The very house, sir, would run mad.
You know it,

How scrupulous he is, and violent,
 'Gainst the least act of sin Physic, or mathe-
 matics,

Poetry, state, or bawdy, as I told you,
 She will endure, and never startle, but
 No word of controversy

Mam I am school'd, good Ulen

Face And you must praise her house, remem-
 ber that,

And her nobility

Mam Let me alone

No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs,
 Shall do it better, Go

Face Why, this is yet

A kind of modern happiness, to have

Dol Common for a great lady [*Aside, and exit*

Mam Now, Epicure,

* *How scrupulous he is, &c*] I have already noticed the sanc-
 tity, real or pretended, of the workers in Alchemy Norton
 tells them, that

"While they worke they must needes eschewe,

"All ribaudry, els they shal finde this trewe,

"That such mishap shall them befall,

"They shal destroy part of their works or all "

And he declaims violently against the admission of any female
 into the presence of the other sex while thus employed This
 explains the caution of Subtle, the alarm of Face, and lays, be-
 sides, a probable and artful preparation for the impending
 catastrophe

Erasmus has treated the subject of Alchemy with much plea-
 santry, though with no part of the deep knowledge of Jonson
 he has not forgotten, however, to make his adepts affect an un-
 usual strain of piety "*Admonebat alchumista, rem felicius* (they had
 hitherto failed) *successuram, si Virgini matri, quæ, ut scis, Parafius*
colitur, mitteret aliquot aureos dono artem enim esse sacram, nec
absque numinum favore rem prosperè geri ' *Alcum* Their ill suc-
 cess is attributed, in some measure, to their using an improper
 kind of coal "*Causabatur erratum in emendis carbonibus quernos*
enim emerat, cum abiegnus esset opus, ' &c *Ibid* A note on this
 dialogue, in the Elzevir edition, proves that Jonson's satire was,
 at least, well timed "*Sunt adhuc (apud Britannos) qui in alcu-*
mistica parum sobrii sint, quanquam lex capitalis apposita est "

do't

Here she comes.

noble knight,

Mam. Madam, with your pardon,

Dol. Sir, I were uncivil

health, lady

lady, sir.

[*Aside.*

Man. Right noble madam——

Face. O, we shall have most fierce idolatry.

[*Aside.*

Mam. 'Tis your pierogative.

Dol Rather your courtesy.

virtues to me,

daughter.

your father

Slept all the happy remnant of his life
 After that act, lie but there still, and panted,
 He had done enough to make himself, his issue,
 And his posterity noble

Dol Sir, although

We may be said to want the guilt and trappings,
 The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep
 The seeds and the materials

Mam I do see

The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,
 Nor the drug money used to make your compound
 There is a strange nobility in your eye,
 This lip, that chin! methinks you do resemble
 One of the Austrian princes⁵

Face Very like!

Her father was an Irish costarmonger⁶ [*Aside*

⁵ ———, *Methinks you do resemble*

One of the Austrian princes! "It is observed (Bulwer says) that all of the house of Austria have a *sweet fulnesse of the lower lip*. The Austrian lip being at this day therefore by good right, in high esteeme" *Artificial Changeling*, p 173

The Austrian lip is mentioned by Shirley

———"Your lip is Austrian,

"And you do well to bite it" *Hyde Park*

Swift gives the Austrian lip to the potent emperor of Lilliput
 The Valois nose is the rising, or Roman nose

⁶ *Her father was an Irish costarmonger*] It would seem from many passages in our old writers, that the petty dealers in fruit were, in their days, as in ours principally Irish. Thus Decker, "In England, sir—troth I ever laugh when I think on t—why, sir, there all costarmongers are Irish" *Honest Whore*, A I sc 1 Part II

A-propos of costarmongers Mr Weber, the late editor of Ford, has a note on this word, which may be worth transcribing. "Mr Steevens observes, in answer to a superficial remark by Johnson, that a costarmonger is a costard monger! a dealer in apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a costard, i. e. a man's head" Vol II p 373 After due thanks for so important a piece of intelligence, I would "observe," in my turn, that it all becomes a person of Mr Weber's no rank in

Mam. The house of Valois just had such a nose,
And such a forehead yet the Medici
Of Florence-boast.

Dol. Tioth, and I have been liken'd
To all these princes.

Face. I'll be sworn, I heard it.

Mam. I know not how ! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their features.

Face. I'll in, and laugh. [*Aside and exit.*]

Mam. A certain touch, or air,
That sparkles a divinity, beyond
An earthly beauty !

Dol. O, you play the courtier.

Mam. Good lady, give me leave——

Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.

Mam. To burn in this sweet flame ;
The phoenix never knew a nobler death.

Dol. Nay, now you court the courtier, and
destroy
What you would build : this art, sir, in your
words,

· Calls your whole faith in question.

Mam. By my soul——

Dol. Nay, oaths are made of the same air, sir.

literature, to use such contemptuous language of Dr Johnson :

plurima sunt quæ

Non debent homines pertusa dicere lana ;

and Mr. Weber's cloak is *pertusa* indeed ! The note of Dr. Johnson, which he presumes to call "superficial," is judicious and pertinent in every sense of the words ; while "the answer of Steevens" (as it is absurdly termed) is one of those frivolous displays of infantine knowledge which so frequently disgrace the pages of Shakspeare, and which was never less called for than on the present occasion. See *Hen. IV* Part II A 1. sc 5. With respect to the origin of the word, Steevens has, as usual, misled Mr. Weber. The apple does not take its name from the head, but the head from the apple. The commentator was ignorant of the derivation of costard.

Mam. Nature
 Never bestow'd upon mortality
 A more unblamed, a more harmonious feature,
 She play'd the step-dame in all faces else
 Sweet madam, let me be particular——

Dol Particular, sir! I pray you know your distance

Mam In no ill sense, sweet lady, but to ask
 How your fair graces pass the hours? I see
 You are lodg'd here, in the house of a rare man,
 An excellent artist, but what's that to you?

Dol Yes, sir, I study here the mathematics,
 And distillation⁷

Mam O, I cry your pardon
 He's a divine instructor¹ can extract
 The souls of all things by his art, call all
 The virtues, and the miracles of the sun,
 Into a temperate furnace, teach dull nature
 What her own forces are A man, the emperor
 Has courted above Kelly,⁸ sent his medals
 And chains, to invite him

⁷ *I study here the mathematics,
 And distillation*] i.e. astrology and chemistry

⁸ ——— *A man, the emperor*

Has courted above Kelly,] Edward Kelly, (or, as he is sometimes called, Talbot,) the most daring and unprincipled of all the pretenders to alchemy, was born at Worcester, about the middle of the 16th century, and bred an apothecary. Having acquired a smattering of chemistry, and very opportunely lost his ears for a fraud,—for, as Juvenal observes *Nemo mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit*—he took advantage of the simple credulity of the times, and boasted that he was possessed of the philosopher's stone. He was taken abroad by the noted Dee, who appointed him his *speculator*, much to the displeasure of the angels, it seems, who frequently refused to appear, (as Lilly informs us,) on account of his vicious manner of life. These impudent knaves travelled over a great part of Germany, with a young Polc, whom they had drawn into their confederacy, selling spirits, making gold, and working miracles of all kinds. Their fame, at length, reached the emperor Rodolph II, who sent for them to Prague. Dee, who was

Dol. Ay, and for his physic, sir——

Mam. Above the art of Æsculapius,
That drew the envy of the thunderer !
I know all this, and more.

Dol. Troth, I am taken, sir,
Whole with these studies, that contemplate nature.

Mam. It is a noble humour; but this form
Was not intended to so dark a use.
Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse
mould,

A cloister had done well; but such a feature
That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,
To live recluse ! is a mere solœcism,
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.
I muse; my lord your brother will permit it:

an egregious coward, now thought it full time to return to England, but the intrepid Kelly readily agreed to teach the emperor his secret. While Rodolph (like Mammon) continued to furnish money, Kelly escaped detection, but on his growing suspicious, and withholding his hand, the cheat was speedily discovered. Kelly was thrown into confinement, and had the good fortune to defraud the gallows, by dying of a broken leg, got in an attempt to let himself down, by his sheets, from the window of his prison.

Ashmole has disgraced his probity (I cannot say his judgment, for he had none) by a laboured panegyric on this profligate impostor, thus “ eminent light of the world,” as he calls him, while Lully, out of jealousy perhaps, treats him with very little ceremony though both agree that “ he certainly had the elixir ” It is far from improbable that Jonson, in his “ indenter tripartite,” (Subtle, Face, and Dol,) had this triumvirate in view. Subtle was, beyond question, meant for Dee, and has much of his hypocritical and juggling language the more daring Kelly, who seems to be personified by Face, pretended to have the power of changing himself into an animal, at will, and might therefore be alluded to in “ the dog snarling on ” Dol has many traits of Laski, the young Pole, and her assumed character of queen of the fairies, might be intended to glance at the part usually played by him in the magical mummery of his confederates, which was that of an angel.—but enough of such folly.

You should spend half my land first, were I he
Does not this diamond better on my finger,
Than in the quarry ?

Dol Yes

Mam Why, you are like it
You were created, lady, for the light
Here, you shall wear it, take it, the first pledge
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me

Dol In chains of adamant ?

Mam Yes, the strongest bands
And take a secret too—here, by your side,
Doth stand this hour, the happiest man in Europe

Dol You are contented, sir ?

Mam Nay, in true being,
The envy of princes and the fear of states

Dol Say you so, sir Epicure ?

Mam Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
Daughter of honour I have cast mine eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
Above all styles

Dol You mean no treason, sir ?

Mam No, I will take away that jealousy
I am the lord of the philosopher's stone,
And thou the lady

Dol How, sir ! have you that ?

Mam. I am the master of the mastery
This day the good old wretch here o' the house
Has made it for us now he's at projection
Think therefore thy first wish now, let me
hear it,

And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,
* But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee

Dol. You are pleased, sir,
To work on the ambition of our sex.

Mam. I am pleased the glory of her sex should
know,

This nook, here, of the Friars' is no climate
For her to live obscurely in, to learn
Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife
Of some odd hundred in Essex; but come forth,
And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink
The toils of empirics, and their boasted practice;
Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold and amber;
Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask'd,
What miracle she is? set all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning glass,
And work them into cinders, when the jewels
Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light
Strikes out the stars! that, when thy name is
mention'd,

Queens may look pale; and we but shewing our
love,

Nero's Poppæa may be lost in story!
Thus will we have it

Dol. I could well consent, sir.

But, in a monarchy, how will this be?
The prince will soon take notice, and both seize
You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit
For any private subject.

Mam. If he knew it.

Dol. Yourself do boast it, sir.

Mam. To thee, my life

Dol. O, but beware, sir! you may come to end
The remnant of your days in a loth'd prison,
By speaking of it

Mam. 'Tis no idle fear.

¹ *The Friars*] Black-friars, where the scene of their imposture lay - see p 12

² *'Tis no idle fear* &c.] "I might answer by asking—why

We'll therefore go withal, my gill, and live
 In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,
 Soused in high-county wines,³ suppleasants eggs,
 And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells,
 Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,
 In a rare butter made of dolphins milk,
 Whose cream does look like opals, and with these
 Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure,
 And take us down again, and then renew
 Our youth and strength with drinking the elixir,
 And so enjoy a perpetuity
 Of life and lust¹ And thou shalt have thy ward-
 robe
 Richer than nature's, still to change thy self,

so many have spent their lives and estates on the art of making gold, which, if it were much known would only exalt silver into the place which gold now occupies, and if it were known but to one, the same single adept could not, nay durst not enjoy it, but must either be a prisoner to some prince, and slave to some voluptuary, or else skulk obscurely up and down for his concealment." *Political Observations by J. Graunt*

This quotation, for which I am indebted to Mr Waldron, comprises the whole plan of Godwin's *St Leon*

³ *We will eat our mullets,*

Soused in high country wine, &c] It seemed almost impossible to add any thing to the boundless profusion of vicious luxuries already enumerated in the second act here, however, they are poured forth as lavishly, as if none had been introduced before. The judgment is absolutely overwhelmed by the torrent of magnificent images with which Mammon confounds the incredulity of Surly, and inflames the supposed ambition of Dol. Here is a "towering bravery" in his sensuality which sets him above all power of imitation.

¹ When we revert to *the Fox*, (p 254, *et seq*) and mark the exuberance of temptation with which Jonson had previously assailed the purity of Celia, it must excite a feeling not altogether favourable to the knowledge or candour of those who accuse him of sterility. No poet that can be named, (no, not even Milton,) ever brought to his subject a mind so richly furnished as this great dramatist.

And vary oftener, for thy pride, than she,
Or art, her wise and almost-equal servant.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every
word
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place;
The garden, or great chamber above. How like
you her?

Mam. Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee.
[*Gives him money.*]

Face. But do you hear?
Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabins.

Mam. We think not on 'em.

[*Exeunt Mam. and Dol.*]

Face. O, it is well, sir.—Subtle!

Enter SUBTLE.

Dost thou not laugh?

Sub. Yes; are they gone?

Face. All's clean.

Sub. The widow is come.

Face. And your quarrelling disciple?

Sub. Ay.

Face. I must to my captainship again then

Sub. Stay, bring them in first.

Face. So I meant. What is she?

A bonnibel?

Sub. I know not.

Face. We'll draw lots:

You'll stand to that?

Sub. What else?

Face. O, for a suit,
To fall now like a curtain, flap!

* O, for a suit, &c.] i. e. his captain's uniform, for which he

Sub To the door, man

Face You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am
not ready

Sub Yes, and perhaps hit you through both
the nostrils

Face [*within*] Who would you speak with?

Kas [*within*] Where's the captain?

Face [*within*] Gone, sir,
About some business

Kas [*within*] Gone!

Face [*within*] He'll return straight
But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here

Enter KASTRIL, followed by dame PLIANT

Sub Come near, my worshipful boy, my *terræ*
filii,

That is, my boy of land, make thy approaches
Welcome, I know thy lusts, and thy desires,
And I will serve and satisfy them Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this
line;

Here is my centre ground thy quarrel

Kas You lie

Sub How, child of wrath and anger! the
loud lie?

For what, my sudden boy?

Kas Nay, that look you to,
I am afore-hand

Sub O, this is no true grammar,
And as ill logic! You must render causes, child,
Your first and second intentions, know your
canons

And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differ-
ences,

is compelled to go out, while Subtle is left to take advantage
of his absence, and receive the lady

Your predicaments, substance, and accident,
Series extern and intern, with their causes,
Efficient, material, formal, final,
And have your elements perfect?

Kas. What is this!

The angry tongue he talks in? *[Aside.]*

Sub. That false precept,
Of being afove-hand, has deceived a number,
And made them enter quarrels, often-times,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Against their wills.

Kas. How must I do then, sir?

Sub. I cry this lady mercy: she should first
Have been saluted. *[Kisses her.]* I do call you
; lady,

Because you are to be one; ere 't be long,
My soft and buxom widow.

Kas. Is she, i'faith?

Sub. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.

Kas. How know you?

Sub. By inspection on her forehead,
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make a judgment. *[Kisses her again.]*
'Slight, she melts

Like a myrobolane.⁵—here is yet a line,
In *rivo frontis*, tells me he is no knight.

Dame P. What is he then, sir?

⁵ ——— 'Slight, she melts

Like a myrobolane ''] A foreign conserve: Cotgrave informs us "that it was a dried plum brought from the Indies," or, rather, perhaps, from the Levant. It is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists, and seems to have been in high estimation as a sweet-meat. The lady's fortune is told out of Cardan's *Metoposcopy*, where the "*rivus frontis*," &c are very strongly marked. The variety and extent of Jonson's reading are altogether surprising, nothing seems to have been too poor and trifling, too recondite and profound, for his insatiable

Sub Let me see your hand
 O, your *linea fortunæ* makes it plain,
 And stella here *in monte Veneris*
 But, most of all, *junctura annularis*
 He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady,
 But shall have some great honour shortly

Dame P Brother,
 He is a rare man, believe me !

Re enter FACE, in his uniform

Kas Hold your peace
 Here comes the t'other rare man — 'Save you,
 captain.

Face Good master Kastil ! Is this your sister ?

Kas Ay, sir
 Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know her

Face I shall be proud to know you, lady
 [Kisses her]

Dame P Brother,
 He calls me lady too

Kas Ay, peace I heard it. [Takes her aside]

Face The count is come.

Sub Where is he ?

Face At the door

Sub Why, you must entertain him.

Face What will you do
 With these the while ?

Sub Why, have them up, and shew them
 Some fustian book, or the dark glass

Face Fore God,
 She is a delicate dab-chick ! I must have her
 [Exit]

curiosity, and thirst of knowledge It is but seldom, and, even
 then accidentally, that I can fall in with him the general range
 of his wide and desultory track is, to me, nearly imperceptible

Sub. Must you 'ay, if your fortune will, you must.—

Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently :
I'll have you to my chamber of demonstrations,
Where I will shew you both the grammar, and
logic,

And rhetoric of quarrelling ; my whole method
Drawn out in tables , and my instrument,
That hath the several scales upon't, shall make
you

Able to quarrel at a straw's-breadth by moon-
light.

And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,
Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight,
Against you see your fortune ; which is greater,
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

[*Exit, followed by Kast. and Dame P.*

Re-enter FACE

Face. Where are you, doctor ?

Sub. [*within.*] I'll come to you presently.

Face. I will have this same widow, now I have
seen her,

On any composition.

Re-enter SUBTLE.

Sub. What do you say ?

Face. Have you disposed of them ?

Sub. I have sent them up.

Face. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this
widow.

Sub. Is that the matter ?

Face. Nay, but hear me.

Sub. Go to,

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all

Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance

Face. Nay, thou art so violent now—Do but conceive,

Thou art old, and canst not serve——

Sub Who cannot? I?

'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a——

Face Nay,

But understand I'll give you composition

Sub I will not treat with thee, what I sell my fortune?

'Tis better than my birth-right Do not murmur
Win her, and carry her If you grumble, Dol
Knows it directly

Face Well, sir, I am silent

Will you go help to fetch in Don in state? [*Exit*]

Sub I follow you, sir we must keep *Face* in awe,

Or he will over-look us like a tyrant

Re-enter, FACE, introducing SURLY disguised as a Spaniard

Brain of a tailor! who comes here? Don John!

Sur Señores, beso las manos a vuestras mercedes

Sub Would you had stoop'd a little, and kist our anos!

Face Peace, Subtle

Sub Stab me, I shall never hold, man

* *Who comes here?* Don John! It appears from *Cynthia's Revels*, that the "battle of Lepanto," formed the subject of tapestry-work in Jonson's time, and we may be pretty confident that *Don John* of Austria, the fortunate hero of the day, was portrayed in it with features of the most formidable grandeur. To some staring representation of this kind, *Subtle* probably alludes. See vol. II p. 293

He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a platter,
Serv'd in by a short cloke upon two tresiles.

Face. Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn,
cut down

Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?

Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard.

Face. Perhaps some Fleming or some Hollander
got him

In d'Alva's time; count Egmont's bastard.

Sub. Don,

Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

Sur. *Gratia.*

Sub. He speaks out of a fortification.

Pray God he have no squibs in those deep sets.

Sur. *Por dios, señores, muy linda casa!*

Sub. What says he?

Face. Praises the house, I think;

I know no more but's action.

Sub. Yes, the *casa*,

My precious Diego, will prove fair enough

To cozen you in. Do you mark? you shall

Be cozen'd, Diego

Pray God he have no squibs in those deep sets.] i. e. in the deep plaits of his ruff our old writers abound in satirical allusions to the enormous ruffs worn by the Spaniards, and to the mischief which might be concealed in them. Thus Glapthorne:

1 *Watch.* "No news stirring, neighbours?"

2 *Watch.* "Yes, strange and true—twixt Deale

"And Dover one, fishing for flounders, drew

"A Spaniard's body up, slain in the late fight,

"And searching him for money, found, in the sets

"Of his great ruff, the—I shall think on't presently,

"'Tis a hard word—the Inquisition"

Written a Constable, A. V. sc. 1.

7 *Praises the house, I think,]* Face is right; he does so. I have corrected the language, which Whalley appears not to have understood, and which Jonson, or his printer, had in more than one place confounded.

Face Cozen'd, do you see,
My worthy Donzel, cozen'd

Sur *Entiendo*

Sub Do you intend it? so do we, dear Don
Have you brought pistolets, or portagues,
My solemn Don?—Dost thou feel any?

Face [*Feels his pockets*] Full

Sub You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and
drawn

Dry, as they say

Face Milked, in troth, sweet Don

Sub See all the monsters, the great lion of
all, Don

Sur *Con licencia, se puede ver a esta señora*

Sub What talks he now?

Face Of the sennora

Sub O, Don,

That is the lioness, which you shall see

Also, my Don

Face 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

Sub. For what?

Face Why Dol's employ'd, you know

Sub That's true

'Fore heaven, I know not he must stay, that's all

Face Stay! that he must not by no means —

Sub No! why?

Face Unless you'll mar all 'Slight, he will
suspect it

And then he will not pay, not half so well

This is a travelled punk-master, and does know

All the delays, a notable hot rascal,

And looks already rampant

Sub 'Sdeath, and Mammon

Must not be troubled

* See all the monsters, the great lion &c] Till I met with this passage, I had no idea that the phrase of "shewing the lions," was of such venerable antiquity

Face. Mammon ! in no case.

Sub. What shall we do then ?

Face 'Think · you must be sudden.

Sur. *Entiendo que la señora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan verla, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.*

Face. *Mi vida !* 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind o' the widow.

What dost thou say to draw her to it, ha !
And tell her 'tis her fortune ? all our venture
Now lies upon't It is but one man more,
Which of us chance to have her. and beside,
There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.
What dost thou think on't, Subtle ?

Sub. Who, I ? why——

Face. The credit of our house too is engaged.

Sub. You made me an offer for my share ere-while.

What wilt thou give me, i' faith ?

Face. O, by that light

I'll not buy now : You know your doom to me.
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir ; win
her,

And wear her out, for me

Sub. 'Slight, I'll not work her then.

Face. It is the common cause, therefore be-
think you.

Dol else must know it, as you said.

Sub I care not

Sur *Senores, porque se tarda tanto ?*

Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old

Face That's now no reason, sir.

Sur. *Puede ser de hazer burla de mi amor ?*

Face. You hear the Don too ? by this an, I call,
And loose the hinges : Dol !

* *Entiendo &c*] " I hear the lady is so handsome, that I am anxious to see her, as the most fortunate circumstance of my life."

Sub A plague of hell——

Face Will you then do ?

Sub You are a terrible rogue !
I'll think of this will you, sir, call the widow ?

Face Yes, and I'll take her too with all her faults,

Now I do think on't better

Sub With all my heart, sir,
Am I discharg'd o' the lot ?

Face As you please

Sub Hands [They take hands]

Face Remember now, that upon any change,
You never claim her

Sub Much good joy, and health to you, sir
Marry a whore ! fate, let me wed a witch first

Sur *Por estas honradas barbas——*

Sub He swears by his beard
Dispatch, and call the brother too [Exit Face]
Sur *Tengo duda,¹ señores, que no me hagan alguna traycion*

Sub How, issue on ? yes, piæsto, sennor
Please you

Enthratha the *chambratha*, worthy don

Where if you please the fates, in your *bathada*,
You shall be soked, and stroked, and tubb'd, and
rubb'd,

And scrubb'd, and fubb'd, deardon, before you go
You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon don
Be curried, claw'd and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed
I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,
To be revenged on this impetuous Face
The quickly doing of it, is the grace

[Exeunt *Sub* and *Surly*]

¹ *Tengo duda, &c*] “ I fear, gentlemen, that you are about to play me some foul trick ” All these speeches, though sufficiently pertinent, have greatly the air of being taken from some grammar -In this scene Jonson seems to have had the *Pænulus*

SCENE II.

*Another Room in the same.**Enter FACE, KASTRIL, and Dame PLIANT.*

Face. Come, lady: I knew the doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

Kas. To be a countess, say you, a Spanish countess, sir?

Dame P. Why, is that better than an English countess?

Face. Better! 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?

Kas. Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.

Face. Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-man,
To your mere milliner; they will tell you all,
Your Spanish gennet is the best horse; your Spanish
Stoup is the best garb.² your Spanish beard

of Plantus in view. Hanno, like Surly, speaks a language not understood by the rest, and is played upon by Milphio (the Face of the piece) till his patience is exhausted, and he breaks out, as he says, in Latin, "to confound the rogue"

² *Your Spanish stoup is the best garb*] I am unable to explain this. It may mean that the Spanish fashion of evincing politeness is the most respectful, (for *garb* is sometimes used for a mode of behaviour,) or *stoup* may signify some article of dress—but this is all at random. It is more to the purpose to observe that Face is correct in what he says of the strong prejudice in favour of Spain, at least, among the great. During the earlier part of James's reign, Spanish influence was paramount at court, and Spanish fashions, in consequence of it, very generally adopted there. This did not, however, contribute to recommend them to the people, who could not so easily forget the

Is the best cut, your Spanish ruffs are the best
 Wear, your Spanish pavin the best dance,
 Your Spanish titillation in a glove
 The best perfume and for your Spanish pike,
 And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak—
 Here comes the doctor

Enter SUBTLE, *with a paper*

Sub My most honour'd lady,
 For so I am now to style you, having found
 By this my scheme, you are to undergo
 An honourable fortune, very shortly
 What will you say now, if some—

Face I have told her all, sir,
 And her right worshipful brother here, that she
 shall be
 A countess, do not delay them, sir a Spanish
 countess

Sub Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you
 can keep
 No secret! Well, since he has told you, madam,
 Do you forgive him, and I do

Kas She shall do that, sir,
 I'll look to t, 't's my charge

Sub Well then nought rests
 But that she fit her love now to her fortune

Dame P Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard

Sub No!

Armada and were highly gratified with the ridicule which the dramatic writers so constantly poured on the Spanish character. After all, it must be allowed that James was clearer-sighted than his subjects, and ages to come will have to lament the failure of his judicious attempts to unite them more closely with Spain. I know not what particular advantage the *Spanish pavin* possessed over the French or Italian pavin, perhaps it was more stately. It must however have been a grave and majestic vance in every country.

Dame P. Never since eighty-eight could I
abide them,³
And that was some three year afore I was born,
in truth.

Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable;
Choose which you will.

Face. By this good rush, persuade her,
She will cry strawberries else within this twelve-
month.

Sub. Nay, shads and mackarel, which is worse.

Face. Indeed, sir!

Kas. Ods lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick
you.

Dame P. Why,
I'll do as you will have me, brother.

Kas. Do,
Or by this hand I'll maul you.

Face. Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.

Sub. No, my enraged child;
She will be ruled What, when she comes to taste
The pleasures of a countess! to be courted——

Face. And kiss'd, and ruffled!

Sub. Ay, behind the hangings.

Face. And then come forth in pomp!

Sub. And know her state!

Face. Of keeping all the idolaters of the
chamber
Barer to her, than at their prayers!

Sub. Is serv'd
Upon the knee!

Face. And has her pages, ushers,
Footmen, and coaches——

Sub. Her six mares——

³ *Never since eighty-eight could I abide them,*] i. e. since the
year of the "Invincible Armada," (1588) Dame Pliant is a
true-born Englishwoman.—But see the preceding note.

Face Nay, eight!

Sub To hurry hei through London, to the
Exchange,
Bethlem, the china-houses——

Face Ycs, and have
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires,
And my lord s,goose-tuid bands, that ride with
her!

Kas Most brave! By this hand, you are not
my sister,
If you refuse

Dame P I will not refuse, brother

Enter SURLY.

Sur *Que es esto, señores, que no venga? Esta
tardanza me mata!*

Face It is the count come
The doctor knew he would be here, by his art
Sub *En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima!*
Sur *Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada hermo-
sura, que he visto en mi vida!*

Face. Is't not a gallant language that they
speak?

Kas An admirable language! Is't not French?

Face No, Spanish, sir

Kas It goes like law French,
And that, they say, is the courtliest language

Face List, sir

Sui *El sol ha perdido su lumbré, con el esplendor
que trae esta dama! Valgame dios!*

Face He admires your sister

Kas Must not she make curt'sy?

Sub Ods will, she must go to him, man, and
kiss him!

It is the Spanish fashion, for the women
To make first court.

Face. 'Tis true he tells you, sir:

His art knows all.

Sur. *Porque no se acude ?*

Kas. He speaks to her, I think.

Face. That he does, sir.

Sur. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto que se tarda ?*

Kas. Nay, see. she will not understand him !
gull,

Noddy

Dame P. What say you, brother ?

Kas. Ass, my suster,

Go kuss him, as the cunning man would have you ;
I'll thrust a pin in your buttocks else.

Face. O no, sir.

Sur. *Señora mia, mi persona esta muy indigna de allegar a tanta hermosura.*

Face. Does he not use her bravely ?

Kas. Bravely, i' faith !

Face. Nay, he will use her better.

Kas. Do you think so ?

Sur. *Señora, si sera servida, entremonos.*

[*Exit with Dame Phant.*]

Kas. Where does he carry her ?

Face. Into the garden, sir ;

Take you no thought I must interpret for her.

Sub. Give Del the word.* [*Aside to Face, who goes out.*]
—Come, my fierce child, advance

We'll to our quarrelling lesson again

Kas. Agreed.

I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

Sub. Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be
brother

To a great count.

Kas. Ay, I knew that at first.

This match will advance the house of the Kistrils.

* *Que Del the word*] i. e. to begin her bit of raving

Sub 'Pray God your sister prove but pliant !
Kas Why,
 Her name is so, by her other husband
Sub How !
Kas The widow Pliant Knew you not that ?
Sub No faith, sir,
 Yet, by erection of her figure, I guest it
 Come, let's go practise
Kas Yes, but do you think, doctor,
 I e'er shall quarrel well ?
Sub I warrant you [Exeunt

SCENE III

Another Room in the same

Enter DOL in her fit of raving, followed by
 MAMMON

Dol For after Alexander's death —
Mam Good lady——
Dol That Perdiccas and Antigonus, were slain,
 The two that stood, Seleuc', and Ptolomee——
Mam Madam
Dol Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast,
 That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south which after
 Was call'd Gog-iron leg, and South-iron-leg——
Mam Lady——
Dol And then Gog-horned So was Egypt, too
 Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg——
Mam Sweet madam
Dol And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which
 fall
 In the last link of the fourth chain And these
 Be stars in story, which none see, or look at——
Mam What shall I do ?

Dol. *For, as he says, except
We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks——*

Mam. Dear lady.

Dol. *To come from Salem, and from Athens,
And teach the people of Great Britain——*

Enter FACE hastily, in his servant's dress.

Face. What's the matter, sir?

Dol. *To speak the tongue of Eber, and Javan——*

Mam. O,

She's in her fit.

Dol. *We shall know nothing——*

Face. Death, sir,
We are undone!

Dol. *Where then a learned linguist
Shall see the ancient used communion
Of vowels and consonants——*

Face. My master will hear!

Dol. *A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most
high——*

Mam. Sweet honourable lady!

Dol. *To comprise*

All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters——

Face. Nay, you must never hope to lay her
now. [They all speak together.

Dol. *And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,
And profane Greek, to raise the building up
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his habergions
Brunstony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim;
Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.*

Face. How did you put her into't?

Mam. Alas, I talk'd

Of a fifth monarchy I would erect,

With the philosopher's stone, by chance, and she
Falls on the other four straight

Face Out of Broughton '^s

I told you so 'Slid, stop her mouth

Mam Is't best ?

^s *Face* Out of Broughton ']
Scripture Broughton has been noticed above, see p 72

The author of the *Life of Bernard Gilpin*, has given us a very beautiful elegy, written in 1612, on the death of *Hugh Broughton* which though designed as an encomium, is rather a satire on him for the misemployment of his time and talents His skill in expounding prophecies, and tracing Jewish genealogies, is touched on in the following stanzas

“ What meant that monstrous man, whom Babel's king
“ Did in a troubled slumber once behold,
“ Like huge Goliath, slain by David's sling,
“ Whose dreadful head and curled locks were gold,
“ With breasts and mighty arms of silver mould,
“ Whose swelling belly and large sides were brass,
“ Whose legs were iron, feet of mingled mass,
“ Of which one part was clay, the other iron was ?
“ What meant the lion, plum'd in eagle's wings,
“ What meant the bear, that in his horrid jaw
“ Three ribs of some devoured carcass brings
“ What meant the leopard which Belshazzar saw,
“ With dreadful mouth, and with a murdering paw,
“ And what that all devouring horned beast
“ With iron teeth, and with his horrid crest
All this, and much besides by *Broughton* was exprest
“ 'Twas he that branch'd Messiah's sacred stem,
“ In curious knots, and trac'd his earthly race
From princely Adam, to the noble Sem,
“ So down to him that held Comah's place,
“ And from his son to Mary full of grace, &c ” *WHEAL*

All that remains to be said of Broughton is, that he was educated by this most excellent man, (Bernard Gilpin,) and sent, at his expense, to Cambridge He left the church of England, as was naturally to be expected, and joined himself to a congregation of Brownists at Amsterdam, the general resort of sectaries of all denominations Broughton died in the beginning of the year 1612

Face. She'll never leave else. If the old man
hear her,

We are but fæces, ashes.

Sub. [*within.*] What's to do there?

Face. O, we are lost! Now she hears him, she
is quiet.

Enter SUBTLE, they run different ways.

Mam. Where shall I hide me?

Sub. How! what sight is here?

Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!

Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son!

O, I have lived too long

Mam. Nay, good, dear father,
There was no unchaste purpose.

Sub. Not! and flee me,
When I come in?

Mam. That was my error.

Sub. Error!

Guilt, guilt, my son. give it the right name.

No marvel,

If I found check in our great work within,

When such affairs as these were managing!

Mam. Why, have you so?

Sub. It has stood still this half hour:

And all the rest of our less works gone back.

Where is the instrument of wickedness,

My lewd false drudge?

Mam. Nay, good sir, blame not him;
Believe me, 'twas against his will or knowledge:
I saw her by chance.

Sub. Will you commit more sin,
To excuse a varlet?

Mam. By my hope, 'tis true, sir.

Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom
The blessing was prepared, would so tempt heaven,
And lose your fortunes.

Mam Why, sir?

Sub This will retard
The work, a month at least

Mam Why, if it do,
What remedy? But think it not, good father
Our purposes were honest

Sub As they were,
So the reward will prove [*A loud explosion within*]
—How now! ah me!
God, and all saints be good to us —

Re enter FACE

What's that?

Face O sir, we are defeated! all the works
Are flown *in fumo*, every glass is burst
Furnace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of thunder had been driven through the house
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads,
All struck in shivers!

[*Subtle falls down as in a swoon*

Help, good sir! alas,

Coldness, and death invades him Nay, sir Mam-
mon,

Do the fair offices of a man! you stand,
As you were readier to depart than he

[*Knocking within*

Who's there? my lord her brother is come

Mam Ha, Iungs!

Face His coach is at the door Avoid his
sight,

For he's as furious as his sister's mad

Mam Alas!

Face My brain is quite undone with the
fume, sir,

I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again

Mam. Is all lost, Lungs ? will nothing be pie-serv'd

Of all our cost ?

Face. Faith, very little, sir ;

A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir.

Mam. O my voluptuous mind ! I am justly punish'd.

Face. And so am I, sir.

Mam. Cast from all my hopes——

Face. Nay, certainties, sir.

Mam. By mine own base affections.

Sub. [Seeming to come to himself] O, the curst fruits of vice and lust !

Mam. Good father,

It was my sin. Forgive it.

Sub. Hangs my roof

Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,

Upon us, for this wicked man !

Face. Nay, look, sir,

You grieve him now with staying in his sight :

Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you,

And that may breed a tragedy.

Mam. I'll go.

Face. Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be,

For some good penance you may have it yet ;

A hundred pound to the box at Bethlem——

Mam. Yes.

Face. For the restoring such as—have their wits.

Mam. I'll do't.

Face. I'll send one to you to receive it.

Mam. Do.

Is no projection left ?

Face. All flown, or stinks, sir.

Mam. Will nought be sav'd that's good for med'cine, think'st thou ?

Face I cannot tell, sir There will be perhaps,
 Something about the scraping of the shards,
 Will cure the itch,—though not your itch of
 mind, sir [*Aside*
 It shall be saved for you, and sent home Good

^{SH,}
 This way for fear the lord should meet you
[*Exit Mammon*

Sub [*raising his head*] *Face* !

Face Ay

Sub Is he gone ?

Face Yes, and as heavily

As all the gold be hoped for were in's blood
 Let us be light though

Sub [*leaping up*] Ay, as balls, and bound
 And hit our heads against the roof for joy
 There's so much of our care now cast away

Face Now to our don

Sub Yes, your young widow by this time
 Is made a countess, *Face*, she has been in travail
 Of a young heir for you

Face Good, sir

Sub Off with your case,
 And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,
 After these common hazards

Face Very well, sir

Will you go fetch don Diego off, the while ?

Sub And fetch him over too, if you'll be
 pleased, sir
 Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets
 now !

Face Why, you can do't as well, if you would
 set to't

I pray you prove your virtue

Sub For your sake, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter SURLY and Dame PLIANT.

Sur. Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n ;

'Mongst what a nest of villains ! and how near
Your honour was t'have catch'd a certain clap,
Through your credulity, had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumstances would have made a man ;
For you're a handsome woman : would you were
wise too !

I am a gentleman come here disguised,
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel ;
And where I might have wrong'd your honour,
and have not,

I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich ; and I'm a bachelor,
Worth nought : your fortunes may make me a
man,

As mine have preserv'd you a woman. Think
upon it,

And whether I have deserv'd you or no.

Dame P. I will, sir.

Sur. And for these household-rogues, let me
alone

To treat with them.

Enter SUBTLE.

Sub. How doth my noble Diego,
And my dear ma' countess ? hath the count

Been courteous, lady? liberal, and open?
 Donzel, methinks you look melancholic,
 After your coitum, and scurvy truly,
 I do not like the dulness of your eye,
 It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch,⁶
 And says you are a lumpish whore-master
 Be lightei, I will make your pockets so

[Attempts to pick them
Sur [Throws open his cloak] Will you, don bawd
 and pick-purse? [strikes him down] how
 now! reel you?

Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy,
 I'll give you equal weight

Sub Help! murder!

Sur No, sir,

There's no such thing intended a good cart,
 And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear
 I am the Spanish don *that should be cozen'd*,
Do you see, cozen d' Where's your captain Face,
 That parcel broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal?

Enter FACE in his uniform

Face How, Surly!

⁶ *'Tis upsee Dutch,*] This expression is very common in our old dramatists, and enough, and more than enough, has been written upon it to little purpose. A thick and heady kind of beer, the common beverage of the Low Countries, was much drank in England about this time, and familiarly known by the name of *opzee*, (over sea.) As it was of a stupifying nature, to be *upsee Dutch* was synonymous with being in a state of perfect inebriation, dull, lifeless, &c. *Upsee Freeze*, (Friesland beer) is a phrase of similar import and occurs very frequently in the writers of Jonson's age. To drink *upsee Dutch* or *upsee Freeze*, was to drink swinishly, like a Dutchman, &c. A strong kind of malt liquor, made here in imitation of the Friesland or Oversea beer, was called *upsee English*. Friesland has not yet lost its reputation on the continent, for the manufacturing of this muddy intoxicating stuff.

Sur. O, make your approach, good captain.
 I have found from whence your copper rings and
 spoons
 Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in
 taverns.
 'Twas here you learn'd t' anoint your boot with
 brimstone,
 Then rub men's gold on't for a kind of touch,
 And say 'twas naught, when you had changed
 the colour,
 That you might have't for nothing. And this
 doctor,
 Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he
 Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head,
 And, on a turn, convey in the stead another
 With sublimed mercury, that shall burst in the
 heat,
 And fly out all *in fumo* ! Then weeps Mammon ;
 Then swoons his worship. [*Face slips out*] O! he
 is the Faustus,
 That casteth figures and can conjure, cures
 Plagues, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides,
 And holds intelligence with all the bawds
 And midwives of three shires. while you send
 in—
 Captain!—what ! is he gone?—damsels with child,
 Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid
 With the green sickness. [*seizes Subtle as he is*
 retiring.]—Nay, sir, you must tarry,
 Though he be scaped ; and answer by the ears, sir.

Re-enter FACE with KASTIL.

Face. Why, now's the time, if every you will quarrel
 Well, as they say, and be a true-born child :
 The doctor and your sister both are abused.
Kas. Where is he ? which is he ? he is a slave,

Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore —Are you
The man, sir, I would know?

Sur I should be loth, sir,
To confess so much

Kas Then you lie in your throat

Sur How!

Face [*to Kasrul*] A very eminent rogue, sir,
and a cheater,
Employ'd here by another conjurer
That does not love the doctor, and would cross him,
If he knew how

Sur Sir, you are abused

Kas You lie

And 'tis no matter

Face Well said, sir! He is
The impudent'st rascal——

Sur You are indeed Will you hear me, sir?

Face By no means bid him be gone

Kas Begone, sir, quickly

Sur This's strange!—Lady, do you inform
your brother

Face There is not such a foist⁷ in all the town,
The doctor had him presently, and finds yet,
The Spanish count will come here—Bear up,
Subtle

Sub Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour

Face And yet this rogue would come in a dis-
guise,

By the temptation of another spirit,
To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it!

Kas Ay,

I know—Away, [*to his sister*] you talk like a
foolish maurther.⁸

⁷ *Such a foist, &c*] Such a cheating rogue See vol. 1
p. 113

⁸ *You talk like a foolish maurther,]* *Maurther* (from the Danish

Sur Sir, all is truth she says
Face Do not believe him, sir
 He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir
Sur You are valiant out of company!
Kas Yes, how then, sir?

Enter DRUGGER with a piece of damask

Face Nay, here's an honest fellow, too, that
 knows him,
 And all his tricks Make good what I say, Abel,
 This cheater would have cozen'd thee o' the
 widow — [Aside to *Drug*
 He owes this honest *Drugger* here, seven pound,
 He has had on him, in two penny'orths of
 tobacco

Drug Yes, sir
 And he has damn'd himself three terms to pay me

mo-r) was used, in some of the eastern counties, for a young
 girl, a maid, in Jonson's time Thus Biome

Phillis ———— " Hoping, sir,
 " That you will pardon my presumptuousness,
 " I am a *mauthci* that do lack a service
Quick " You've said enough I'll entertain no mothers,
 " A good maid servant, knew I where to get one—
Phil " He is a knave, an like your worship, that
 " Dares say I am no *maid* And for a servant—
 " It ill becomes poor folks to praise themselves,
 " But I were held a tidy one at home
Quick " O thou art a Norfolk woman (cry thee mercy)
 " Where *maids* are *mothers*, and *mothers maids*"

English Moor, A III sc 1

And Fletcher

" A pretty *child* she is, altho' I say it,
 " A handsome *mother* ' *Maid in the Mill*

The word is still common in " Norfolk, " but not in its pristine
 sense it now means a coarse, awkward woman, and is, I be-
 lieve, commonly applied to one in a state of servitude

Face And what does he owe for lotium?²
Drug Thirty shillings, sir,
 And for six syringes
Sur Hydria of villainy!
Face Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o' the
 house
Kas I will
 —Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie,
 And you are a pimp
Sur Why, this is madness, sir,
 Not valour in you, I must laugh at this
Kas It is my humour you are a pimp and a
 trig,³
 And an *Amadis de Gaul*, or a Don Quixote
Drug Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb,
 do you see?

Enter ANANIAS

Ana Peace to the household!
Kas I'll keep peace for no man
Ana Casting of dollars is concluded lawful
Kas Is he the constable?
Sub Peace, Ananias
Face No, sir
Kas Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,
 A very tin
Sur You'll hear me, sir?
Kas I will not
Ana What is the motive?
Sub Zeal in the young gentleman,
 Against his Spanish slop^s

² A trig,] Theobald has written in the margin of his copy
 "Quere, prig?" But trig, I presume, is right. It is a very
 old word, and means *neat, spruce, affected*, &c. In what sense
 Kasrul uses it, I am not prepared to say

Ana. They are profane,
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

Sur. New rascals !

Kas. Will you be gone, sir ?

Ana. Avoid, Sathan !

Thou art not of the light ! That ruff, of pride
About thy neck, betrays thee ; and is the same
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy
seven, .

Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts :
Thou look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat.

Sur. I must give way.

Kas. Be gone, sir.

Sur. But I'll take

A course with you——

Ana. Depart, proud Spanish fiend !

Sur. Captain and doctor.

Ana. Child of perdition !

Kas. Hence, sir !——

[*Exit Surly.*]

Did I not quarrel bravely ?

Face. Yes, indeed, sir.

Kas. Nay, an I give my mind to't, I shall
do't.

Face. O, you must follow, sir, and threaten
him tame :

He'll turn again else.

Kas. I'll re-turn him then.

[*Exit.*]

[*Subtle takes Ananias aside.*]

Face. Druggier, this rogue prevented us, for
thee :

* *Avoid, Sathan ! &c*] This junction of the zealous Ananias in the plot to get rid of Surly, is exquisitely humorous. I do not believe that any scene in the whole compass of the English drama, is worked up with so much comic skill and knowledge of effect as the conclusion of this masterly act. The allusion to the "unclean birds in seventy-seven" I do not understand, unless it refer to the number of Spanish troops which poured into the Netherlands, about that time, under D'Alva.

We had determin'd that thou should'st have come
In a Spanish suit, and have carried her so, and he,
A brokerly slave¹ goes, puts it on himself
Hast brought the damask?

Drug Yes, sir

Face Thou must borrow

A Spanish suit hast thou no credit with the
players?

Drug Yes, sir, did you never see me play the
Fool?

Face I know not, Nab —thou shalt, if I can
help it —² [*Aside*

Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve,
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em

[*Exit Drugger*

Ana Sir, I know

The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies
Upon their actions and that this was one
I make no scruple —But the holy synod
Have been in prayer and meditation for it,
And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,
That casting of money is most lawful

Sub True,

But here I cannot do it if the house
Shou'd chance to be suspected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up³ in the Tower for ever,
To make gold there for the state, never come
out,

And then are you defeated

Ana I will tell

This to the elders and the weaker brethren,

* *Thou shalt, if I can help it,*] If I can forward or promote
it—the “playing the fool” Old Jeronimo (whose stage
dress poor Abel is sent to borrow) was the hero of the *Spanish
Tragedy*, so often burlesqued by our poet and his contemporaries

³ *And we be lock'd up &c*] See p 89

That the whole company of the separation
May join in humble prayer again.

Sub. And fasting.

Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of
mind

Rest with these walls !

[*Exit.*

Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.

Face. What did he come for ?

Sub. About casting dollars,
Presently out of hand And so I told him,
A Spanish minister came here to spy,
Against the faithful—

Face. I conceive. Come, Subtle,
Thou art so down upon the least disaster !
How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not help't
thee out ?

Sub. I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy,
i' faith.

Face. Who would have look'd it should have
been that rascal ?

Surly ? he had dyed his beard and all. Well, sir,
Here's damask come to make you a suit.

Sub. Where's Druggier ?

Face. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit ;
I'll be the count, now.

Sub. But where's the widow ?

Face. Within, with my lord's sister : madam
Dol

Is entertaining her

Sub. By your favour, Face,
Now she is honest, I will stand again.

Face. You will not offer it ?

Sub. Why ?

Face. Stand to your word,
Or—here comes Dol, she knows—

Sub. You are tyrannous still.

Enter Dol hastily

Face Strict for my right — How now, Dol !
 Hast [thou] told her,
 The Spanish count will come ?
Dol Yes but another is come,
 You little look'd for !
Face Who is that ?
Dol Your master,
 The master of the house
Sub How, Dol !
Face She lies,
 This is some trick Come, leave your quiblers,
 Dorothy
Dol Look out, and see [*Face goes to the window*]
Sub Art thou in earnest ?
Dol 'Slight,
 Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking
Face 'Tis he by this good day
Dol 'Twill prove ill day
 For some on us
Face We are undone, and taken
Dol Lost, I'm afraid
Sub You said he would not come,
 While there did one a week within the liberties
Face No 'twas within the walls
Sub Was't so ! cry you mercy
 I thought the liberties What shall we do now,
Face ?
Face Be silent not a word, if he call or knock

* *Come, leave your quiblers,*] i. e. your little attempts to deceive us. *Quibble* is not derived, as Dr Johnson thinks, from *quidlibet*, but from *quip* (a sarcastic "fetch of wit," of which it is a diminutive neither does it signify "a pun," but rather a playful though captious misapprehension of words and things)

* *Be silent not a word, &c.]* *Face* has many traits of Tranio,

I'll into mine old shape again and meet him,
 Of Jeremy, the butler. In the mean time,
 Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase,^s
 That we can carry in the two trunks. I'll keep
 him

Off for to-day, if I cannot longer : and then
 At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,
 Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we'll
 share

Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar ;
 We'll have another time for that But, Dol,
 'Pithee go heat a little water quickly ;
 Subtle must shave me. all my captain's beard
 Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.
 You'll do it ?

Sub. Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.

Face. And not cut my throat, but trim me ?

Sub. You shall see, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

the pleasantest character in the pleasantest comedy of Plautus, the *Mostellaria*. Besides many hints for short speeches, Jonson seems to have taken from this (his favourite) author the idea of the next scene, in which Face, like Tranio, endeavours to prevent his master from entering the house, by a forced story.

^s *Do you two pack up all the goods, and purchase.* A cant term for goods stolen, or dishonestly come by : thus Shakespeare :

“ They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase*.”

Henry V.

And this sense seems to be derived from Chaucer, who thus uses it in his prophecy :

“ And robbery is holde *purchase*.” *WHALE.*

ACT V SCENE I

Before Lovewit's door

Enter LOVEWIT, with several of the Neighbours

Love Has there been such resort, say you ?

1 *Nei* Daily, sir

2 *Nei* And nightly, too

3 *Nei* Ay, some as brave as lords

4 *Nei* Ladies and gentlewomen

5 *Nei* Citizens' wives

1 *Nei* And knights

6 *Nei* In coaches

2 *Nei* Yes, and oyster-women

1 *Nei* Beside other gallants

3 *Nei* Sailors' wives

4 *Nei* Tobacco men

5 *Nei* Another Pimlico'

Love What should my knave advance,
To draw this company ? he hung out no banners
Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen,
Or a huge lobster with six claws ?

6 *Nei* No, sir

3 *Nei* We had gone in then, sir

Love He has no gift
Of teaching in the nose that e'er I knew of
You saw no bills set up that promised cure
Of agues, or the tooth-ach ?

2 *Nei* No such thing, sir

Love Nor heard a drum struck for baboons
or puppets ?

5 *Nei* Neither, sir

Love What device should he bring forth now ?

I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment
 'Pray God he have not kept such open house,
 That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding !
 I left him nothing else If he have eat them,
 A plague o' the moth, say I ! Sure he has got
 Some bawdy pictures to call all this *ging*,
 The friar and the nun ; or the new motion
 Of the knight's couiser covering the parson's
 male , .

The boy of six year old with the great thing .
 Or 't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt
 Upon a table, or some dog to dance.

When saw you him ?

1 *Ner.* Who, sir, Jeremy ?

2 *Ner.* Jeremy butler ?

We saw him not this month.

Love How !

4 *Ner.* Not these five weeks, sir.

6 *All this ging,*] i. e. gang This substitution of *i* for *a* was common in our author's days, though a late critic could not find an instance of it. Thus Drayton .

“ Rock and Rollo

“ Who still led the rustic *ging* ”

And Greene “ Bless me (quoth Cloth-breeches) what a *ging* was here gathered together ” A similar change took place in other words such as *hang*, &c Thus Machin

“ Heaven in thy palm this day the balance *hings*.”

Dumb Knight A. 1.

It is needless to produce more examples of so prevalent a practice In this and the preceding speech, Jonson sarcastically touches on the extravagant fondness of the citizens and their wives for sights of every kind, however repugnant to decorum.

The “ curiosities ” which he enumerates are not imaginary ones, they were actually exhibited in London, and specific mention of all of them respectively, might easily be produced from the writers of those times There is much pleasant satire on this head in the *City Match*, and the *Knight of the burning Pestle*.

6 *Nei* These six weeks at the least

Love You amaze me, neighbours !

5 *Nei* Sure, if your worship know not where
he is,

*He's slipt away

6 *Nei* Play god, he be not made away

Love Ha ! it's no time to question, then

[*Knocks at the door*]

6 *Nei* About

Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,

As I sat up a mending my wife's stockings

Love 'Tis strange that none will answer !

Didst thou hear

A cry, sayst thou ?

6 *Nei* Yes, su, like unto a man

That had been strangled an hour, and could not
speak ⁷

⁷ ———— *Like unto a man*

That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak] Mr Steevens inclines to think that this was meant to reflect on Shakspeare's making Desdemona speak "after long seeming dead." But as *the Alchemist* was written before *Othello*, (a circumstance of little moment with him where Jonson is concerned,) Mr Malone ventures to express a doubt on the subject. "Old Ben (he says) generally spoke out, and if he had intended to sneer at the manner of Desdemona's death, would have written—like unto a woman, &c." This remark, of which the candour is, at least, equal to the consistency, the reader will do well to bear in mind. Meanwhile the critics might have spared their pains. *Strangled an hour*, &c (though Lovewit perversely catches at the literal sense to perplex his interlocutors) has no reference to duration of time, but means simply suffocated, and therefore, unable to utter articulate sounds. A similar mode of expression occurs in *Measure for Measure*. "Shew your sheep biting face, and be hanged an hour," where Mr Henley, who usually takes more trouble to shew his ignorance of our old writers than seems absolutely necessary, gravely assures us, "that the poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of punishing by the collistrigum or original pillory," &c—whereas it is merely a vulgar imprecation—"shew—and be hanged!" The reader will find more on this subject, in *Bartholomew Fair*.

2 *Nei.* I heard it too, just this day three weeks,
at two o'clock

Next morning.

Love. These be miracles, or you make them so !
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,
And both you heard him cry ?

3 *Nei.* Yes, downward, sir.

Love. Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy
hand, I pray thee,
What trade art thou on ?

3 *Nei.* A smith, an't please your worship.

Love. A smith ! then lend me thy help to get
this door open.

3 *Nei.* That I will presently, sir, but fetch my
tools— [Exit.

1 *Nei.* Sir, best to knock again, afore you
break it.

Love. [Knocks again.] I will.

Enter FACE, in his butler's livery.

Face. What mean you, sir ?

1 2. 4. *Nei.* O, here's Jeremy !

Face. Good sir, come from the door. .

Love. Why, what's the matter ?

Face. Yet farther, you are too near yet.

Love. In the name of wonder,
What means the fellow !

Face. The house, sir, has been visited.

Love. What, with the plague ? stand thou then
farther.

Face. No, sir,
I had it not.

Love. Who had it then ? I left
None else but thee in the house.

* Yet further, you are too near yet.] *Face* wants to draw him
away from the door, that he may not hear any thing of what is
passing within.

Face Yes, sir, my fellow,
The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her
A week before I spied it, but I got her
Convey'd away in the night and so I shut
The house up for a month——

Love How !

Face Purposing then, sir,
T'have burnt rose vinegar, treacle, and tai,
And have made it sweet, that you shou'd ne'er
have known it,

Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir

Love Breathe less, and farther off ! Why this
is stranger

The neighbours tell me all here that the doors
Have still been open——

Face How, sir !

Love Gallants, men and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves,⁹ these ten weeks, as to a second
Hogsden,
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright¹

⁹ *In threaves,*] In droves, or heaps Jonson uses the word
again, in the *Sad Shepherd*

——— “ they come,
“ *In threaves*, to frolick with him ”

The word is properly applied to a certain number of sheaves of
corn, when formed into a shock Thus Chapman

“ Nay, see if thou canst lay them thus in *threaves*

Vir “ *In threaves*, d ye call it ?

Bass “ Yes, my lord, in *threaves*

Vir A pretty term ” *Gent Usher*, A 2 WHAL

¹ *In days of Pimlico and Eye bright*] A place near Hogsden,
Mr Whalley says, famous for cakes and ale Thus in the
City Match

——— “ Marry, it has been

“ To squire his sisters, and demolish custards,

“ At Pimlico ”

And in *Green s Tu Quoque* “ I have sent my daughter this
morning as far as *Pimlico*, for a draught of Derby ale ”

Pimlico is sometimes spoken of as a person, and may not

Face. Sir,
Their wisdoms will not say so.

Love. To-day they speak
Of coaches, and gallants; one in a French-hood
Went in, they tell me; and another was seen
In a velvet gown at the window: divers more
Pass in and out.

Face. They did pass through the doors then,
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their
spectacles;

For here, sir, are the keys, and here have been,
In this my pocket, now above twenty days:
And for before, I kept the fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep in the afternoon,
I should believe my neighbours had seen double
Through the black pot, and made these apparitions!

For, on my faith to your worship, for these three
weeks

And upwards, the door has not been open'd.

Love. Strange!

1 *Ner.* Good faith, I think I saw a coach.

2 *Ner.* And I too,

I'd have been sworn.

Love. Do you but think it now?

And but one coach?

4 *Ner.* We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy
Is a very honest fellow.

Face. Did you see me at all?

improbably, have been the master of a house once famous for
ale of a particular description. So, indeed, may Eyebright,—
unless (as I rather incline to think) the term be applied to a
sort of malt liquor, in which the herb of this name was infused.
In these important matters, it is wise to proceed with caution;
the reader therefore will consider this as conjecture only, and
make use of his own discretion in determining the sense of this
doubtful passage.

1 *Nei* No, that we are sure on

2 *Nei* I'll be sworn o' that

Love Fine rogues to have your testimonies
built on !

Re-enter third Neighbour, with his tools

3 *Nei* Is Jeremy come !

1 *Nei* O, yes, you may leave your tools,
We were deceived, he says

2 *Nei* He has had the keys,
And the door has been shut these three weeks

3 *Nei* Like enough

Love Peace, and get hence, you changelings

Enter SURLY and MAMMON

Face Suily come !

And Mammon made acquainted ! they'll tell all
How shall I beat them off ? what shall I do ?
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty consci-
ence *

Sur No, sir, he was a great physician *[Aside* This,
It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel !
You knew the lord and his sister

Mam Nay, good Suily—

Sur The happy word, BE RICH—

* *How shall I beat them off ? what shall I do ?*

Nothing more wretched than a guilty conscience] From
Plautus, as Upton observes

Sed quisnam hic sese tam cito recipit domum ?

Metuo ne de hac re quippiam hic inauderit

Accedam atque appellabo heu, quam timeo miser !

Nihil est miserius quam animus hominis conscius

There is a passage among the fragments of Menander, which
sufficiently explains the situation of *Face*

Ο συνιστορῶν αὐτῷ τι, καὶ ἡ δραστήλιος,
ἢ συνέσις αὐτὸν δειλοτάτον εἶναι ποιεῖ

Mam. Play not the tyrant.—

Sur. Should be to-day pronounced to all your friends

And where be your andirons now? and your brass pots,

That should have been golden flaggons, and great wedges?

Mam. Let me but breathe. What, they have shut their doois,

Methinks!

Sur. Ay, now 'tis holiday with them.

Mam. Rogues, [He and Surly knock.

Cozeneis, impostors, bawds!

Face. What mean you, sir?

Mam. To enter if we can.

Face. Another man's house!

Here is the owner, sir: turn you to him,
And speak your business.

Mam. Are you, sir, the owner?

Love. Yes, sir.

Mam. And are those knaves within your cheaters?

Love. What knaves, what cheaters?

Mam. Subtle and his Lungs.

Face. The gentleman is distracted, sir! No lungs,

Nor lights have been seen here these three weeks, sir,

Within these doors, upon my word.

Sur. Your word,

Groom arrogant!

Face. Yes, sir, I am the house-keeper,
And know the keys have not been out of my hands.

Sur. This is a new Face.

Face. You do mistake the house, sir:
What sign was't at?

Sur. You rascal! this is one

Of the confederacy Come, let's get officers,
And force the doo!

Love 'Pray you stav, gentlemen.

Sur No, sir, we'll come with warrant

Mam Ay, and then

We shall have your doors open

[*Ereunt Mam and Sur*]

Love What means this?

Face I cannot tell, sir

1 Nei These are two of the gallants
That we do think we saw

Face Two of the fools!

You talk as idly as they Good faith, sir,
I think the moon has crased 'em all³—O me,

Enter KASTRIL

The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all

Kas [*knocking*] What rogues, bawds, slaves,
you'll open the doo!, anon!

Punk, cockatrice, my suster! By this light
I'll fetch the marshal to you * You are a whore
To keep your castle——

Face Who would you speak with, sir?

Kas The bawdy doctor, and the cozening
captain,

And puss my suster

Love This is something, sure

Face Upon my trust, the doors were never
open, sir

³ *I think the moon has crazed em all*] Thus Shakspeare

“It is the very error of the moon

“She comes more near the earth than she was wont,

“And makes men mad”

Kas. I have heard all their tricks told me
twice over,
By the fat knight and the lean gentleman.
Love. Here comes another.

Enter ANANIAS and TRIBULATION.

Face. Ananias too!
And his pastor¹

Tri. [*beating at the door.*] The doors are shut
against us.

Ana. Come foith, you seed of sulphur, sons
of fire!

Your stench it is broke forth; abomination
Is in the house.

Kas. Ay, my suster's there.

Ana. The place,
It is become a cage of unclean birds.

Kas. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the
constable.

Tri. You shall do well.

Ana. We'll join to weed them out.

Kas. You will not come then, punk devise,
my sister¹⁵

* By the fat knight and the lean gentleman] i.e. by Mammon, and Surly - yet Surly is spoken of (p. 133) as too fat for a Spaniard

⁵ Punk devise, my suster¹] i.e. as Upton observes, thou arrant whore The phrase is taken from the French *à points devisez*. So Chaucer in the *Romaunt of the rose*, ver. 1215.

"Her nose was wrought at point devise," i.e. with the utmost exactness And Shakspeare, in *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc 2.

"Mul. I will be point devise, the very man" i.e. exactly the same in every particular. Our poet again uses the expression in the *Tale of a Tub*

—————"And if the dapper priest
"Be but as cunning, point in his devise,
"As I was in my lie."

Johnson (see his Dict.) brings the expression from *point de vise*.

Ana Call her not sister, she's a harlot verily

Kas I'll raise the street

Love Good gentleman, a word

Ana Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal!

[*Eaeunt Ana Trib and Kast*]

Love The world's turn'd Bethlem

Face These are all broke loose,

Out of St Katherine's, where they use to keep

The better sort of mad-folks

1 *Nei* All these persons

We saw go in and out here

2 *Nei* Yes, indeed, sir

3 *Nei* These were the parties

Face Peace, you drunkards! Sir,

I wonder at it please you to give me leave

To touch the door, I'll try an the lock be
chang'd

Love It mazes me!

Face [*Goes to the door*] Good faith, sir, I believe
There's no such thing 'tis all *deceptio visus* —

Would I could get him away [*Aside*]

Dap [*within*] Master captain! maste doctor!

Love Who's that?

Face Our clerk within, that I forgot! [*Aside*]

I know not, sir

Dap [*within*] For God's sake, when will her
grace be at leisure?

Face Ha!

in the exact point of view and in this he is supported by the manner in which many of our old writers give the words I have little doubt, however, but that the phrase is of mathematical derivation—a *point devise*, to a *precise*, or given point and hence exact correct, &c. Mr Douce (*Illust of Shakspeare*) derives it “from the labour of the needle” *Point* he tells us, from Cotgrave, is a stitch, and *devisé* any thing disposed or arranged this may be granted—but a dictionary will never teach us to put two words together, and the origin of the expression, if not given in the former part of this note, is yet to seek

Illusions, some spirito' the air!—His gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throat. [*Aside.*

Dap [*within.*] I am almost stifled——

Face. Would you were altogether. [*Aside*

Love. 'Tis in the house.

Ha! list.

Face. Believe it, sir, in the air.

Love. Peace, you.

Dap. [*within.*] Mine aunt's grace does not use
me well

Sub. [*within.*] You fool,

Peace, you'll mar all

Face. [*speaks through the key-hole, while Love with
advances to the door unobserved.*] Or you
: will else, you rogue.

Love. O, is it so? then you converse with
spirits!—

Come, sir. No more of your tricks, good Jeremy,
The truth, the shortest way.

Face. Dismiss this rabble, sir.—

What shall I do? I am catch'd. [*Aside.*

Love. Good neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depart. [*Exeunt Neigh-
bours.*]—Come sir,

You know that I am an indulgent master;

And therefore conceal nothing. What's your
medicine,

To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?

Face. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and
wit—

But here's no place to talk on't in the street.

Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,

And only pardon me the abuse of your house:

It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,

In recompense, that you shall give me thanks for,
Will make you seven years younger, and a rich
one.

'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak
 I have her within You need not fear the house,
 It was not visited

Love But by me, who came
 Sooner than you expected

Face It is true, sir

'Pray you forgive me

Love Well let's see your widow [*Ereunt*

SCENE II

A Room in the same

Enter SUBTLE, *leading in* DAPPER, *with his eyes*
bound as before

Sub How! have you eaten your gag?

Dap Yes faith, it crumbled
 Away in my mouth

Sub You have spoil'd all then

Dap No!

I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me

Sub Your aunt's a gracious lady, but in troth
 You were to blame

Dap The fume did overcome me,
 And I did do't to stay my stomach 'Pray you
 So satisfy her grace

Enter FACE *in his uniform*

Here comes the captain

Face How now! is his mouth down?

Sub Ay, he has spoken!

Face A pox, I heard him, and you too.—He's
 undone then —

I have been fain to say, the house is haunted
With spirits, to keep chuil back.

Sub And hast thou done it?

Face. Sure, for this night.

Sub Why, then triumph and sing
Of Face so famous, the precious king
Of present wits.

Face. Did you not hear the coil
About the door?

Sub Yes, and I dwindled with it.

Face. Shew him his aunt, and let him be dis-
patch'd.

I'll send her to you. [*Exit Face*.]

Sub Well, sir, your aunt her grace
Will give you audience presently, on my suit,
And the captain's word that you did not eat your
gag

In any contempt of her highness. [*Unbinds his eyes*.]

Dap. Not I, in troth, sir.

Enter Dol like the queen of Fairy.

Sub Here she is come. Down o' your knees
and wriggle
She has a stately presence. [*Dapper kneels, and
shuffles towards her.*] Good! Yet nearer,
And bid, God save you!

Dap. Madam!

Sub. And your aunt.

Dap. And my most gracious aunt, God save
your grace.

Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry
with you;
But that sweet face of yours hath turn'd the tide.
And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love.
Arise, and touch our velvet gown.

Sub The skirts,
And kiss 'em So !

Dol Let me now stroak that head
*Much nephew shalt thou win much shalt thou spend,
Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou lend*

Sub Ay,⁶ much ! indeed [*Aside*] Why do you
not thank her giace ?

Dap I cannot speak for joy

Sub See, the kind wretch !
Your grace's kinsman right

Dol Give me the bird
Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck,
cousin ,

Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'n-night,
On your right wrist——

Sub Open a vein with a pin
And let it suck but once a week , till then,
You must not look on't

Dol No and, kinsman,
Bear your self worthy of the blood you come on

Sub Her grace would have you eat no more
Woolsack⁶ pies,
Nor Dagger fūmety

Dol Nor break his fast
In Heaven and Hell

Sub She's with you every where !
Nor play with costarmongers, at mum-chance,
tray-trip,

⁶ The *Woolsack* and the *Dagger* (see p. 24) were ordinaries of low repute, and our old poets have frequent allusions to the coarseness of their entertainment. "I'll not take thy word for a *Dagger* pie," occurs in the *Satiromastix* and a similar expression is found in an old collection of epigrams called *Springes to catch Woodcocks*. *Heaven* and *Hell* were two mean alehouses abutting on Westminster Hall. Whalley says, that they were standing, in his remembrance. They are mentioned, together with a third house, called *Purgatory*, in a Grant, which I have read, dated in the first year of Henry VII.

God make you rich; (when as your aunt has done it,)

But keep

The gallant'st company, and the best games——

Dap. Yes, sir

Sub. Gleeke and primero. and what you get,
be true to us.

Dap. By this hand, I will.

Sub. You may bring's a thousand pound
Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand
Be stining, an you will

Dap. I swear I will then.

Sub. Your fly will learn you all games.

Face. [*within*] Have you done there?

Sub. Your grace will command him no more
duties?

Dol. No:

But come, and see me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred chests of
treasure,

And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land,
If he game well and comely with good gamesters.

Sub. There's a kind aunt! kiss her departing
part —

But you must sell your forty mark a year, now.

Dap. Ay, sir, I mean.

Sub. Or, give't away, pox on't!

Dap. I'll give't mine aunt: I'll go and fetch
the writings. [*Exit.*

Sub. 'Tis well, away.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Where's Subtle?

Sub. Here. what news?

God make you rich.] This is the name of some game, and a
very foolish name it is. I can give the reader no further infor-
mation.

Face Druggel is at the door, go take his suit,
And bid him fetch a parson presently,
Say, he shall marry the widow Thou shalt spend
A hundred pound by the service! [*Exit Subtle*]

Now, queen Dol,
Have you pack'd up all?

Dol Yes

Face And how do you like
The lady Plant?

Dol A good dull innocent

Re-enter SUBTLE

Sub Here's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat

Face Give me them

Sub And the ruff too?

Face Yes, I'll come to you presently [*Exit*]

Sub Now he is gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow

Dol 'Tis direct
Against our articles

Sub Well, we will fit him, wench
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels or her
bracelets?

Dol No, but I will do't

Sub Soon at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipp'd, and all our goods aboard,
Eastward for Ratcliff, we will turn our course
To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word,
And take our leaves of this ore-weening rascal,
This peremptory Face

Dol Content, I'm weary of him

Sub Thou'st cause, when the slave will run a
wiving, Dol,
Against the instrument that was drawn between
us

Dol I'll pluck his bond as bare as I can

Sub. Yes, tell her,
She must by any means address some present
To the cunning man, make him amends for
wronging

His art with her suspicion; send a ring,
Or chain of pearl; she will be tortured else
Extremely in her sleep, say, and have strange
things

Come to her. Wilt thou?

Dol. Yes,

Sub. My fine flitter-mouse,
My bud o' the night! we'll tickle it at the
Pigeons,*

When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,
And say, this's mine, and thine; and thine, and
mine. *[They kiss.]*

Re-enter FACE.

Face. What now! a billing?

Sub. Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock-affairs.

Face. Drugger has brought his poison, take
him in, Subtle,
And send Nab back again to wash his face.

Sub. I will. and shave himself? *[Exit.]*

Face. If you can get him.

Dol. You are hot upon it. Face, whate'er it is!

* *We'll tickle it at the Pigeons,*] The three Pigeons at Brentford, the place of rendezvous. This man obtained some notoriety in a subsequent period, from being kept by the host of the old stage, Lowin, after the blind and intolerant persecution of the Puritans had dispersed the players. Here he died in great poverty, and at an advanced age, a short time before the return of his royal master.

Face A trick that Dol shall spend ten pound
a month by

Re enter SUBTLE

Is he gone?

Sub The chaplain waits you in the hall, sir

Face I'll go bestow him *[Exit]*

Dol He'll now marry her, instantly

Sub He cannot yet, he is not ready Dear Dol,
Cozen her of all thou canst To deceive him
Is no deceit, but justice, that would break
Such an inextricable tie as ours was

Dol Let me alone to fit him

Re-enter FACE

Face Come, my venturers,
You have pack'd up all? where be the trunks?
bring forth

Sub Here

Face Let us see them Where's the money?

Sub Here,

In this

Face Mammon's ten pound, eight score before
The brethren's money, this Druggers and
Dapper's

What paper's that?

Dol The jewel of the waiting maid's,
That stole it from her lady, to know certain——

Face If she should have precedence of her
mistress?

Dol Yes

Face What box is that?

Sub The fish-wives rings, I think,

And the ale-wives single money. Is't not Dol?

Dol. Yes; and the whistle that the sailor's wife Brought you to know an her husband were with Ward.⁹

Face. We'll wet it to-morrow; and our silver-beakers

And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats, And girdles and hangers?

Sub. Here, in the trunk, And the bolts of lawn.

Face. Is Druggei's damask there, And the tobacco?

Sub. Yes.

Face. Give me the keys.

Dol. Why you the keys?

Sub. No matter, Dol; because We shall not open them before he comes.

Face. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed; Nor have them forth, do you see? not forth, Dol.

Dol. No!

Face. No, my smock-rampant. The night is, my master Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep them;

⁸ *The ale-wives single-money*] Small money perhaps that required no change. Thus in the *Merry Beggars* "an ancient prophet that tells fortunes, and cozens our poor country people of their *single-money*"

⁹ ————— *The whistle that the sailor's wife*

Brought you to know an her husband were with Ward] Ward, as Whalley observes, "was a famous pirate." He is mentioned by Donne.

————— "and whether *Ward*
"The traffick of the midland sea had marr'd"

And Howell calls him, "the most infamous and fatal man that ever Christendom bred." Besides innumerable ballads, there is extant a tragedy on his exploits by Robert Dawborne, called the *Christian turned Turk*, on the lives of *Ward* and *Dansiker*, 1612.

Doctor, 'tis true—you look¹—for all your figures
 I sent for him indeed Wherefore, good partners,
 Both he and she be satisfied, for here
 Determines the indenture tripartite
 'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face All I can do
 Is to help you over the wall, o' the back-side,
 Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol
 Here will be officers presently, bethink you
 Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock²
 For thith 1 you will come else [*Loud knocking*]
 Hark you, thunder
Sub You are a precious fiend!
Offi [*without*] Open the door
Face Dol, I am sorry for thee i' faith, but
 hearest thou?
 It shall go hard but I will place thee somewhere
 Thou shalt have my letter to mistress Amo—
Dol Hang you!
Face Or madam Cæsarean³
Dol Pox upon you, rogue,
 Would I had but time to beat thee!

¹ Doctor, 'tis true—you look—] 1 e (says Upton) "You look to that—I wrote on the margin of my book,

"Doctor, tis true (look you) for all your figures"

Upton might as well have let his "writing" alone *You look* (no uncommon expression) means, you are surprised It is strange that the commentator should not see this, nor recollect how often *οραω* is used by the Greek writers for *θαυμαζω*

Face adds, that he sent for his master This fal ehood, which is perfectly in character, is thrown out to intimidate his confederates

² The dock,] Some apartment in Newgate or Bridewell In the former is a place named the *Bail dock* WHAT

³ Thou shalt have my letter to mistress Amo—
 Or madam Cæsarean]

"The names of two bawds in our poet's time the last (Upton says) seems to be mentioned in his epigrams

"And madam *Cæsar*, great Proserpina,

"Is now from home"

Face. Subtle,
Let's know where you set up next; I will send
you

A customer now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new course have you?

Sub Rogue, I'll hang myself,
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
And haunt thee in the flock-bed and the buttery.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An outer Room in the same.

Enter LOVEWIT in the Spanish dress, with the Parson.
[*Loud knocking at the door.*]

Love What do you mean my masters?

Mam. [*without.*] Open your door,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

Offi. [*without.*] Or we will break it open.

Love What warrant have you?

Offi. [*without.*] Warrant enough, sir, doubt not,
If you'll not open it

Love. Is there an officer, there?

Offi [*without*] Yes, two or three for failing.

Love. Have but patience,
And I will open it straight.

+ *Yes, two or three for failing*] i. e. for fear of failing: in
which sense the word is constantly used by our old writers.
Thus Fletcher:

“ But I'll hold fast,
“ For catching of a fall ” *The Corncomb.*”

And, just after, Antonio, speaking of his disguise, says;

“ I hope I'm wild enough for being known.”

More examples may be found in *Mass.* vol. 1. p. 103.

Enter FACE, as butler

Face Sir, have you done?
Is it a marriage? perfect?
Love Yes, my brain
Face Off with your ruff and cloak then, be
 yourself, sir
Sur [*without*] Down with the door
Kas [*without*] 'Slight, ding it open '
Love [*opening the door*] Hold,
 Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?

MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBU-
 LATION, and Officers rush in

Mam Where is this collier?
Sur And my captain Face?
Mam These day owls
Sur That are birding in men's puises
Mam Madam suppository
Kas Doxy, my suster
Ana Locusts
 Of the foul pit
Tri Profane as Bel and the dragon
Ana Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice
 of Egypt

^s 'Slight, ding it open] Break it open Ding (from the A S to force, beat down, &c) was once common amongst us Thus in the *Spanish Tragedy*

"He paunch'd his horse, and dinged him to the ground"

And in the first part of *Sir John Oldcastle* "For the credit of Dunstable, ding down the enemy, to morrow" A III sc 2 The word still obtains in some of our remote provinces In Scotland it is in daily use

Love. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,

And cannot stay this violence ?

1 *Offi.* Keep the peace.

Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter ? whom do you seek ?

Mam. The chemical cozener.

Sur. And the captain pander.

Kas. The nun my suster.

Mam. Madam Rabbi.

Ana. Scorpions,

And caterpillars

Love. Fewer at once, I pray you.

2 *Offi.* One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,

By virtue of my staff.

Ana. They are the vessels

Of pride, lust, and the cart.

Love. Good zeal, lie still

A little while

Tri. Peace, deacon Ananias.

Love. The house is mine here, and the doors are open ;

If there be any such persons as you seek for,
Use your authority, search on o' God's name.

I am but newly come to town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my door, to tell you true,
It somewhat mazed me, till my man, here,
fearing

My more displeasure, told me he had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
(Belike, presuming on my known aversion
From any air o' the town while there was sickness,)

To a doctor and a captain : who, what they are
Or where they be, he knows not.

Of silver, should have run with cream from
 Hogsden,
 That, every Sunday, in Moor-fields, the younkeis,
 And tits and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis
Mam I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach
 The end of the world, within these two months
 Suily,
 What ' in a dream ?
Sur Must I needs cheat my self,
 With that same foolish vice of honesty !
 Come, let us go and hearken out the rogues
 That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him
Face If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you
 word,
 Unto your lodging, for in troth, they were
 strangers
 To me, I thought them honest as my self, sir
 [*Ereunt Mam and Sur*]

Re enter ANANIAS and TRIBULATION

Tri 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet
 Go,
 And get some carts——
Love For what, my zealous friends ?
Ana To bear away the portion of the righ-
 teous
 Out of this den of thieves
Love What is that portion ?
Ana The goods sometimes the orphans', that
 the brethren
 Bought with their silver pence
Love What, those in the cellar,
 The knight sir Mammon claims ?
Ana I do defy
 The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren,

Thou profane man ! I ask thee with what conscience

Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal³ were not the shillings number'd,

That made the pounds ; were not the pounds told out,

Upon the second day of the fourth week,
In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,
The year of the last patience of the saints,
Six hundred and ten³

Love. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you :
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.

Ana. Sir !

Tri. Be patient, Ananias.

Ana. I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against an host,
That threaten Gad in exile.

Love. I shall send you
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.

Ana. I will pray there,
Against thy house · may dogs defile thy walls,
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This seat of falshood, and this cave of cozenage !
[*Exeunt Ana. and Trib.*]

Enter DRUGGER.

Love. Another too ?

Drug. Not I, sir, I am no brother

Love. [*beats him.*] Away, you Harry Nicholas !
do you talk ? [Exit *Drug.*]

³ *Away, you Harry Nicholas !* A native of Leyden, commonly supposed to be the founder of that turbulent and

Face No, this was Abel Drugger Good sir,
go, [*To the Parson*
And satisfy him, tell him all is done
He staid too long a washing of his face
The doctor, he shall hear of him at West-chester,
And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or
Some good port-town else, lying for a wind
[Exit Parson]
If you can get off the angry child, now, sir——

Enter KASTRIL dragging in his sister

Kas Come-on, you ewe, you have match'd
most sweetly, have you not ?
Did not I say, I would never have you tupp'd
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady-tom ?
'Slight, you are a mammet ! O, I could touse
you, now
Death, mun' you marry, with a pox !
Love You lie, boy,
As sound as you, and I'm aforehand with you
Kas Anon !
Love Come, will you quarrel ? I will feize
you, sirrah, ?
Why do you not buckle to your tools ?

mischievous sect called the *Family of Love*. He was a frantic enthusiast. Their tenets may be found in Blount. The bad honour, however, of giving birth to this society, has been disputed with Nicholas, by one David George, an anabaptist, of Delft. Africa was not more fertile in monsters, than Holland seems to have once been, in theological visionaries of all kinds. In his better days, Harry aspired to the name of a poet: he also translated a drama called *An Enterlude of Myndes*, "out of the base Almayne, and finally appears to have bewildered himself in rendering a number of crack-brained German books into English.

⁹ *I will feize you, sirrah,*] “ I’ll *drive* you the word is com-

Kas. Od's light,
This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!

Love. What, do you change your copy now?
proceed,
Here stands my dove: stoop at her.¹ if you dare.

Kas. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot
choose, i' faith,
An I should be hang'd for't! Suster, I protest,
I honour thee for this match.

Love. O, do you so, sir?

Kas. Yes, an thou canst take tobacco and
drink, old boy,
I'll give her five hundred pound more to her
marriage,
Than her own state.

Love. Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.

Face. Yes; but go in and take it, sir.

Love. We will—

I will be ruled by thee in any thing, Jeremy.

Kas. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound, thou art
a jovy boy!

Come, let us in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.

Love. Whiff in with your sister, brother boy.

[*Exeunt Kas and Dame P.*] That master
That had received such happiness by a servant,
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that servant's wit,
And help his fortune, though with some small
strain

mon in our old authors, and, as Mr. Upton adds, still used in
the west of England." *WHAL.*

Upton is right; but the word does not mean, as Whalley
supposes, to *drive*, but to *beat*, to *chastise*, to *humble*, &c, in
which sense it may be heard every day.

¹ *Here stands my dove: stoop at her, &c*] To *stoop* is a well
known term in falconry:—fall or pounce upon her as a hawk
on the wing does upon his prey. Examples of so trite an ex-
pression are not necessary.

Of his own candour ² [*advancing*]—Therefore, gentlemen,

*And kind spectators, if I have outstript
An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think
What a young wife and a good brain may do,
Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too
Speak for thy self, knave*

Face So I will, sir [*advancing to the front of
the stage*] Gentlemen,

*My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 'twas decorum ³ And though I am clean
Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Druggier, all
With whom I traded, yet I put my self
On you, that are my country and this pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new guests* [Exit

² Of his own candour] i. e. honour, fair reputation The word occurs twice in Massinger, in the same sense

³ My part a little fell in this last scene,

Yet 'twas decorum] i. e., as Upton remarks, "I have not acted, however, against the suitableness, the decorum of character"

⁴ "In the *Tempest*," Mr Malone says, "the epilogue is spoken by one of the drama, and adapted to the character of the speaker, a circumstance that I have not observed in the epilogues of any other author of that age" Either I do not comprehend the meaning of this passage, or the writer has totally overlooked Jonson This is now the third epilogue in succession, which is spoken by one of the persons in the drama, and adapted to the character of the speaker

It is observed by Tate, (in the preface to *Duke and no Duke*), that "the *Alchemist* cannot be read by any sensible man without astonishment" "It is scarce (i. e. according to his wide definition of the term) "from the beginning to the end, but such force as bequeaths the blessing pronounced by Horace, on him that shall attempt the like

— *sudet multum frustra que labor et*

Ausus idem

A more legitimate subject for comic satire than the present,

Jonson could not easily have found Long before the date of his play, it had become necessary (so numerous were the professors of Alchemy in this credulous nation) to pass more than one Act of Parliament against the transmutation of metals: this, in fact, rather tended to serve the cause of the knavish pretender, by imposing secrecy on his dupes, and furnishing a plea for conducting his mysterious operations in obscure and unfrequented corners. What the terror of the law, however, could not effect, was brought about by the force of well directed ridicule, and the success of Cervantes, in discrediting the legends of knight-errantry, was not more complete than that of Jonson in demolishing the sect of hermetic philosophers in this country. They vanished before him, like Mammon's hops, *in fumo*; and though a solitary individual might, and occasionally did, re-appear, as a body they were no longer visible.

It is a part of the usual ill fortune which attends Jonson, that the very success of his satire has been urged as a drawback on its merits. "The pursuit," Hurd tells us, "so strongly exposed in this play, is forgotten, and *therefore* its humour must appear exaggerated," &c. Surely, this savours of ingratitude:—the Python is destroyed, and we instantly under-rate the arm by which the monster fell. It was not so of old.—Leaving this, however, let us descend to particulars. The character of Mammon is conceived in the united strength of genius and learning, and preserved in every situation, with marvellous skill. Avarice, though powerful in him, is yet subservient to his baser passions, and he pants after riches merely to squander them upon the most impure, and sensual gratifications: and it is finely imagined to involve him in an intrigue, of which (though fully aware of the fatal consequences) his uncontrollable licentiousness renders him the victim. In the elders, who are also most ably sustained, while their characters are kept perfectly distinct, it is the lust of power which inflames their cupidity; and to add fuel to this, the arguments of subtle are chiefly directed. There are many portentous indications in this play of the ambitious views of the Puritans, views too fatally realized—and it is apparent that the stage had formed juster notions of their power and pretensions than the court. While the dramatic poets were directing their satire against the turbulent activity of "the elect," James was seeking to soothe it by argument—but he never understood this people. he supposed them to be a sect, and they were a faction.

In the contracted minds of Dapper and Dagger, wealth is sought for itself alone, yet their characters are discriminated with great art; and the grovelling but cunning trader is treated

with a portion of cautious civility, which, in the management of the greedy and credulous clerk, it is not thought necessary to assume

O. Subtle, Face and Dol it is almost superfluous to speak they are not more known than admired Face seems to be the author's favourite, and he has furnished him with language well suited to the forth right spirit and daring of his action it is easy and unembarrassed, and has much of the comic flow of Fletcher, with more than his fullness and freedom As if to confound the poet's detractors, who maintain that, when he deserts the ancients, he is nothing, this play, which is strictly original in all its parts, has in it a richness and raciness, which are not found where he is supposed to be a copyist, and which those, from whom he is said to derive the whole of his reputation, do not always exhibit

It was said by the critics of the last century, at the head of whom we may place Dryden, that the *Silent Woman* preserved the unities of time and place more strictly than any drama on the English stage with the exception of the present play, the remark may be just, for it occupies no more time than the representation demands, and the plot, notwithstanding the amazing vigour and variety of the action, is confined to a single spot, without the slightest sacrifice of probability, while the action of the *Silent Woman* is extended to three or four, as occasion required In a word, if a model be sought of all that is regular in design and perfect in execution in the English drama, it will be found (if found at all) in THE ALCHEMIST

CATILINE

HIS

CONSPIRACY

CATILINE HIS CONSPIRACY] This tragedy was first acted in 1611 by the king's servants and published in the same year, in quarto, and again in 1635. It is also in the folio 1616, and seems to be almost the last play which was printed under the author's own inspection. It appeared with this motto

————— *His non plebecula gaudet*
Verum equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnes, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia rana HOR

Catiline, as Mr Malone asserts in several places, "was deservedly damn'd" "These be bitter words, *poor*" and they must, therefore, be content to put up with a bitter answer from the poet's own mouth "I foresee," he says, "that some will be so ready to discredit me, that they will have the impudence to belie themselves." That Catiline was not received with general approbation at first, we know, but that it was "damned," if by this harsh term he meant, as I suppose, that it was driven from the stage, is an assertion directly in the face of the most positive evidence to the contrary. It was frequently played before the troubles. It was one of the first plays revived at the Restoration when, old Downes tells us, "it proved very satisfactory to the town," and it continued, Langhorne adds, "still in vogue on the stage, (in his time,) and was always presented with success." No one knows this better than Mr Malone.

Catiline was not new to the English stage. More than twenty years before the appearance of the present play, Stephen Gosson had produced a tragedy on the subject, called *Catiline's Conspiracies*, a profanation of talents which he frequently regrets. Puritan as he was, however, Gosson admits that "some plays are tolerable," and this, he honestly confesses, was one of the number. It does not appear to have been printed. In 1598, as we learn from Mr Henslow's MSS *Catiline's Conspiracy*, a play by Robert Wilson and Harry Chettle, was acted. From the known occupation of Chettle, who, next to Dekker, was, as Jonson says, "the greatest dresser up of plays about the town," it is not improbable that this was some alteration of Gosson's tragedy. The editor of Baker's *Biographia Dramatica* thinks it "likely that Jonson made some use of Chettle's piece." Mr Jones has here ventured out of his depth. He should have confined himself to abusing Jonson, (a task better suited to his talents,) and not pretend to judge him. Had he looked into his play he would have discovered that if "some use" was made of any thing, it was of original authorities.

The actors were the same as those in *the Alchemist*, with the exception of Robert Armin, whose place is filled by Richard Robinson, of whom Jonson appears to have thought favourably.

TO THE
Great Example of Honour and Virtue,
The Most Noble
WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD CHAMBERLAIN, &c.*

MY LORD,

IN so thick and dark an ignorance, as now almost covers the age, I crave leave to stand near your light, and by that to be *lead*. Posterity may pay your benefit the honour and thanks, when it shall know, that you dare, in these jig-green times, to countenance a legitimate Poem. I call it so, against all noise of opinion, from whose crude and airy reports, I appeal to the great and singular faculty of judgment in your lordship, able to vindicate truth from error. It is the first, of this race, that ever I dedicated to any person,† and had I not thought it the best, it should have been taught a less ambition. Now it approacheth your censure cheerfully, and with the same assurance that innocency would appear before a magistrate.

Your Lordship's most faithful honourer,

BEN JONSON.

William, earl of Pembroke] This nobleman, the third earl of Pembroke, was in the first year of James I. made knight of the Garter, and in the fiftenth of the same reign, on the resignation of lord Ellesmere, elected chancellor of the University of Oxford To him also, our author dedicated his *Epigrams*. WHAL

† *It is the first, of this race, that ever I dedicated to any person*] Meaning his first tragedy for *Sejanus* was published without any dedication. WHAL.

TO THE

READER IN ORDINARY

THE muses forbid that I should restrain your meddling, whom I see already busy with the title, and tricking over the leaves it is your own I departed with my right, when I let it first abroad, and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise from you can affect me Though you commend the two first acts, with the people, because they are the worst, and dislike the oration of Cicero, in regard you read some pieces of it at school, and understand them not yet I shall find the way to forgive you Be any thing you will be at your own charge Would I had deserved but half so well of it in translation, as that ought to deserve of you in judgment, if you have any I know you will pretend, whosoever you are, to have that, and more but all pretensions are not just claims The commendation of good things may fall within a many, the approbation but in a few, for the most commend out of affection, self-tickling, an easiness, or imitation but men judge only out of knowledge That is the trying faculty and to those works that will bear a judge, nothing is more dangerous than a foolish praise You will say, I shall not have yours therefore, but rather the contrary, all vexation of censure If I were not above such molestations now, I had great cause to think unworthily of my studies, or they had so of me But I leave you to your exercise Begin

TO THE READER EXTRAORDINARY

You I would understand to be the better man, though

*places in court go otherwise : to you I submit myself
and work. Farewell*

BEN JONSON.

* This address to the reader, is taken from the 4to. 1611.
It has so much merit, and is altogether so curious a mode of
soothing a reader's prejudices, that it ought by no means to be
lost. WHAL.

It does not appear in the 4to. 1635.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Sylla's Ghost

L Seigius Catiline	Cato
Publius Lentulus	Catulus
Caius Cethegus	Crassus
Antonius	Cæsar
Quintus Curius	Qu Cicero
Vargunteius	Syllanus
Lucius Cassius Longi-	Flaccus
nus	Pomptinus
Porcius Lecca	Q Fabius Sanga
Fulvius	Petreius
Lucius Bestia	<i>Senators</i>
Gabinus Cimber	<i>Allobroges</i>
Statilius	
Ceparius	Aurelia Orestilla
C Cornelius	Fulvia
Volturtius	Sempronia
Cicero	Galla
Caius Antonius	

Soldiers, Porters, Lictors, Servants, Pages, &c
Chorus

The SCENE, partly at Rome, and partly in
Fesulæ

CATILINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Catiline's House.

The Ghost of Sylla rises.

*Dost thou not feel me, Rome? not yet! is night
So heavy on thee, and my weight so light?¹
Can Sylla's ghost arise within thy walls,
Less threatening than an earthquake, the quick falls
Of thee and thine? Shake not the frightened heads
Of thy steep towers, or shrink to their first beds?
Or, as their ruin the large Tyber fills,
Make that swell up, and drown thy seven proud
hills?*

¹ *Dost thou not feel me, Rome? not yet! is night*

So heavy on thee, and my weight so light?] "The poet opens his play with the ghost of Sylla. This is an imitation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, in which the ghost of Tantalus appears, attended by the Furies. Perhaps this first scene ought rather to be considered as a prologue" (no doubt of it) "There are other instances in the ancient dramatic writers, where these shadowy beings are introduced in the beginning of a play. In the *Hecuba* of Euripides, the ghost of Polydorus opens the tragedy. WHIL.

Oldham informs us that his "first satyr" (that on th. Jesuits) "was drawn by Sylla's ghost in the great Jonson, which may be perceived (he adds) by some strokes and touches therein, however short they come of the original."

*What sleep is this doth seize thee so like death,
And is not it ? wake, feel her in my breath
Behold, I come, sent from the Stygian sound,
As a dire vapour that had cleft the ground,²
To ingender with the night, and blast the day,
Or like a pestilence that should display
Infection through the world which thus I do —*

[The curtain draws, and Catiline is discovered in his study

*Pluto be at thy counsels, and into
Thy darker bosom enter Sylla's spirit !
All that was mine, and bad, thy breast inherit
Alas, how weak is that for Catiline !
Did I but say—vain voice !—all that was mine²—
All that the Gracchi, Cinna, Marius would,
What now, had I a body again, I could,
Coming from hell, what fiends would wish should be,
And Hannibal could not have wish'd to see,
Think thou, and practise Let the long-hid seeds
Of treason in thee, now shoot forth in deeds
Ranker than horror, and thy former facts
Not fall in mention, but to urge new acts
Conscience of them provoke thee on to more
Be still thy incests, murders, rapes before
Thy sense, thy forcing first a vestal nun,
Thy parricide, late, on thine own only son,³*

² Behold, I come sent from the Stygian sound,
As a dire vapour that had cleft the ground] From Seneca

————— *Mittor, ut dirus vapor
Tellure rupta, vel gravem populus luem
Sparsura pestis*

Thyest ver 87

³ ————— *Thy forcing first a vestal nun
Thy parricide, late, on thine own only son]* This priestess of
Vesta, defiled by Catiline, is said to have been a sister of Tully
(If Whalley alludes to Fabia, she was sister to Terentia,
Cicero's wife) He killed his son, in order to make room for
his mistress, Aurelia Orestilla the quartos 1611 and 1635 read

*After his mother, to make empty way
 For thy last wicked nuptials ; worse than they,
 That blaze that act of thy incestuous life,
 Which got thee at once a daughter and a wife.
 I leave the slaughters that thou didst for me,
 Of senators , for which, I hid for thee
 Thy murder of thy brother, being so bribed,
 And writ him in the list of my proscribed
 After thy fact, to save thy little shame ;
 Thy incest with thy sister, I not name .
 These are too light ; fate will have thee pursue
 Deeds, after which no mischief can be new ;
 The ruin of thy country thou wert built
 For such a work, and born for no less guilt.
 What though defeated once thou'st been, and known,
 Tempt it again . that is thy act, or gone.
 What all the several ills that visit earth,
 Brought forth by night with a sinister birth,
 Plagues, famine, fire, could not reach unto,
 The sword, nor surfeits ; let thy fury do :
 Make all past, present, future ill thine own ;
 And conquer all example in thy one.
 Nor let thy thought find any vacant time
 To hate an old, but still a fresher crime
 Drown the remembrance , let not mischief cease,
 But while it is in punishing, increase .*

thine own natural son the lection I follow, is that of the eldest
 folio, 1616, which I think the most emphatical. WHAL.

* ————— *Let not mischief cease,*

But while it is in punishing, increase] These, with the pre-
 ceding and following verses, are likewise from Seneca :

————— *Nec vacet cuiquam rectus*

Odise crimen , semper oratur noxum ,

Nec unum in uno , dumque puniunt scelus

Crescat. —————

Jusque omne pereat ; non sit à vestris malis

Immune cælum —————

Nox atra fiat , excidat cælo dies. WHAL.

*Conscience and care die in thee, and be free
 Not heaven itself from thy impiety '
 Let night grow blacker with thy plots, and day,
 At shewing but thy head forth, start away
 From this half-sphere, and leave Rome's blinded
 walls*

*To embrace lusts, hatreds, slaughters, funerals,
 And not recover sight till their own flames
 Do light them to their ruins ! All the names
 Of thy confederates too be no less great
 In hell than here that when we would repeat
 Our strengths in muster, we may name you all,
 And furies upon you for furies call !
 Whilst what you do may strike them into fears,
 Or make them grieve, and wish your mischief theirs*
[Sinks

CATILINE rises, and comes forward

Cat It is decreed nor shall thy fate, O
 Rome,
 Resist my vow Though hills were set on hills,
 And seas met seas to guard thee, I would through,
 Ay, plough up rocks,⁵ steep as the Alps, in dust,
 And lave the Tyrrhene waters into clouds,
 But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud
 city !

⁵ *Ay, plough up rocks, &c*] All the copies concur in reading *I*, the old affirmative, which Whalley mistook for the pronoun, and corrupted into *I'd plough, &c*, to the injury of the spirit of the passage In the numerous editions of this play, there are many petty variations, with which it is scarcely necessary to trouble the reader, especially as, in almost every instance, that of 1616, the only one which appears to have been printed under Jonson's own eye, is carefully followed In this place the 4to 1635, reads "*I, pluck up*" &c

Robert Baron, in his tragedy of *Muza*, not content with bor-

The ills that I have done cannot be safe
 But by attempting greater ; and I feel
 A spirit within me chides my sluggish hands,
 And says, they have been innocent too long.
 Was I a man bred great as Rome herself,
 One form'd for all her honours, all her glories,
 Equal to all her titles ; that could stand
 Close up with Atlas, and sustain her name
 As strong as he doth heaven ! and was I,
 Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulse
 By her no-voice, when I stood candidate
 To be commander in the Pontic war !
 I will hereafter call her step-dame ever.
 If she can lose her nature, I can lose
 My piety, and in her stony entrails
 Dig me a seat ; where I will live again,
 The labour of her womb, and be a burden
 Weightier than all the prodigies and monsters
 That she hath teem'd with, since she first knew
 Mars—

Enter AURELIA ORESTILLA.

Who's there ?

Aur. 'Tis I.

Cat. Aurelia ?

Aur. Yes.

Cat. Appear,

And break like day, my beauty, to this circle :
 Upbraid thy Phœbus, that he is so long
 In mounting to that point, which should give thee
 Thy proper splendour. Wherefore frowns my
 sweet ?

rowing the plan and distribution of Catiline, has taken almost the whole of this and the preceding speech to himself. If we are not more honest than our ancestors, we certainly are at more pains to conceal our thefts ; for Baron's plagiarisms are open and undisguised.

Have I too long been absent from these lips,
This cheek, these eyes? [*Kisses them*] What is
my trespass, speak?

Aur It seems you know, that can accuse
your self

Cat I will redeem it

Aur Still you say so When ^

Cat When Orestilla, by her bearing well
These my retirements, and stol'n times for thought,
Shall give their effects leave to call her queen
Of all the world, in place of humbled Rome

Aur You court me now

Cat As I would always, love,
By this ambrosiac kiss, and this of nectar,
Wouldst thou but hear as gladly as I speak
Could my Aurelia think I meant her less
When, wooing her, I first removed a wife,
And then a son, to make my bed and house
Spacious and fit to embrace her? these were deeds
Not to have begun with, but to end with more
And greater He that, building, stays at one
Floor, or the second, hath erected none
'Twas how to raise thee I was meditating,
To make some act of mine answer thy love,
That love, that, when my state was now quite
sunk,

Came with thy wealth and weigh'd it up again,
And made my emergent fortune once more look
Above the main, which now shall hit the stairs,
And stick my Orestilla there amongst them,
If any tempest can but make the billow,
And any billow can but lift her greatness
But I must pray my love, she will put on
Like habits with myself, I have to do
With many men, and many natures ^ Some

* ————— I have to do

With many men, and many natures] The following description

That must be blown and sooth'd ; as Lentulus,
 Whom I have heav'd with magnifying his blood,
 And a vain dream out of the Sybil's books,
 That a third man of that great family
 Whereof he is descended, the Corneli,
 Should be a king in Rome : which I have hired
 The flattering augurs to interpret Him,
 Cinna and Sylla dead. Then bold Cethegus,
 Whose valour I have turn'd into his poison,
 And praised so into daring, as he would
 Go on upon the gods, kiss lightning, wrest
 The engine from the Cyclops, and give fire
 At face of a full cloud, and stand his foe,
 When I would bid him move. Others there are,
 Whom envy to the state draws, and puts on
 For contumelies received, (and such are sure
 ones,)

As Curius, and the forenamed Lentulus,
 Both which have been degraded in the senate,
 And must have their disgraces still new rubb'd,
 To make them smart, and labour of revenge.
 Others whom mere ambition fires, and dole
 Of provinces abroad, which they have feign'd
 To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd :
 These, Lecca, Vargunteius, Bestia, Autronius.
 Some whom their wants oppress, as the idle cap-
 tains

Of Sylla's troops ; and divers Roman knights,
 The profuse wasters of their patrimonies,
 So threaten'd with their debts, as they will now
 Run any desperate fortune for a change.
 These, for a time, we must relieve, Aurelia,

is artful in the poet, to let us into the true characters of the
 several conspirators, and prepare us for their appearance. It
 is perfectly consonant likewise to historic truth, and is only a
 poetical translation of what Sallust himself hath given us in the
 introduction to his history of Catiline's conspiracy. WHAT.

And make our house then safeguard like for
those

That fear the law, or stand within her gripe,
For any act past or to come, such will,
From their own crimes, be factious, as from ours
Some more there be, slight anlings, will be won
With dogs and horses, or perhaps a whore,
Which must be had and if they venture lives
For us, Aurelia, we must hazard honours
A little Get thee store and change of women,
As I have boys, and give them time and place,
And all connivance be thy self, too, courtly,
And entertain and feast, sit up, and revel,
Call all the great, the fair, and spirited dames
Of Rome about thee and begin a fashion
Of freedom and community some will thank
thee,

Though the soul senate frown, whose heads
must ach

In fear and feeling too We must not spare
Or cost or modesty It can but shew
Like one of Juno's or of Jove's disguises,
In either thee or me and will as soon,
When things succeed, be thrown by, or let fall,
As is a veil put off, a visor changed,
Or the scene shifted in our theatres—

[*Noise within*]

Who's that? It is the voice of Lentulus

⁷ *Or the scene shifted in our theatres—*] This is an oversight Jonson was too well acquainted with the Roman theatre, to attribute any thing like "shifting the scene" to it It is not improbable, that some kind of improvement in theatrical exhibitions was taking place about this time in our chief theatres Inigo Jones had made use of moveable scenes a few years before at Oxford, and the players could not be insensible to the advantages derived from them Little, however, was effected, nor, indeed, would the low price of admission allow of much The nature of scenery, as we now use the word, was certainly well

Aur. Or of Cethegus.

Cat. In, my fair Aurelia,

And think upon these arts: they must not see
How far you're trusted with these privacies,
Though on their shoulders, necks and heads
you rise. *[Exit Aurelia.]*

Enter LENTULUS, in discourse with CETHEGUS.

Lent. 'It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!
It riseth slowly, as her sullen car
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung
at it'

She is not rosy-finger'd, but swol'n black;
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
As if she threaten'd night ere noon of day!
It does not look as it would have a hail
Or health wish'd in it, as on other morns.

understood by Jonson, and, in the magnificent masques produced by him for the entertainment of the court, was carried to a considerable degree of perfection.

* *Lent. It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!*] *Lentulus* is before described as much addicted to superstition, and the observance of omens, this remark therefore upon the blackness of the morning, could not have proceeded with equal propriety from the mouth of any other. The beginning of Mr Addison's *Cato*, hath a great similitude to this speech of *Lentulus*, which almost induceth one to imagine it a copy from our poet. *WHAL.*

The conclusion of *Whalley's* note is gravely absurd. *Cato* begins thus:

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lours,
"And heavily in clouds brings on the day," &c.

The "great similitude," therefore, consists altogether in the darkness of the morning. To see "a copy" of the bold and picturesque description of *Lentulus* in the drawing, commonplace, speech of *Portius*, argues "an imagination" which may be confidently pronounced almost peculiar to the critic.

Cet Why, all the fitter, Lentulus, our coming
Is not for salutation, we have business

Cat Said nobly, brave Cethegus! Where's
Antonius?

Cet Is he not come?

Cat Not here

Cet Nor Vargunteus?

Cat Neither

Cet A fire in their beds and bosoms,
That so will serve their sloth rather than virtue.
They are no Romans,—and at such high need
As now!

Len Both they, Longinus, Lecca, Curius,
Fulvius Gabinius, gave me word, last night,
By Lucius Bestia, they would all be here,
And early

Cet Yes as you, had I not call'd you
Come, we all sleep, and are mere dormice, flies
A little less than dead more dullness hangs
On us than on the morn. We are spirit-bound
In ribs of ice, our whole bloods are one stone,
And honour cannot thaw us, nor our wants,
Though they burn hot as fevers to our states.

Cat I muse they would be tardy at an hour
Of so great purpose

Cet If the gods had call'd
Them to a purpose, they would just have come
With the same tortoise speed, that are thus slow
To such an action, which the gods will envy,
As asking no less means than all their powers,
Conjoin'd, to effect! I would have seen Rome
burnt

By this time, and her ashes in an urn,
The kingdom of the senate rent asunder,
And the degenerate talking gown run frightened
Out of the air of Italy

Cat. Spirit of men!

Thou heart of our great enterprise! how much
I love these voices in thee!

Cet. O, the days
Of Sylla's sway, when the free sword took leave
To act all that it would!

Cat. And was familiar
With entrails, as our augurs.

Cet. Sons kill'd fathers,
Brothers then brothers

Cat. And had price and praise.
All hate had license given it, all rage reins.

Cet. Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd
himself
To seem more huge; whilst to his stained thighs
The gore he drew flow'd up, and carried down
Whole heaps of limbs and bodies through his
arch.

No age was spared, no sex.

Cat. Nay, no degree.

Cet. Not infants in the porch of life were free.
The sick, the old, that could but hope a day
Longer by nature's bounty, not let stay.
Virgins, and widows, matrons, pregnant wives,
All died.

Cat. 'Twas crime enough, that they had lives.⁹
To strike but only those that could do hurt,

⁹ 'Twas crime enough, that they had lives] This description of
outrageous cruelty, which triumphed in the days of Sylla, is
borrowed from Lucan, (lib. 1) who gives us this account of
the barbarities exercised by Marius and his faction.

*Quis fu t ille dies, Marius quo mania victor
Corripuit² quantoque gradu mors surva cucurrit?
Nobilitas cum plebe perit lateque vagatur
Ensis, et à nullo revocatum est pectore ferum:
Stat cruor in templis, multaque rubentia cæde
Lubrica saxa madent nulli sua profunt ætas.
Non senis extremum piguit reigentibus annis
Præcipuisse diem nec primo in limine vitæ*

Was dull and poor some fell to make the num-
ber,

As some the prey

Cet The rugged Charon fainted,
And ask'd a navy, rather than a boat,
To ferry over the sad world that came
The maws and dens of beasts could not receive
The bodies that those souls were frighted from;
And e'en the graves were fill'd with men yet
living,
Whose flight and fear had mix'd them with the
dead

Cat And this shall be again, and more, and
more,

Now Lentulus, the third Cornelius,

Is to stand up in Rome

Lent Nay, urge not that
Is so uncertain

Cat How !

Lent I mean, not clear'd,
And therefore not to be reflected on

Cat The Sybil's leaves uncertain ! or the
comments

Of our grave, deep, divining men not clear !

Lent All prophecies, you know, suffer the
torture

Cat But this already hath confess'd, without,
And so been weigh'd, examined and compar'd,
As 'twere malicious ignorance in him
Would faint in the belief

Lent. Do you believe it ?

Infantis miseri nascentia rumpere fata

Crimine quo parvi cædem potuere mereri ?

Sed satis est jam posse mori

WHAL

These are noble lines nothing in them, however, is worthy
to be compared with the figure of "Slaughter bestriding the
streets," &c which is inexpressibly striking

Cat. Do I love Lentulus, or pray to see it ?

Lent. The augurs all are constant I am meant.

Cat. They had lost their science else.

Lent. They count from Cinna.

Cat. And Sylla next, and so make you the third ;

All that can say the sun is risen, must think it.

Lent. Men mark me more of late, as I come forth.

Cat. Why, what can they do less ? Cinna and Sylla

Are set and gone ; and we must turn our eyes
On him that is, and shines. Noble Cethegus,
But view him with me here ! he looks already
As if he shook a sceptre o'er the senate,
And the awed purple dropp'd their rods and axes :
The statues melt again, and household gods
In groans confess the travail of the city ;
The very walls sweat blood before the change,
And stones start out to ruin ere it comes.

Cet. But he, and we, and all are idle still.

Lent. I am your creature, Sergius ; and whate'er
The great Cornelian name shall win to be,
It is not augury nor the Sybil's books,
But Catiline that makes it.

Cat. I am shadow
To honour'd Lentulus and Cethegus here,
Who are the heirs of Mars.

Cet. By Mars himself,
Catiline is more my parent ; for whose virtue
Earth cannot make a shadow great enough,
Though envy should come too. [*Noise within.*] O,
here they are.

Now we shall talk more, though we yet do
nothing.

Enter AUTRONIUS, VARGUNTEIUS, LONGINUS,
CURIUS, LECCA, BESTIA, FULVIUS, GABINIUS,
&c *and Servants*

Aut Hail, Lucius Catiline

Var Hail, noble Seigius

Lon Hail, Publius Lentulus

Cur Hail, the third Cornelius

Lec Caius Cethegus, hail

Cet Hail, sloth and words,

Instead of men and spirits !

Cat Nay, dear Caius——

Cet Are your eyes yet unseel'd? dare they
look day

In the dull face?

Cat He's zealous for the affair,

And blames your tardy coming, gentlemen

Cet Unless we had sold ourselves to sleep and
ease,

And would be our slaves' slaves——

Cat Pray you forbear

Cet The north is not so stark and cold

Cat Cethegus——

Bes. We shall redeem all if your fire will let us,

Cat You are too full of lightning, noble Caius

Boy, see all doors be shut, that none approach us
On this part of the house [*Exit Servant*] Go
you, and bid

The priest, he kill the slave I mark'd last night,
And bring me of his blood, when I shall call him

Till then, wait all without [*Exit Servants*,

Var How is't, Autronius?

Aut Longinus?

Lon Curius?

Cur Lecca?

Var. Feel you nothing?

Lon. A strange unwonted horror doth invade
me,

I know not what it is.

[*A darkness comes over the place.*]

Lec. The day goes back,¹

O! else my senses!

Cur. As at Atreus' feast!

Ful. Darkness grows more and more!

Len. The vestal flame,

I think, be out.

[*A groan of many people is heard under ground.*]

Gab. What groan was that?

Cet. Our phant'sies:

Strike fire out of ourselves, and force a day.

[*A second groan.*]

Aut. Again it sounds!

Bes. As all the city gave it!

Cet. We fear what ourselves feign.

[*A fiery light appears.*]

Var. What light is this?

Cur. Look forth.

Len. It still grows greater!

Lec. From whence comes it?

¹ *The day goes back, &c.* Jonson has made a noble use of these prodigies, which are noticed by several historians—the circumstances in the text are chiefly from Dio: *Ἀλλὰ δὲ αὐτοῖς σημεῖα καὶ αἰσία συνεγενήθη κεραυνοὶ τε γὰρ ἐν αἰθρία πολλοὶ ἐπέσον, καὶ ἡ γῆ ἰσχυρῶς ἐσεισθη, εἰδῶτα τε πολλαχόθεν ἀνθρώπων ἐφάντασθαι, καὶ λαμπρὰς ἀνέλας ἐς τὸν ἥραν ἀπὸ τῶν θυμῶν ἀνδράμον.* &c. *Lib. xxviii. 25.* Cicero also alludes to them in the historical poem on his consulship, of which these vigorous lines remain:

*Principio, ætherio flammatus Jupiter igni
Virtutis et totum collustrat lumine mundum,
Mentique divina cælum terrasque petissit.*

With Juvenal's leave, these are not "*ridenda poemata.*" In the third *Catil.* there is more to the same purpose. It should be noticed, however, that these portents are said to have taken place at a later period of the conspiracy.

Lon A bloody arm it is, that holds a pine
 Lighted above the capitol¹ and now
 It waves unto us¹

Cat Brave, and ominous¹
 Our enterprise is seal'd

Cet In spite of darkness,
 That would discountenance it Look no more,
 We lose time and our selves To what we came
 for,—

Speak, Lucius, we attend you

Cat Noblest Romans,²
 If you were less, or that your faith and virtue
 Did not hold good that title, with your blood,
 I should not now unprofitably spend
 My self in words, or catch at empty hopes,
 By airy ways, for solid certainties
 But since in many, and the greatest dangers,
 I still have known you no less true than valiant,
 And that I taste in you the same affectio is,
 To will or nil, to think things good or bad,
 Alike with me, which argues your firm friend-
 ship,

I dare the boldier with you set on foot,
 Or lead unto this great and goodliest action
 What I have thought of it afore, you all
 Have heard apart I then express'd my zeal
 Unto the glory, now, the need inflames me
 When I foiethink the hard conditions
 Our states must undergo, except in time
 We do redeem our selves to liberty,
 And break the iron yoke forged for our necks,
 For what less can we call it, when we see,

² *Cat. Noblest Romans,*

If you were less, or that your faith and virtue

Did not hold good that title, &c.] This speech of Catiline is
 in general a translation of his speech in Sallust, and expressed
 with great decorum and spirit WHALE

The common-wealth engross'd so by a few,
 The giants of the state, that do by turns
 Enjoy her, and defile her ' all the earth,
 Her kings and tetrarchs are their tributaries;
 People and nations pay them hourly stipends;
 The riches of the world flow to their coffers,
 And not to Rome's. While, (but those few,) the rest,
 However great we are, honest, and valiant,
 Are herded with the vulgar, and so kept,
 As we were only bred to consume corn,
 Or wear out wool; to drink the city's water;
 Ungraced, without authority or mark,
 Trembling beneath their rods; to whom, if all
 Were well in Rome, we should come forth bright
 axes.³

All places, honours, offices are theirs,
 Or where they will confer them: they leave us
 The dangers, the repulses, judgments, wants;
 Which how long will you bear, most valiant
 spirits?

Were we not better to fall once with virtue,
 Than draw a wretched and dishonour'd breath,
 To lose with shame, when these men's pride will
 laugh?

I call the faith of Gods and men to question,
 The power is in our hands, our bodies able,
 Our minds as strong; o' the contrary, in them
 All things grown aged, with their wealth and
 years:

³ Trembling beneath their rods to whom, if all
 Were well in Rome, we should come forth bright axes.] The
 original is *sine gratia, sine auctoritate, his obnoxii quibus, si res-*
publica valeret, formidini essemus Our poet hath preserved
 the sentiment, and given it a very ingenious turn; the allusion
 is to the consul's fasces, or rods, in which the axe was bound up.

There wants but only to begin the business,
The issue is certain

Cet Lon On! let us go on!

Car Bes Go on, brave Sergius!

Cat It doth strike my soul,

And who can scape the stroke, that hath a soul,
Or but the smallest air of man within him?
To see them swell with treasure, which they pour
Out in their riots, eating, drinking, building,
Ay, in the sea! planing of hills with valleys,
And raising valleys above hills! whilst we
Have not to give our bodies necessities
They have their change of houses, manors, lord-
ships,

We scarce a fire, or a poor household Lar!
They buy rare Attic statues, Tyrian hangings,
Ephesian pictures, and Corinthian plate,
Attalic garments, and now new-found gems,
Since Pompey went for Asia, which they purchase
At price of provinces! the river Phasis
Cannot afford them fowl, nor Lucrine lake
Oysters enow! Circei too is search'd,
To please the witty gluttony of a meal!
Then ancient habitations they neglect,
And set up new, then, if the echo like not
In such a room, they pluck down those, build
newer,

Alter them too, and by all fiantic ways,
Vex their wild wealth, as they molest the people,
From whom they force it! Yet they cannot tame,
Or overcome their riches! not by making
Baths, orchards, fish-pools, letting in of seas
Here, and then these forcing them out again
With mountainous heaps, for which the earth
hath lost

Most of her ribs, as entrails, being now

Wounded no less for marble, than for gold !
 We, all this while, like calm benumb'd spectators,
 Sit till our seats do crack, and do not hear
 The thund'ring ruins ; whilst at home our wants,
 Abroad, our debts, do urge us ; our states daily
 Bending to bad, our hopes to worse ; and what
 Is left but to be crush'd ? Wake, wake, brave
 friends,

And meet the liberty you oft have wish'd for.
 Behold, renown, riches, and glory court you !
 Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards.
 Methinks, though I were dumb, the affair itself,
 The opportunity, your needs, and dangers,
 With the brave spoil the war brings, should
 invite you.

Use me your general, or soldier ; neither
 My mind nor body shall be wanting to you :
 And, being consul, I not doubt to effect
 All that you wish, if trust not flatter me,
 And you'd not rather still be slaves, than free.

Cet. Free, Free !

Lon. 'Tis Freedom.

Cur. Freedom we all stand for.

Cat. Why these are noble voices ! Nothing
 wants, then,

But that we take a solemn sacrament,
 To strengthen our design.

Cet. And most to act it :

Deferring hurts, where powers are so prepared.

Aut. Yet, ere we enter into open act,

* This concludes the fine speech of Catiline as given by Salust. We have many good versions of it, but not one that comes near the bold and animated translation of our author, who yet is accused by those who "make their ignorance their wantonness" of creeping servilely after his original.

With favour, 'twere no loss, if't might be in-
quired,

What the condition of these arms would be
Var Ay, and the means to carry us through

Cat How, friends!

Think you that I would bid you grasp the wind,
Or call you to th' embracing of a cloud?

Put your known valours on so dear a business,]

And have no other second than the danger,

Nor other garland than the loss? Become

Your own assurances And for the means,

Consider, first, the stark security

The commonwealth is in now, the whole senate

Sleepy, and dreaming no such violent blow,

Their forces all abroad, of which the greatest,

That might annoy us most, is farthest off,

In Asia, under Pompey, those near hand,

Commanded by our friends, one army in Spain,

By Cneus Piso, the other in Mauritania,

By Nucerinus, both which I have firm,

And fast unto our plot My self, then, standing

Now to be consul, with my hoped colleague

Caius Antonius, one no less engaged

By his wants, than we, and whom I've power to
melt,

And cast in any mould beside, some others,

That will not yet be named, both sure, and great
ones,

Who when the time comes, shall declare them-
selves

Strong for our party, so that no resistance

In nature can be thought For our reward then,

First, all our debts are paid, dangers of law,

Actions, decrees, judgments against us, quitted,

The rich men, as in Sylla's times, proscribed,

And publication made of all their goods.

That house is yours; that land is his; those
waters,
Orchards, and walks, a third's; he has that
honour,

And he that office: such a province falls
To Vargunteus; this to Autronius; that
To bold Cethegus; Rome to Lentulus.

You share the world, her magistracies, priest-
hoods,

Wealth and felicity, amongst you, friends,
And Catiline your servant. Would you, Curius,
Revenge the contumely stuck upon you,
In being removed from the senate? now,
Now is your time. Would Publius Lentulus
Strike for the like disgrace? now is his time.
Would stout Longinus walk the streets of Rome,
Facing the Prætor? now has he a time
To spurn and tread the fasces into dirt,
Made of the usurers and the lictors' brains.

Is there a beauty here in Rome you love?
An enemy you would kill? what head's not
yours?

Whose wife, which boy, whose daughter, of
what race,

That the husband, or glad parents, shall not
bring you,

And boasting of the office? only spare
Your selves, and you have all the earth beside,
A field to exercise your longings in.

I see you raised, and read your forward minds
High in your faces. Bring the wine and blood
You have prepared there.

Enter Servants with a bowl.

Lon. How!

Cat. I have kill'd a slave,

Q 2

And of his blood caused to be mix'd with wine •
 Fill every man his bowl There cannot be
 A fitter drink to make this sanction in
 Here I begin the sacrament to all ^s
 O for a clap of thunder now, as loud
 As to be heard throughout the universe,
 To tell the world the fact, and to applaud it!
 Be firm, my hand, not shed a drop, but pour
 Fierceness into me with it and fell thirst
 Of more and more, till Rome be left as bloodless
 As ever her fears made her, or the sword
 And when I leave to wish this to thee step-dame,
 Or stop to effect it, with my powers fainting,
 So may my blood be drawn, and so drunk up,
 As is this slave's [Drinks

Lon And so be mine

Len And mine

Aut And mine

Var And mine

[*They drink*

^s Here I begin the sacrament to all] Jonson uses the word *sacrament* in the same sense which belongs to the Latin original *Sacramentum* was the oath the soldiers took when they were enlisted the horrid ceremony now attending it is recorded by Sallust, who does not, indeed, relate it for a certainty *Fuere ed tempestate, qui dicerent Catilinam oratione habitâ, cum ad jusjurandum populares sui sceleris adigeret, humani corporis sanguinem uno permittum in patris circumtulisse, &c* The circumstances of this conspiracy are in general so well known, and our author hath so closely adhered to the history, that it is unnecessary to point out every imitation, which would be only transcribing whole pages and whole orations **WHIL**

Whalley should have added, that Sallust is the only ancient author who appears to doubt of this horrid transaction, which is far from being improbable — In the conclusion of his note, he is right He seems, however, to imagine that Jonson confined himself to Sallust, whereas he had evidently consulted Dio, Cicero, Paternulus, Valerius Maximus, Suetonius, Plutarch, and many other writers on the subject, and this not cursorily, but with a most patient and critical eye

Cet. Swell me my bowl yet fuller.
 Here, I do drink this, as I would do Cato's,
 Or the new fellow Cicero's, with that vow
 Which Catiline hath given. [*Drinks.*]

Cur So do I.

Lec. And I.

Bes And I.

Ful. And I.

Gab. And all of us. [*They drink.*]

Cat. Why now's the business safe, and each
 man strengthen'd—

Sirrah, what ail you ? *

Page Nothing.

Bes. Somewhat modest.

Cat. Slave, I will strike your soul out with my
 foot,

Let me but find you again with such a face :

You whelp——

Bes. Nay, Lucius.

Cat Are you coying it,

When I command you to be free, and general
 To all ?

Bes. You'll be observed.

Cat. Arise ! and shew

But any least aversion in your look
 To him that bouds you next, ' and your throat
 opens.—

Sirrah, what ail you ?] This he directs to one of his boys,
 whom he had observed to shrink from the caresses of L. Bestia.
 Catiline had already said to Orestilla :

————— “ Get thee store of women,
 “ As I have boys, and give them time and place,
 “ And all connivance, too—we must not spare
 “ Or cost or modesty.”

Bestia was at this time tribune of the people ; it was therefore
 of great importance to the conspiracy, to secure his services.
 The marginal note here is, *He spies one of his boys not answer*—

* To him that bouds you next,] To boud is to jest, to be

Noble confederates, thus far is perfect
 Only your suffrages I will expect
 At the assembly for the choosing consuls,
 And all the voices you can make by friends
 To my election then let me work out
 Your fortunes and mine own Mean while, all
 rest

Seal'd up and silent, as when rigid frosts
 Have bound up brooks and rivers, forced wild
 beasts

Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
 Clowns to their houses, and the country sleeps •
 That, when the sudden thaw comes, we may
 break

Upon them like a deluge, bearing down
 Half Rome before us, and invade the rest
 With cries, and noise, able to wake the urns
 Or those are dead, and make their ashes fear
 The honours that do strike the world, should come
 Loud, and unlook'd for, till they strike, be dumb

Cet. Oraculous Sergius !

Len God like Catiline !

[*Exeunt*

familiarly merry with any one *Bourde*, (see Junius's *Ety-mo-logicon*) *est oblectabilium facetiarum hilaritate, varæque urbanitatis lepore, familiarum consortia detinere* WHALE

There are three different expressions which occur in our old writers, and which the commentators perpetually perplex and confound with their ridiculous annotations the *e* are to *board*, to *bourd*, and to *boud*, or *boude*, from the *Fr* The first, as sir Toby correctly and briefly explains it, is to approach, to accost, the second, as above, to jest, or toy with, and the third, which is less frequent, to pout, or appear sullen These distinct and appropriate meanings, the respective words always preserve, and nothing but the perversity, or dullness of the critics can account for the pages wasted in conjectures upon the sense of a couple of terms as frequent as they are simple "*Boude* at this" occurs in the *Humourous Lieutenant*, where, by an error of the press, it is printed *boudge* *Boude*, *boute*, and *pout* are the same word

CHORUS.

*Can nothing great, and at the height,
 Remuin so long, but its own weight
 Will ruin it ? or is't blind chance,
 That still desires new states to advance,
 And quit the old ? else why must Rome
 Be by itself now overcome ?
 Hath she not foes enow of those
 Whom she hath made such, and enclose
 Her round about ? or are they none,
 Except she first become her own :
 O wretchedness of greatest states,
 To be obnoxious to these fates !
 That cannot keep what they do gain ;
 And what they raise so ill sustain !
 Rome now is mistress of the whole
 World, sea and land, to either pole ;
 And even that fortune will destroy
 The pow'r that made it : she doth joy
 So much in plenty, wealth, and ease,
 As now th' excess is her disease.*

*She builds in gold, and to the stars,
 As if she threaten'd heav'n with wars ;
 And seeks for hell in quarries deep,
 Growing the fiends, that there do keep,
 A hope of day. Her women wear
 The spoils of nations in an ear,
 Changed for the treasure of a shell ;
 And in their loose attires do swell,
 More light than sails, when all winds play :
 Yet are the men more loose than they ;
 More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rubb'd, and trimm'd,
 More sleek, more soft, and slacker limb'd ;*

*As prostitute, so much, that kind^a
 May seek itself there, and not find
 They eat on beds of silk and gold,
 At ivory tables, or wood sold
 Dearer than it, and leaving plate,
 Do drink in stone of higher rate
 They hunt all grounds, and draw all seas,
 Fowl every brook and bush, to please
 Their wanton taste, and in request
 Have new and rare things, not the best
 Hence comes that wild and vast expense,
 That hath enforced Rome's virtue thence,
 Which simple poverty first made
 And now ambition doth invade
 Her state, with eating avarice,
 Riot, and every other vice
 Decrees are bought, and laws are sold,
 Honours, and offices, for gold,
 The people's voices, and the free
 Tongues in the senate, bribed be^b*

^a *So much, that kind*] i e nature **WHAT**

^b ——— *The people's voices, and the free*

Tongues in the senate, bribed be] In this part of the chorus our poet had his eye upon the specimen *belli civilis* by Petronius Arbiter

*Nec minor in campo furor est, emptique Quirites
 Ad prædam strepitumque lucri suffragia vertunt
 Venalis populus, venalis curia patrum*

The sentiments of Petronius furnished him with matter, not only in the present instance, but for the general design of the whole chorus. I will take leave to transcribe a few lines from the speech of Pluto to Fortune, which are made use of in the verses before these

*En etiam mea regna petunt, perfossa dehiscit
 Molibus insanus tellus, jam montibus haustis
 Antia gemunt et dum varios lapis invenit usus,
 Inferni manes cælum sperare jubentur*

Were I to add more, I should copy almost the whole poem. Jonson, I think, does not appear to any great advantage in the

*Such ruin of her minners Rome
 Doth suffer now, as she's become
 (Without the goods it soon gainsay)
 Both her own spoils and own prey
 So, Asia, art thou cruelly even
 With us, for all the blows thee given,
 When we, whose virtue conquer'd thee,
 Thus, by thy vices, ruin'd be*

choruses to this play Mr Simpson was of the same opinion he says, the sentiments in them are not sufficiently great, nor his measures at all imitative of the ancients But I imagine Seneca, not Sophocles or Æschylus, was what the poet copied after, and 'tis then no wonder that he succeeded no better

WHAT

Jonson has, as Whalley truly says, laid the rhapsody of Eumolpus under contribution, and in more places than he seems aware of Even the opening lines are taken from it,—but I shall not multiply quotations It seems more necessary to observe that in this string of moral reflections, which Jonson calls a chorus, but which is spoken by no one, and addressed to no one, he thought not of imitating the ancients, but his own countrymen Most of our old tragedies have appendages of this kind, but those which he had obviously in view were the *Cornelia* of Kidd, and the four tragedies of lord Sterling, whose choruses, like the present, make no apparent part of the action *Gorboduc* has a chorus, and, to name no more, so have the *Cleopatra* and *Philotas* of *Daniel*, all prior not only to *Catiline* but the *Silent Woman* and all tending to prove the candour and judgment of Messrs Steevens and Malone in affirming that, when Jonson says, in the latter play, “You shall be the chorus and—speak between the acts,” he invidiously meant to sneer at Shakespeare!

Gal. Will you have't in the globe or spire ?¹

Ful. How thou wilt,

Any way, so thou wilt do it, good impertinence.

Thy company, if I slept not very well

A nights, would make me an arrant fool, with questions.

Gal. Alas, madam——

Ful. Nay, gentle half o' the dialogue, cease.

Gal. I do it indeed but for your exercise,
As your physician bids me.

Ful. How ! does he bid you
To anger me for exercise ?

Gal. Not to anger you,
But stir your blood a little ; there is difference
Between lukewarm and boiling, madam.

Ful. Jove !

She means to cook me, I think. Pray you, have done

Gal. I mean to dress you, madam.

Ful. O, my Juno,

Be friend to me ! offering at wit too ? why,
Galla,

Where hast thou been ?

Gal. Why, madam ?

Ful. What hast thou done
With thy poor innocent self ?

Gal. Wherefore, sweet madam ?

Ful. Thus to come foith, so suddenly, a wit-
wom ?

Gal. It pleases you to flout one. I did dream
Of lady Sernonia——

Ful. O, the wonder's out !

That did infect thee : well, and how ?

¹ *Gal.* Will you have't in the globe or spire ?] These were some of the various ways in which the Roman ladies bound up their hair : and the manner is still to be seen on the coins and medals of that and the following age. *WHALE.*

Gal Methought
 She did discourse the best ———
Ful That ever thou heard'st ?
Gal Yes
Ful In thy sleep ! of what was her discourse ?
Gal Of the republic, madam, and the state,
 And how she was in debt, and where she meant
 To raise fresh sums she's a great stateswoman !
Ful Thou dream'st all this ?
Gal No, but you know she is, madam,
 And both a mistress of the Latin tongue,
 And of the Greek,
Ful Ay, but I never dreamt it, Galla,
 As thou hast done, and therefore you must
 pardon me
Gal Indeed you mock me, madam
Ful Indeed, no
 Forth with your learned lady She has a wit too ?
Gal A very masculine one
Ful A she-critic, Galla ?
 And can compose in verse, and make quick jests,
 Modest, or otherwise ?
Gal Yes, madam
Ful She can sing too ?
 And play on instruments ?
Gal Of all kinds, they say
Ful And doth dance rarely ?
Gal Excellent ! so well,
 As a bald senator made a jest, and said,
 'Twas better than an honest woman need ^a

^a *Ful* And doth dance rarely ? *Gal* Excellent ! so well,
 As a bald senator made a jest, and said,

'Twas better than an honest woman need] Our poet throughout
 the character of Sempromia, had his eye upon Sallust he has
 faithfully selected the particulars yet varied the arrangement of
 them, in a manner different from the historian's relation Sallust,
 in drawing the picture of this celebrated lady, hath the following
 strokes. *Psallere, saltare elegantius quam necesse est probe,*

Ful. Tut, she may bear that few wise women's
honesties
Will do their courtship hurt.

Jonson has made Fulvia's attendant express herself in the same terms but as coming from the dry gravity of a *conscript* father. This gives an air of humour to the whole: and is justly adapted to the vein of loquacity, characteristic of *my lady's woman*. (Whalley, perhaps, did not know that this "bald senator" was Scipio Africanus.) This scene will come under the censure which Dryden passes on some others in this play, and on a scene of our author's *Sejanus*. Jonson himself, says that critic, "in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, has given us this oleo of a play, this unnatural mixture of comedy and tragedy. In *Sejanus* you may take notice of the scene betwixt Livia and the physician, which is a pleasant satire upon the artificial helps of beauty: in *Catiline* you may see the parliament of women, the little envies of them to one another, and all that passes betwixt Curius and Fulvia; scenes admirable in their kind, but of an ill mingle with the rest." WHAT

The world, it may be hoped, will one day have enough of the critical opinions of Dryden. Just at the time in which he wrote this, it happened to suit him to decry what he calls "the unnatural mixture of comedy and tragedy," afterwards, it became convenient to think it the properest thing in the world, and the *Spanish Friar* was produced, on which, as Dr. Johnson says, he prided himself not a little. When he introduced the vile buffoonery and licentiousness of the despicable Dominick, among his battles and murders, the "unnatural mixture" probably, no longer "sounded in his ears, just as ridiculously as the history of David with the merry humours of Goliath" (*Essay on Dram. Poet.*) though it subsequently fell again under his displeasure.—But, omitting this, it appears to me that the criticism of Dryden is as injudicious as it is inconsistent. The brothel loves of Torrismond and Leonora indeed are neither forwarded nor retarded by the comic scenes, but the introduction of Livia's physician in *Sejanus*, and still more of Fulvia and Sempronia in *Catiline*, is a main part of the story, and absolutely necessary to the progress and success of the plot. Dryden allows that the "scenes are admirable;" and unquestionably the curious and pertinent learning displayed in the act before us, which is written with all the sprightliness and vigour of the best ages of English prose, may be sought in vain in the dramas of our author's contemporaries. Sempronia is most exquisitely described by Sallust; Jonson wrought, therefore, after a finished model, but he has not disgraced it.—She was the wife of D. Brutus, and, as is generally

Gal She's liberal too, madam

Ful What, of her money or her honour,
pithée?

Gal Of both, you know not which she doth
spare least

Ful A comely commendation!

Gal Froth, 'tis pity

She is in years

Ful Why, Galla?

Gal For it is

Ful O, is that all? I thought thou'dst had a
reason

Gal Why, so I have she has been a fine lady,
And yet she dresses her self, except you, madam,
One of the best in Rome, and paints, and hides
Her decays very well

Ful They say, it is

Rather a visor, than a face, she wears

Gal They wrong her verily, madam, she doth
sleek

With crumbs of bread and milk, and lies a-nights
In as neat gloves——But she is fain, of late,
To seek, more than she's sought to, the fame is,
And so spends that way

Ful Thou know'st all! but, Galla,

supposed, the mother of the Brutus "who stabbed Cæsar" Her beauty, (which was now in the wane,) her accomplishments, her wit, her ambition, and her notorious profligacy and extravagance, made her a fit tool for *Catiline*, who employed her in the furtherance of his designs with considerable success. Of *Fulvia*, Sallust says little, but that she was of noble birth. It appears from other authorities, that she was an abandoned strumpet subsequently she became the wife of *Clodius*, a man not ill suited to her, after his death she married *Marc Antony*, whom she involved in war by her turbulent passions. *Jonson* has used the few hints which the historian afforded him, with great ingenuity, and, amidst a rigid adherence to facts, expanded her character with much liveliness of incident and genuine humour.

What say you to Catiline's lady, Orestilla ?
There is the gallant !

Gal. She does well. She has
Very good suits, and very rich ; but then
She cannot put them on ; she knows not how
To wear a garment . You shall have her all
Jewels and gold sometimes, so that her self
Appears the least part of her self.³ No, in troth,
As I live, madam ; you put them all down
With your mere strength of judgment, and do
draw, too,

The world of Rome to follow you ! You attire
Your self so diversly, and with that spirit,
Still to the noblest humours, they could make
Love to your dress, although your face were
away, they say.

Ful. And body too, and have the better match
on't.
Say they not so too, Galla ?

Re-enter Servant.

Now ! what news
Travails your countenance with ?

Serv. If it please you, madam,
The lady Sempronia is lighted at the gate.

Gal. Castor, my dream, my dream !

Serv. And comes to see you.

Gal. For Venus' sake, good madam, see her.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Ful. Peace,
The fool is wild, I think.

Gal. And hear her talk,
Sweet madam, of state-matters and the senate.

³ ————— So that her self

Appears the least part of her self.] The thought is from Ovid,

— *Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.* WHEAL.

Enter SEMPRONIA

Sem Fulvia, good wench, how dost thou ?

Ful Well, Sempronia

Whither are you thus early address ?

Sem To see

Aurelia Orestilla, she sent for me

I came to cail thee with me, wilt thou go ?

Ful I cannot now, in troth, I have some letters
To write and send away

Sem Alas, I pity thee

I have been writing all this night, and am

So very weary, unto all the tribes,

And centuries, for their voices, to help Catiline

In his election We shall make him consul,

I hope, amongst us Crassus, I, and Cæsar

Will carry it for him

Ful Does he stand for it ?

Sem He s the chief candidate

Ful Who stands beside ?—

Give me some wine, and powder for my teeth

Sem Here's a good pearl, in troth

Ful A pretty one

Sem A very oient one !—there are compe-
titors,

Caius Antonius, Publius Galba, Lucius

Cassius Longinus, Quintus Cornificius,

Caius Licinius, and that talker Cicero

But Catiline and Antonius will be chosen,

For four of the other, Licinius, Longinus,

Galba and Cornificius, will give way

And Cicero they will not choose

Ful No ! why ?

Sem It will be cross'd by the nobility

Gal How she does understand the common
business !

[*Aside*

Sem. Nor were it fit. He is but a new fellow,
 An inmate here in Rome, as Catiline calls him,⁴
 And the patricians should do very ill
 To let the consulship be so defiled
 As 't would be, if he obtain'd it ! a me!e upstait,
 That has no pedigree, no house, no coat,
 No ensigns of a family !

Ful. He has virtue.

Sem. Hang virtue ! where there is no blood,
 'tis vice,
 And in him sauciness. Why should he presume
 To be more learned or more eloquent
 Than the nobility ? or boast any quality
 Worthy a nobleman, himself not noble ?

Ful. 'Twas virtue only, at first, made all men
 noble.

Sem. I yield you, it might at first, in Rome's
 poor age,
 When both her kings and consuls held the
 plough,
 Or garden'd well ; but now we have no need
 To dig, or lose our sweat for't. We have wealth,
 Fortune, and ease ; and then their stock to
 spend on,
 Of name, for virtue ; which will bear us out
 'Gainst all new comers, and can never fail us,
 While the succession stays. And we must glorify
 A mushroom ! one of yesterday ! a fine speaker !
 'Cause he has suck'd at Athens ! and advance
 him,
 To our own loss ! no, Fulvia ; there are they

He is but a new fellow,

*An inmate here in Rome, as Catiline calls him] Marcus Tullius
 inquilinus civis urbis Romæ. SALLUST. A new fellow was what
 the Romans called novus homo, the first of his family who bore
 any public office, one that had not the images of his ancestors
 to shew* WHAT

VOL. IV.

R

Can speak Greek too, if need were Cæsar and I,
 Have sat upon him, so hath Crassus too,
 And others We have all decreed his rest,
 For rising farther

Gal Excellent rare lady !

Ful Sempionia, you are beholden to my woman here,

She does admire you

Sem O good Galla, how dost thou ?

Gal The better for your learned ladyship

Sem Is this gray powder a good dentifrice ?

Ful You see I use it

Sem I have one is whiter

Ful It may be so

Sem Yet this smells well

Gal And cleanses

Very well, madam, and resists the crudities

Sem Fulvia, I pray thee, who comes to thee now,

Which of our great patricians ?

Ful Faith, I keep

No catalogue of them sometimes I have one,
 Sometimes another, as the toy takes their bloods

Sem Thou hast them all Faith, when was
 Quintus Curius,

Thy special servant, here ?

Ful My special servant !

Sem Yes, thy idolater, I call him.

Ful He may be yours,

If you do like him

Sem How !

Ful He comes not here,

I have forbid him hence

Sem Venus forbid !

Ful Why ?

Sem You so constant lover !

Ful So much the rather

CATILINE.

I would have change; so would you too, I am
sure.

And now you may have him.

Sem. He's fresh yet, Fulvia;
Beware how you do tempt me.

Ful. Faith, for me
He's somewhat too fresh indeed; the salt is
gone,

That gave him season: his good gifts are done.
He does not yield the crop that he was wont:
And for the act, I can have secret fellows,
With backs worth ten of him, and they shall
please me,

Now that the land is fled, a myriad better.

Sem. And those one may command.

Ful. 'Tis true: these lordlings,
Your noble Fauns,* they are so imperious, saucy,
Rude, and as boisterous as centaurs, leaping
A lady at first sight.

Sem. And must be borne
Both with and out, they think.

Ful. Tut, I'll observe
None of them all, nor humour them a jot
Longer than they come laden in the hand,
And say, Here's one for t' other.

Sem. Does Cæsar give well?

Ful. They shall all give and pay well, that
come here,
If they will have it; and that, jewels, pearl,
Plate, or round sums to buy these. I'm not taken
With a cob-swan,⁷ or a high-mounting bull,

⁶ *Your noble Fauns, &c*] Besides the obvious allusion to the nature of these poetical beings, it seems probable that Jonson meant also to mark the vanity of the patricians in deriving their descent from the fabulous and heroic ages. This propensity is ridiculed by Persius, Juvenal, and others. Faunus was one of the most ancient kings of Italy.

⁷ *With a cob-swan,*] Whalley has placed a note or interro-

As foolish Leda and Europa were,
 But the bright gold, with Danae For such price
 I would endure a rough, harsh Jupiter,
 Or ten such thund'ring gamesters, and refrain
 To laugh at 'em, till they are gone, with my
 much suffering

Sen Thou art a most happy wench, that thus
 canst make

Use of thy youth and freshness, in the season,
 And hast it to make use of

Ful Which is the happiness

Sen I am now fain to give to them, and keep
 music,

And a continual table to invite them

Ful Yes, and they study your kitchen more
 than you

Sen Eat myself out with usury, and my lord
 too,

And all my officers, and friends besides,
 To procure money for the needful charge
 I must be at, to have them, and yet scarce
 Can I achieve them so

Ful Why, that's because

You affect young faces only, and smooth cheeks,
Sen primum If you'd love beards and bristles,
 One with another, as others do, or wrinkles——

[*Knocking within*]

Who's that? look Gallus

Gal 'Tis the party, madam

Ful What party? has he no name?

Gal 'Tis Quintus Curius

Ful Did I not bid them say, I kept my
 chamber?

Gal Why, so they do

Sem. I'll leave you, Fulvia.

Ful. Nay, good Sempionia, stay.

Sem. In faith, I will not.

Ful. By Juno, I would not see him.

Sem. I'll not hinder you.

Gal. You know he will not be kept out, madam,

Sem. No,

Nor shall not, careful Galla, by my means.

Ful. As I do live, Sempronia——

Sem. What needs this?

Ful. Go, say I am asleep, and ill at ease.

Sem. By Castor,* no, I'll tell him, you are awake;
And very well stay, Galla; farewell, Fulvia,
I know my manners. Why do you labour thus,
With action against purpose? Quintus Curius,
She is, in faith, here, and in disposition. [*Exit.*]

Ful. Spight with your courtesy! how shall I
be tortured!

Enter Curius.

Cur. Where are you, fair one, that conceal
yourself,
And keep your beauty within locks and bars
here,
Like a fool's treasure?

Ful. True, she was a fool,
When first she shew'd it to a thief.

Cur. How, pretty sullenness,
So harsh and short!

* *Sem.* By Castor, no, I'll tell him you're awake.] We must observe our poet's exactness in adapting his oaths to his speakers. Gellius tells us, that, amongst the Romans, the women never swore by Hercules, nor the men by Castor. *Nusquam intemere est apud idoneos quidem scriptores, aut mehercle jeminam dicere, aut mecastor virum. Ædipol autem, quod jurandum per Pollucem est, et viro et feminae commune est, l. ii. c. 6.* Accordingly in the next scene, Curius swears by Pollux, and Fulvia, as the women should do, by Castor. *WHAT.*

Ful The fool's artillery, sir

Cur Then take my gown off for the encounter
[Takes off his gown]

Ful Stay sir,

I am not in the mood

Cur I'll put you into 't

Ful Best put yourself in your case again, and keep

Your furious appetite warm against you have place for 't

Cur What! do you coy it?

Ful No, sir, I am not proud

Cur I would you were! You think this state becomes you,

By Hercules, it does not Look in your glass now,
And see how scurvily that countenance shews,
You would be loth to own it

Ful I shall not change it

Cur Faith, but you must, and slack this bended brow,

And shoot less scorn there is a Fortune coming
Towards you, dainty, that will take thee thus,
And set thee aloft, to tread upon the head
Of her own statue here in Rome

Ful I wonder

Who let this promiser in! Did you, good diligence?

Give him his bribe again or, if you had none,
Pray you demand him, why he is so venturous,
To press thus to my chamber, being forbidden,
Both by my self and servants?

Cur How! this is handsome,
And somewhat a new strain!

Ful 'Tis not strain'd, sir,
'Tis very natural

Cur I have known it otherwise
Between the parties, though

Ful. For your foreknowledge,
Thank that which made it : It will not be so
Hereafter, I assure you.

Cur. No, my mistress !

Ful. No, though you bring the same materials.

Cur. Hear me,

You over-act when you should under-do.
A little call your self again, and think.
If you do this to practise on me, or find
At what forced distance you can hold your servant,

That it be an artificial trick to inflame,
And fire me more, fearing my love may need it,
As heretofore you have done, why, proceed.

Ful. As I have done heretofore !

Cur. Yes, when you'd feign

Your husband's jealousy, your servants' watches,
Speak softly, and run often to the door,
Or to the window, form strange fears that were
not ;

As if the pleasure were less acceptable,
That were secure.

Ful. You are an impudent fellow.

Cur. And, when you might better have done it
at the gate,

To take me in at the casement.

Ful. I take you in !

Cur. Yes, you, my lady. And then, being a-
bed with you,

To have your well taught waiter here come running,

And cry, *her lord !* and hide me without cause,
Crush'd in a chest, or thrust up in a chimney :
When he, tame crow, was winking at his farm ;
Or, had he been here, and present, would have kept

Both eyes and beak seel'd up,⁹ for six se-
teices

Ful You have a slanderous, beastly, unwash'd
tongue

In your rattle mouth, and savouring yourself,
Unmanner'd lord

Cur How now !

Ful It is your title, sir,
Who, since you've lost your own good name,
and know not
What to lose more, care not whose honour you
wound,

Or fame you poison with it You should go
And vent your self in the region where you live,
Among the suburb-brothels, bawds, and brokers,
Whither your broken fortunes have design'd you

Cur Nay, then I must stop your fury, I see,
and pluck

The tragic visor off Come, lady Cyprius,
Know your own virtues, quickly I'll not be
Put to the wooing of you thus, afresh,
At every turn, for all the Venus in you
Yield, and be pliant, or by Pollux—[*Offers to*
force her, she draws her knife] How now !

Will Lais turn a Lucrece ?

Ful No, but by Castor,
Hold off your ravisher's hands, I pierce your
heart else

⁹ ——— *Would have kept*

Both eyes and beak seel'd up,] *Seeling* is a term in falconry,
which we have had before in this play

"Are your eyes yet *unseel'd*?" Act 1. *WHAL*

The old copies read *seel'd* yet I believe that Whalley has
given the author's word He has omitted the explanation "To
seel is to sew up "*Seeling*" (says that authentic voucher, the
Gentleman's Recreation) "is when a hawk first taken is so
blinded with a thread run through the eye lids that she sees
not, or very little, the better to make her endure the hood "

I'll not be put to kill myself, as she did,
 For you, sweet Tarquin. What! do you fall off?
 Nay, it becomes you graciously! Put not up
 You'll sooner draw your weapon on me, I think it,
 Than on the senate, who have cast you forth
 Disgracefully, to be the common tale
 Of the whole city; base, infamous man!
 For, were you other, you would there employ
 Your desperate dagger.

Cur. Fulvia, you do know
 The strengths you have upon me; do not use
 Your power too like a tyrant I can bear,
 Almost until you break me.

Ful. I do know, sir,
 So does the senate too know, you can bear.

Cur. By all the gods, that senate will smart deep
 For your upbraidings. I should be right sorry
 To have the means so to be venged on you,
 At least, the will, as I shall shortly on them.
 But go you on still: fare you well, dear lady;
 You could not still be fair, unless you were
 proud.

You will repent these moods, and ere't belong, too:
 I shall have you come about again.

Ful. Do you think so?

Cur. Yes, and I know so.

Ful. By what augury?

Cur. By the fair entrails of the matrons' chests,
 Gold, pearl, and jewels here in Rome, which
 Fulvia

Will then, but late, say that she might have
 shared;

And grieving miss.

Ful. Tut, all your promised mountains,
 And seas, I am so stalely acquainted with——

Cur. But, when you see the universal flood
 Run by your coffers; that my lords, the senators,

Are sold for slaves, their wives for bondwomen,
 Their houses, and fine gardens, given away,
 And all their goods, under the spear at outcry,^{*}
 And you have none of this, but we still Fulvia,
 Or perhaps less, while you are thinking of it,
 You will advise then, coyness, with your cushion,
 And look on your fingers, say, how you were
 wish'd—

And so he left you [Exit
Ful Call him again, Galla [Exit Galla,
 This is not usual Something hangs on this
 That I must win out of him.

Re-enter CURIUS

Cu How now, melt you ?

^{*} ———— *under the spear at outcry,*] i. e. at an open sale
 The Roman mode of proclaiming an auction was setting up a
 spear, at the foot of which the goods were sold hence, as
 Whalley observes, the phrase, *sub hasta vendere* Almost all the
 customs of this people were derived from the camp, where
 spoil taken from the enemy was originally disposed of in this
 manner *Outcry* is constantly used by our old writers for an
 auction Thus Massinger

“ The goods of this poor man sold at an *outcry* ”

City Madam,

And Killigrew

“ Let for a term of years, or sold at *outcry* ”

Parson's Wedding

Indeed, the person whom we now call an auctioneer, was anciently termed an *oul crier* Thus Stow “ He first caused the same to be cried through the city by a man wyth a bell, and then to be solde by the common *outcrier* ” Edit 1581, p. 1123

² *Say, how you were wish'd—*] The reader, who reflects on what has passed between these lovers, will think this a very unintelligible expression, but Mr Theobald's margin proposes an emendation, and exhibits *'wetch'd* as the most proper term

WHAL

This is a strange note The text is surely perfectly easy and

Ful. Come, you will laugh now, at my easiness;
But 'tis no miracle: doves, they say, will bill,
After their pecking and their murmuring.

Cur. Yes,
And then 'tis kindly. I would have my love
Angry sometimes, to sweeten off the rest
Of her behaviour.

Ful. You do see, I study
How I may please you then,—But you think,
Curius,
'Tis covetise hath wrought me; if you love me,
Change that unkind conceit.

Cur. By my loved soul,
I love thee, like to it; and 'tis my study,
More than mine own revenge, to make thee
happy.

Ful. And 'tis that just revenge doth make me
happy
To hear you prosecute; and which, indeed,
Hath won me to you, more than all the hope
Of what can else be promised. I love valour
Better than any lady loves her face,
Or dressing—than my self does. Let me grow
Still where I do embrace. But what good means
Have you to effect it? shall I know your project?

Cur. Thou shalt, if thou'lt be gracious

Ful. As I can be.

Cur. And wilt thou kiss me then?

Ful. As close as shells
Of cockles meet.

intelligible, and Theobald's imaginary improvement, something worse than unnecessary. Could Whalley have forgotten how often Jonson, (and, in fact, every writer of his time) uses *wished* for *prayed*, *desired*, &c.? For the rest, I cannot pass over this scene without recommending it to the reader's admiration. It is conducted with no less art than learning, and the discovery of the plot, while it is strictly consonant to history, is produced in a way at once natural and dramatic.

Cur And print them deep ?

Ful Quite through

Oui subtle lips³

Cur And often ?

Ful I will sow them

Taster than you can reap What is your plot ?

Cur Why now my Fulvia looks like her bright name,

And is her self !

Ful Nay, answer me, your plot

I pray thee tell me, Quintus

Cur Ay, these sounds

Become a mistress Here is harmony !

When you are harsh, I see the way to bend you

Is not with violence, but service Cruel,

A lady is a file, gentle, and light

Ful Will you not tell me what I ask you ?

[Kisses and flatters him along still]

Cur All

That I can think, sweet love, or my breast holds,
I'll pour into thee

Ful What is your design then ?

Cur I'll tell thee, Catiline shall now be consul
But you will hear more shortly.

Ful Nay, dear love——

Cur I'll speak it in thine arms, let us go in

³ *Ful* *Quite through*

Oui *subtle lips*] i e thin, fine So Shakspeare.

“ Like to a bowl upon a *subtle* ground ”

And Spenser has a parallel expression

“ Cover'd with lids devised of substance *sly* ” *WHAT*

These “ thin, fine, sly ” lips are none of Jonson's His are—
lips, acquainted with the mystery of kissing soft and balmy,
like those of Dame Pliant, in the *Alchemist*

“ Subtle lips, that must be tasted often

“ To make a judgment ”

Rome will be sack'd, her wealth will be our prize;
 By public ruin private spirits must rise. [*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

*Great father Mars, and greater Jove,
 By whose high auspice, Rome hath stood
 So long, and first was built in blood
 Of your great nephew,* that then strove
 Not with his brother, but your rites -
 Be present to her now, as then,
 And let not proud and factious men
 Against your wills oppose their might.*

*Our consuls now are to be made;
 O, put it in the public voice
 To make a free and worthy choice;
 Excluding such as would invade
 The commonwealth. Let whom we name
 Have wisdom, foresight, fortitude,
 Be more with faith than face endued,
 And study conscience above fame.*

*Such as not seek to get the start
 In state, by power, parts or bribes,
 Ambition's blaws, but move the tribes
 By virtue, modesty, desert.
 Such as to justice will adhere,
 Whatever great one it offend
 And from th' embraced truth not bend
 For envy, hatred, gifts or fear;*

* *Of your great nephew,*] i. e. grandson The Romans used *nepos* both for a nephew and a grandchild hence the former word in our old writers is common in either sense. Examples are unnecessary.

*That by their deeds will make it known,
Whose dignity they do sustain,
And life, state, glory, all they gain,
Count the republics, not their own*

*Such the old Bruti, Decu were,
The Cipi,⁵ Curtu who did give
Themselves for Rome, and would not live
As men, good only for a year
Such were the great Camilli too,
The Fabu, Scipios, that still thought
No work at price enough was bought,
That for their country they could do*

*And to her honour so did knit,
As all their acts were understood
The sinews of the public good,
And they themselves, one soul with it
These men were truly magistrates,
These neither practised force nor forms,
Nor did they leave the helm in storms
And such they are make happy states*

⁵ The Cipi, Curtu, who did give

Themselves for Rome] The story of the Bruti, Decu, and Curtu is well known, that of Cipi needs a little explanation. *Genutius Cipi* was a Roman prætor, who going out of the city, perceived horns to sprout suddenly from his head, inquiring into the prodigy, the aruspices declared that, if he returned into the city, it portended he would become a king to prevent this, out of love to his country, he voluntarily went into exile. The story is told by Valerius Maximus, lib v cap 6. Ovid gives it more at large in the 15th book of the *Metamorphoses*. WHALE

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Field of Mars.

*Enter CICERO, CATO, CATULUS, ANTONIUS,
CRASSUS, CÆSAR, Chorus, Lictors, and People.*

Cic. Great honours are great burdens,⁶ but on
whom

They are cast with envy, he doth bear two loads.
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any dignity ; where, if he err,
He finds no pardon : and for doing well
A most small praise, and that wrung out by
force.

I speak this, Romans, knowing what the weight
Of the high charge, you have trusted to me, is :
Not that thereby I would with art decline
The good, or greatness of your benefit ;
For I ascribe it to your singular grace,

⁶ *Great honours &c*] Jonson has taken especial care to involve his machinery in complete obscurity : so that I have been reduced to guess not only at every exit and entrance in the piece, but also at every place of the action. I know not how fortunate I may have been in this but assuredly I should not have ventured on so laborious and unthankful a task had I not had more confidence in the reader's lenity than my own judgment. Here, however, the scene is sufficiently marked—Cicero is now in the Campus Martius, addressing the centuries after his unanimous election to the consulship. Catiline, strange to say, was a candidate for the same honour ; but he was rejected with indignation, and C. Antourus given to Cicero for a colleague. The history here, as every where else, is closely and carefully followed.

And vow to owe it to no title else,
 Except the Gods, that Cicero is your consul
 I have no urns, no dusty monuments,
 No broken images of ancestors,
 Wanting an ear, or nose, no forged tables
 Of long descents, to boast false honours from,
 Or be my undertakers to your trust,
 But a new man, as I am styled in Rome,
 Whom you have dignified, and more, in whom
 You have cut a way, and left it open for virtue
 Hereafter to that place which our great men
 Held, shut up with all ramparts, for themselves
 Nor have but few of them in time been made
 Your consuls, so, new men, before me, none
 At my first suit, in my just year,⁷ preferr'd
 To all competitors¹ and some the noblest—

Cic [*Aside to Caesar*] Now the vein swells¹

Caes Up, glory

Cic And to have

Your loud consents from your own utter'd
 voices,

Not silent books, nor from the meaner tribes,
 But first and last, the universal concurrence¹
 This is my joy, my gladness But my care,
 My industry and vigilance now must work,
 That still your counsels of me be approved,
 Both by your selves, and those, to whom you have,
 With grudge, preferr'd me Two things I must
 labour,

That neither they upbraid, nor you repent you,
 For every lapse of mine will now be call'd
 Your error, if I make such but my hope is,
 So to bear through, and out, the consulship,
 As spite shall ne'er wound you, though it may
 me

⁷ *In my just year*] i. e. the 43d year of his age, none being capable of the consulship before that age. *What*

And for my self, I have prepared this strength,
 To do so well, as, if there happen ill
 Unto me, it shall make the gods to blush ;
 And be their crime, not mine, that I am envied.

Cæs. O confidence ! more new than is the man !

Cic. I know well in what terms I do receive
 The commonwealth, how vexed, how perplex'd :
 In which there's not that mischief, or ill fate,
 That good men fear not, wicked men expect not.
 I know, besides, some turbulent practices
 Already on foot, and rumours of more dangers—

Cras. O! you will make them, if there be none.

[*Aside.*

Cic. Last,
 I know 'twas this, which made the envy and pride
 Of the great Roman blood bate, and give way
 To my election.

Cato. Marcus Tullius, true ;
 Our need made thee our consul, and thy virtue.

Cæs. Cato, you will undo him with your praise.

Cato. Cæsar will hurt himself with his own
 envy.

People. The voice of Cato is the voice of Rome.

Cato The voice of Rome is the consent of
 heaven !

And that hath placed thee, Cicerio, at the helm,
 Where thou must render now thy self a man,
 And master of thy art. Each petty hand
 Can steer a ship becalm'd ; but he that will
 Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
 His tides, his currents ; how to shift his sails ;
 What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers ;
 Where her springs are, her leaks , and how to
 stop 'em ,

What sands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten
 her ;

The forces and the natures of all winds,

Gusts, storms, and tempests, when her keel
ploughs hell,

And deck knocks heaven, then to manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a pilot

Cic Which I'll perform with all the diligence
And fortitude I have, not for my year,
But for my life, except my life be less,
And that my year conclude it if it must,
You will, loved gods This heart shall yet
employ

A day, an hour is left me, so for Rome,
As it shall spring a life out of my death,
To shine for ever glorious in my facts

The vicious count their years, virtuous their acts

People Most noble consul! let us wait him
home

[*Eaeunt Cato, Cicero, Lictors, and People*]

Cæs Most popular consul he is grown, me-
thinks!

Cras How the rout cling to him!

Cæs And Cato leads them!

Cras You, his colleague Antonius, are not
look'd on

Ant Not I, nor do I care

Cæs He enjoys rest,

And ease the while let the other's spirit toil,
And wake it out, that was inspired for turmoil

Catu If all reports be true yet, Caius Cæsar,
The time hath need of such a watch and spirit

Cæs Reports! do you believe them Catulus?
Why, he does make and breed 'em for the people,
To endear his service to them Do you not taste
An art that is so common? Popular men,
They must create strange monsters, and then
quell them,

To make their arts seem something Would you
have

Such an Herculean actor in the scene,
And not his hydra ? they must sweat no less
To fit their properties, than to express their parts.

Cras. Treasons and guilty men are made in
states,

Too oft, to dignify the magistrates.

Catu. Those states be wretched that are forced
to buy

Their rulers fame with their own infamy.

Cras. We therefore should provide that ours
do not.

Cæs. That will Antonius make his care.

Ant. I shall.

Cæs. And watch the watcher.

Catu. Here comes Catiline.

How does he brook his late repulse ?

Cæs. I know not,

But hardly sure.

Catu. Longinus too did stand ?

Cæs. At first : but he gave way unto his friend.

Catu. Who's that come ? Lentulus ?

Cæs. Yes ; he is again

Taken into the senate.

Ant. And made prætor

Catu. I know't, he had my suffrage, next the
consuls.

Cæs. True, you were there, prince of the senate,
then,

They must sweat no less

To fit their properties, than to express their parts] Having called the consul an *Herculean actor in the scene*, he continues the metaphor in terms taken from the stage. All necessities in the performance of a play, are called by the name of *properties* ; and the sense is, that it will cost him as much pains to get the proper implements and material for his scheme, as to act his own part in it. *WHAL.*

Enter CATILINE, LONGINUS, and LENTULLS

Cat Hail, noblest Romans ! The most worthy
consul,

I gratulate your honour

Ant I could wish
It had been happier by your fellowship,
Most noble Sergius, had it pleased the people

Cat It did not please the Gods, who instruct
the people
And their unquestion'd pleasures must be serv'd
They know what's fitter for us than our selves,*
And 'twere impiety to think against them

Catu You bear it rightly, Lucius, and it
glads me,
To find your thoughts so even

Cat I shall still
Study to make them such to Rome, and heaven.
I would withdraw with you a little, Julius

[*Aside to Cæs*
Cæs I'll come home to you *Cicassus* would
not have you

To speak to him 'fore Quintus Catulus [*Aside*

Cat I apprehend you No, when they shall
judge

Honours convenient for me, I shall have them,
With a full hand, I know it In mean time,
They are no less part of the commonwealth,
That do obey, than those that do command

Catu O let me kiss your forehead, Lucius
How are you wrong'd !

* *They know what's fitter for us than our selves,*] This is from
Juvenal

Permites ipsis expendere numinibus quid, &c

The hypocritical language of Catiline is artfully assumed to
deceive Q. Catulus and the consul, Antorius, of whose good opi-
nion and assistance he stood in need

Cat. By whom

Catu. Public report;

That gives you out to stomach your repulse,
And brook it deadly.

Cat. Sir, she brooks not me.

Believe me rather, and your self, now of me :
It is a kind of slander to trust rumour.

Catu. I know it : and I could be angry with it.

Cat. So may not I : Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.

Catu. Most noble Seigius ! this your temper
melts me.

Cras. Will you do office to the consul, Quintus ?

Cæs. Which Cato and the rout have done the
other ?

Catu. I wait when he will go. Be still your
self.

He wants no state, or honours, that hath virtue.

[*Exeunt Catulus, Antonius, Cæsar, Crassus,
Lictors, &c.*]

Cat. Did I appear so tame as this man thinks
me !

Look'd I so poor ? so dead ? so like that nothing,
Which he calls virtuous ? O my breast, break
quickly ;

And shew my friends my in-parts, lest they think
I have betray'd them. [*Aside.*]

Lon. Where's Gabinius ?

Len. Gone.

Lon. And Vargunteius ?

Len. Slit away ; all shrunk :

Now that he miss'd the consulship.

Cat. I am

The scorn of bondmen, who are next to beasts.
What can I worse pronounce myself, that's fitter,
The owl of Rome, whom boys and girls will hoot !
That were I set up for that wooden god

That keeps our gardens, could not fright the
CROWS,
 Or the least bird, from muting on my head !

Lon 'Tis strange how he should miss it ! *[Aside]*

Len Is't not stranger,
 The upstart Cicero should carry it so,
 By all consents, from men so much his masters ?

Lon 'Tis true

Cat To what a shadow am I melted ! *[Aside]*

Lon Antonius won it but by some few voices

Cat Struck through, like air, and feel it not !
 My wounds

Close faster than they're made *[Aside]*

Len The whole design,
 And enterprise is lost by it all hands quit it,
 Upon his fail

Cat I grow mad at my patience
 It is a visor that hath poison'd me
 Would it had burnt me up, and I died inward,
 My heart first turn'd to ashes !

Lon Here's Cethegus yet

Enter CETHEGUS

Cat Repulse upon repulse ! an in-mate consul !—

That I could reach the axle, where the pins are
 Which bolt this frame, that I might pull them
 out,

And pluck all into Chaos, with my self !

Cet What ! are we wishing now ?

Cat Yes, my Cethegus,
 Who would not fall with all the world about him ?^a

^a *Who would not fall with all the world about him ?*

— *Vite est avulsus qui quis non vult*

Mundo secum perire te mori

SENECÆ Thyest

Cet Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls;
And force new nature out to make another.
These wishings taste of woman, not of Roman;
Let us seek other arms.

Cat. What should we do?

Cet. Do, and not wish; something that wishes
take not.

So sudden, as the gods should not prevent,
Nor scarce have time to fear.

Cat. O noble Caius!

Cet It likes me better that you are not consul.
I would not go through open doors, but break
‘em;

Swim to my ends through blood; or build a bridge
Of carcasses; make on upon the heads
Of men struck down like piles, to reach the lives
Of those remain and stand. then is’t a prey,
When danger stops, and ruin makes the way.

Cat. How thou dost utter me, brave soul, that
may not

At all times shew such as I am, but bend
Unto occasion! Lentulus, this man,
If all our fire were out, would fetch down new,
Out of the hand of Jove, and rivet him

² Make on upon the heads &c.] Whalley, by the advice of his precious coadjutors, Seward and Sympson, would willingly read, make one, i. e. says he, make a bridge! To make on, and go on, in the language of Jonson’s days, signified to rush forward with violence. The expression has already occurred in this play, p. 205

————— “as he would,
“Go on upon the gods, kiss lightning,” &c.

³ ————— Then is’t a prey,
When danger stops, and ruin makes the way.] This is very strongly expressed it seems to be taken from a similar expression in Lucan, l. i. ver. 150.

————— *Impellens quicquid sibi summa petenti
Obstaret, gaudensque viam fecisse ruind*

WHAL.

To Caucasus, should he but flown, and let
His own gaunt eagle fly at him, to tire⁴

Len Peace, here comes Cato

Cat Let him come, and hear,
I will no more dissemble Quit us all,
I, and my loved Cethegus here, alone
Will undertake this giants' war, and carry it

Re-enter CATO

Len What needs this, Lucius?

Lon Sergius, be more wary

Cat Now, Marcus Cato, our new consul's spy,
What is your sour austerity sent to explore?

Cato Nothing in thee, licentious Catiline,
Halters and racks cannot express from thee
More than thy deeds 'tis only judgment waits
thee

Cat Whose? Cato's! shall he judge me?

Cato No, the gods,
Who ever follow those, they go not with,
And senate, who with fire must purge sick Rome
Of noisome citizens, whereof thou art one
Be gone, or else let me 'Tis bane to draw
The same all with thee

Cet Strike him

Len Hold, good Caius

Cet Fear'st thou not, Cato?

Cato Rash Cethegus, no
'Twere wrong with Rome, when Catiline and
thou
Do threat, if Cato fear'd

Cat The fire you speak of,

⁴ ————— And let

His own gaunt eagle fly at him, to tire] i. e. to prey on see
vol. II p. 470.

If any flame of it approach my fortunes,
I'll quench it not with water, but with ruin.

Cato. You hear this, Romans. [Exit.

Cat. Bear it to the consul.

Cet. I would have sent away his soul before
him.

You are too heavy, Lentulus, and remiss;
It is for you we labour, and the kingdom
Promised you by the Sybils.

Cat. Which his prætorship,
And some small flattery of the senate more,
Will make him to forget.

Len. You wrong me, Lucius.

Lon He will not need these spurs

Cet. The action needs them;
These things, when they proceed not, they go
backward.

Len. Let us consult then.

Cet. Let us first take arms:

They that deny us just things now, will give
All that we ask, if once they see our swords.

Cat. Our objects must be sought with wounds,
not words [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Cicero's House.

Enter CICERO and FULVIA.

Cic. Is there a heaven, and gods? and can
it be

They should so slowly hear, so slowly see!
Hath Jove no thunder, or is Jove become
Stupid as thou art, O near-wretched Rome,
When both thy senate and thy gods do sleep,

And neither thine, nor their own states do keep !
 What will awake thee, heaven ? what can excite
 Thine anger, if this practice be too light ?
 His former drifts partake of former times,
 But this last plot was only Catiline's,
 O, that it were his last ! but he before
 Hath safely done so much, he'll still dare more
 Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back,
 And is a swelling, and the last affection
 A high mind can put off,⁵ being both a rebel
 Unto the soul and reason, and enforceth
 All laws, all conscience, treads upon religion,
 And offereth violence to nature's self
 But here is that transcends it ! A black purpose
 To confound nature, and to ruin that,
 Which never age nor mankind can repair !—
 Sit down, good lady, Cicero is lost
 In this your fable for, to think it true
 Tempteth my reason, it so far exceeds
 All insolent fictions of the tragic scene !
 The commonwealth yet panting underneath
 The stripes and wounds of a late civil war,
 Gasping for life, and scarce restored to hope,
 To seek t' oppress her with new cruelty,
 And utterly extinguish her long name,
 With so prodigious and unheard of fierceness !
 What sink of monsters, wretches of lost minds,
 Mad after change, and desperate in their states,
 Wearied and gall'd with their necessities,
 For all this I allow them, durst have thought it ?

5

————— *the last affection*

A high mind can put off] Change "ambition" to the desire of fame, which is nearly synonymous with it, and the observation is a trite and established truth, of which the speaker himself was an illustrious example. See Massinger, vol. iv p. 330. *Insolent*, which occurs just below, is a Latinism for strange, unwonted, &c.

Would not the barbarous deeds have been believed,

Of Marius and Sylla, by our children,
Without this fact had risse^d forth greater for them?
All that they did was piety to this!

They yet but murder'd kinsfolk, brothers parents,
Ravish'd the virgins, and perhaps some matrons;
They left the city standing, and the temples:

The gods and majesty of Rome were safe yet!—

These purpose to fire it, to despoil them,

(Beyond the other evils) and lay waste

The far-triumpht world. for, unto whom

Rome is too little, what can be enough?

Ful. 'Tis true, my lord, I had the same discourse.

Cic. And then, to take a horrid sacrament

In human blood, for execution

Of this their dire design; which might be call'd

The height of wickedness: but that that was
higher,

For which they did it!

Ful. I assure your lordship,

The extreme horror of it almost turn'd me

To air, when first I heard it; I was all

A vapour when 'twas told me, and I long'd

To vent it any where 'twas such a secret,

I thought it would have burnt me up.

Cic. Good Fulvia,

Fear not your act; and less repent you of it.

Ful. I do not, my good lord; I know to whom
I've utter'd it.

Cic. You have discharged it safely.

Should Rome, for whom you've done the happy
service,

Without this fact had risse] This old participle is frequently employed by Jonson. It has already appeared in the *Postaster*, and occurs again just below. Whalley and others modernize it into *rose*.

Turn most ingrate, yet were your virtue paid
In conscience of the fact so much good deeds
Reward themselves !

Ful My lord, I did it not
To any other aim but for itself,
To no ambition

Cic You have learn'd the difference
Of doing office to the public weal,
And private friendship and have shewn it, lady
Be still your self I have sent for Quintus Curius,
And for your virtuous sake, if I can win him
Yet to the commonwealth, he shall be safe too

Ful I'll undertake, my lord, he shall be won

Cic Pray you join with me then, and help to
work him

Enter a Lictor

Cic How now ! Is he come ?

Lict He's here, my lord

Cic Go presently,
Pray my colleague Antonius I may speak with
him,

About some present business of the state,
And, as you go, call on my brother Quintus,
And pray him, with the tribunes, to come to me
Bid Curius enter [*Exit Lict*]—Fulvia, you will aid
me ?

Ful It is my duty

Enter CURIUS

Cic O, my noble lord !
I have to chide you, I faith Give me your hand,—
Nay, be not troubled, it shall be gently, Curius
You look upon this lady ? what ! do you guess
My business yet ? come, if you frown, I thunder,

Therefore put on your better looks and thoughts :
 There's nought but fair and good intended to you ,
 And I would make those your complexion
 Would you, of whom the senate had that hope,
 As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpose
 Next sitting to restore you, as they had done
 The stupid and ungrateful Lentulus,—
 Excuse me, that I name you thus together,
 For yet you are not such—would you, I say,
 A person both of blood and honour, stock'd
 In a long race of virtuous ancestors,
 Embark your self for such a hellish action,
 With parricides and traitors, men turn'd furies,
 Out of the waste and ruin of their fortunes ?
 (For 'tis despair that is the mother of madness.)
 Such as want that, which all conspirators,
 But they, have first, mere colour for their mischief ?
 O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not
 labour

To extenuate your guilt, but quit it clean :
 Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave
 them.

He acts the third crime that defends the first.
 Here is a lady that hath got the start
 In piety of us all, and for whose virtue
 I could almost turn lover again, but that
 Terentia would be jealous. What an honour
 Hath she achieved to herself ! what voices,
 Titles, and loud applauses will pursue her
 Through every street ! what windows will be
 fill'd,

To shoot eyes at her ! what envy and grief in
 mations,

They are not she, when this her act shall seem
 Worthier a chariot, than if Pompey came
 With Asia chain'd ! all this is, while she lives ;
 But dead, her very name will be a statue,

Not wrought for time, but rooted in the minds
Of all posterity, when brass and marble,
Ay, and the Capitol itself is dust !

Ful Your honour thinks too highly of me

Cic Nô,

I cannot think enough, and I would have
Him emulate you 'Tis no shame to follow
The better precedent She shews you, Curius,
What claim your country lays to you, and what
duty

You owe to it be not afraid to break
With murderers and traitors, for the saving
A life so near and necessary to you,
As is your country's Think but on her right
No child can be too natural to his parent
She is our common mother, and doth challenge
The prime part of us, do not stop, but give it
He that is void of fear, may soon be just,
And no religion binds men to be traitors

Ful My lord, he understands it, and will
follow

Yoursaving counsel, but his shame yet stays him
I know that he is coming⁷

Cur Do you know it ?

Ful Yes, let me speak with you

[*Takes him aside*]

Cur O, you are——

Ful What am I ?

Cur Speak not so loud

Ful I am what you should be

[*Lowering her voice*]

Come, do you think I'd walk in any plot
Where madam Sempronia should take place of me,
And Fulvia come in the rear, or on the by ?

⁷ *I know that he is coming*] i e giving way to your wishes
So, in the *Fox*

“ I hear him coming ”

That I would be her second in a business,
 Though it might vantage me all the sun sees ?
 It was a silly phant'sy of yours. Apply
 Yourself to me and the consul, and be wise ;
 Follow the fortune I have put you into .
 You may be something this way, and with safety.

Cic. Nay, I must tolerate no whisperings, lady.

Ful. Sir, you may hear : I tell him in the way
 Wherein he was, how hazardous his course was.

Cic. How hazardous ! how certain to all ruin.
 Did he, or do yet any of them imagine
 The gods would sleep to such a Stygian practice,
 Against that commonwealth which they have
 founded

With so much labour, and like care have kept,
 Now near seven hundred years ? It is a madness,
 Wherewith heaven blinds them, when it would
 confound them,*

That they should think it. Come, my Curius,
 I see your nature's right ; you shall no more
 Be mention'd with them : I will call you mine,
 And trouble this good shame⁹ no farther. Stand
 Firm for your country, and become a man
 Honour'd and loved : it were a noble life,
 To be found dead, embracing her. Know you
 What thanks, what titles, what rewards the senate
 Will heap upon you, certain, for your service ?
 Let not a desperate action more engage you,

* ————— *It is a madness,*

Wherewith heav'n blinds them, when it would confound them.]
 From the Latin adage,

Perdere quos vult Jupiter, dementat prius. WHAL.

⁹ *This good shame]* Cicero is complimentary and poetical, at once : —this modest and virtuous lady. Examples of a similar kind are to be found in Shakspeare and others, where the predominant quality of the moment is turned into an appellative. Thus Coriolanus terms Volumnia, his “gracious silence.”

Than safety should , and wicked friendship force,
What honesty and virtue cannot work

Ful He tells you right, sweet friend 'tis saving counsel

Cur Most noble consul, I am yours and hers,
I mean, my country's , you have form'd me new,
Inspiring me with what I should be truly
And I entreat, my faith may not seem cheaper
For springing out of penitence

Cic Good Curius,
It shall be dearer rather , and because
I'd make it such, hear how I trust you more
Keep still your former face, and mix again
With these lost spirits , run all their mazes with
them ,

For such are treasons find their windings out,
And subtle turnings , watch their snaky ways,
Through brakes and hedges, into woods of darkness

Where they are fain to creep upon their breasts
In paths ne'er trod by men, but wolves and
panthers

Learn, beside Catiline, Lentulus, and those
Whose names I have, what new ones they draw in,
Who else are likely , what those great ones are
They do not name , what ways they mean to take ,
And whither their hopes point to war, or ruin
By some surprise Explore all their intents ,
And what you find may profit the republic,
Acquaint me with it, either by your self,
Or this your virtuous friend, on whom I lay
The care of urging you I'll see that Rome
Shall prove a thankful and a bounteous mother
Be secret as the night

Cur And constant, sir

Cic I do not doubt it, though the time cut off

**All vows: The dignity of truth is lost
With much protesting. Who is there?**

Enter a Servant.

This way,

Lest you be seen and met. And when you come,
Be this your token [*whispers with him.*] to this
fellow. Light them.

[Exit Servant with Cur. and Fulvia.]

O Rome, in what a sickness art thou fallen !
How dangerous and deadly, when thy head
Is drown'd in sleep, and all thy body fevery !
No noise, no pulling, no vexation wakes thee,
Thy lethargy is such : or if, by chance,
Thou heav'st thy eye-lids up, thou dost forget,
Sooner than thou wert told, thy proper danger.
I did unreverently to blame the gods,
Who wake for thee, though thou snore to thy
self.

Is it not strange thou should'st be so diseased,
And so secure ? but more, that the first symptoms
Of such a malady should not rise out
From any worthy member, but a base
And common strumpet, worthless to be named
A hair, or part of thee ? Think, think, hereafter,
What thy needs were, when thou must use such
means :

And lay it to thy breast, how much the gods
Upbraid thy foul neglect of them, by making
So vile a thing the author of thy safety.
They could have wrought by nobler ways, have
struck

Thy foes with forked lightning, or ramm'd
thunder;

Thrown hills upon them in the act; have sent
Death, like a damp, to all their families;

'Tis well, if some men will do well for price ;
 So few are virtuous when the reward's away.
 Nor must I be unmindful of my private ;⁹
 For which I have call'd my brother and the tribunes,

My kinsfolks, and my clients, to be near me.
 He that stands up 'gainst traitors, and their ends,
 Shall need a double guard, of law, and friends :
 Especially in such an envious state,
 That sooner will accuse the magistrate,
 Than the delinquent ; and will rather grieve
 The treason is not acted, than believe. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Catiline's House.

Enter CÆSAR and CATILINE.

Cæs. The night³ grows on, and you are for your meeting ;

transferred to his friend Metellus Celer. The city was his proper stage of action ; there the senate and the forum heard him with alternate wonder and delight.

In the lines which immediately follow, Cicero has quoted Ovid and Juvenal in the spirit of prophecy : not that the thought was originally theirs ; for the world had not reached the age of Cicero, without some one asking,

*Quis virtutem amplectitur ipsam
 Præmia si tollas ?*

² *Nor must I be unmindful of my private,*] Interest, or safety. A similar mode of expression occurs in *Timon of Athens*, A. IV. S. 3.

“ Of him, that his *particular* to foresee
 “ Smells from the general weal.” *WIAL.*

³ *Cæs.* *The night &c.*] Jonson seems hostile to Cæsar, as he has made him play a more prominent part in the conspiracy than he actually appears to have done. Sallust is evidently partial to Cæsar ; but even Dio, Plutarch, and Suetonius, who

I'll therefore end in few Be resolute,
 And put your enterprise in act The more
 Actions of depth and danger are consider'd,
 The less assuredly they are perform'd
 And thence it happeneth, that the bravest plots,
 Not executed straight, have been discover'd
 Say, you are constant, or another, a third,
 Or more, there may be yet one wretched spirit,
 With whom the fear of punishment shall work
 'Bove all the thoughts of honour and revenge
 You are not now to think what's best to do,
 As in beginnings, but what must be done,
 Being thus enter'd, and slip no advantage
 That may secure you Let them call it mischief,
 When it is past, and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue
 They're petty crimes are punish'd, great rewarded
 Nor must you think of peril, since attempts
 Begun with danger, still do end with glory,
 And, when need spurs, despair will be call'd
 wisdom
 Less ought the care of men, or fame to fright
 you,
 For they that win, do seldom receive shame
 Of victory, howe'er it be achieved,
 And vengeance, least for who, besieged with
 wants,
 Would stop at death, or any thing beyond it?
 Come, there was never any great thing yet
 Aspired, but by violence or fraud

more than insinuate that he was an actor in the plot, produce little else for their authority than the reports of the day. That he knew of Catiline's designs cannot be doubted, and that he wished them to succeed to a certain point, may be fairly conjectured from his ambitious views. But that he attended any of the meetings, or directly participated in the measures of so rash and inconsiderate a set as followed the desperate fortunes of Catiline, his known prudence and political sagacity forbid us to imagine

And he that sticks for folly of a conscience
To reach it——

Cat. Is a good religious fool.⁴

Cæs. A superstitious slave, and will die beast.
Good night. You know what Crassus thinks,
and I,

By this. Prepare your wings as large as sails,
To cut through air, and leave no print behind you.
A serpent, ere he comes to be a diagon,
Does eat a bat;⁵ and so must you a consul,
That watches. What you do, do quickly, Ser-
gius. [Going.

You shall not stir for me.

Cat. Excuse me.—Lights there!

Cæs. By no means.

Cat. Stay then. All good thoughts to Cæsar,
And like to Crassus.

⁴ *Cat. Is a good religious fool.*] It is probable that our poet uses the word *religious* in the same sense the Romans assigned to *religiosus*, which was generally taken to signify a fearful superstitious person; and so Cæsar understands him. *WHAL.*

⁵ *A serpent, ere he comes to be a dragon,*

Does eat a bat,] This is the Greek proverb, ὄφις ἢ μὴ φάσγαν ὄφιν, δράκων ἢ γινώσκειται, which, Erasmus says, savours, to him, a little of vulgarity. This however was not seen, or not regarded by our old writers, who make frequent use of it. “No man, (says Lord Bacon) prospers so suddenly as by others errors. *Serpens nisi serpentem comederit non fit draco.*” And Beaumont: “The snake that would be a dragon and have wings must eat” —a snake, I suppose; but the words have dropt out of the text, and the editor, who found no previous remarks on the passage, has suffered the defect to escape him,—and he proceeds, like Lord Bacon, to illustrate the saying: “And what implieth that but this—that in this cannibal age, he that would have the suit of wealth, must not care whom he feeds on,” &c. *The Honest Man's Fortune*, A. III. S. 3. It is used in a similar manner by Dryden:

“A serpent ne’er becomes a flying dragon

“Till he has eat a serpent.” *Edipus.*

Cæs Mind but your friends' counsels [*Exit*
Cat Or I will bear no mind —

Enter AURELIA

How now, Aurelia!
 Are your confederates come, the ladies?

Aur Yes

Cat And is Sempronia there?

Aur She is

Cat That's well

She has a sulphurous spirit, and will take
 Light at a spark Break with them, gentle love,
 About the drawing as many of their husbands
 Into the plot, as can, if not, to rid them
 That will be the easier practice unto some,
 Who have been tired with them long Solicit
 Their aids for money, and their servants' help,
 In firing of the city at the time
 Shall be design'd. Promise them states and em-
 pires,
 And men for lovers, made of better clay
 Than ever the old potter Titan knew *

Enter LECCA

Who's that? O, Porcius Lecca! Are they met?

Lec They are all here

Cat Love, you have your instructions
 I'll trust you with the stuff you have to work on,
 You'll form it! [*Exit Aurelia*] Porcius, fetch the
 silver eagle

I gave you in charge, and pray 'em they will
 enter [*Exit Lecca*]

* *Than ever the old potter Titan knew*] From Juvenal

quibus arte benigna,
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan

Enter CETHEGUS, CURIUS, LENTULUS, VARGUNTEIUS, LONGINUS, GABINIUS, CEPARIUS, AUTRONIUS, &c.

Cat. O friends, your faces glad me ! This will
be
Our last, I hope, of consultation.

Cet. So it had need.

Cur. We lose occasion daily.

Cat. Ay, and our means ; whereof one wounds
me most

That was the fairest : PISO is dead in Spain.'

Cet. As we are here.

Lon. And, as 'tis thought, by envy
Of Pompey's followers.

Len. He too's coming back,
Now, out of Asia

Cat. Therefore, what we intend
We must be swift in. Take your seats, and hear.
I have already sent Septimius
Into the Picene territory, and Julius,
To raise force for us in Apulia ;
Manlius at Fesulæ is by this time up,
With the old needy troops that follow'd Sylla.
And all do but expect when we will give
The blow at home.

Re-enter P. LICCA with the eagle

Behold this silver eagle,^{*}
 'Twas Marius' standard in the Cimbrian war,
 Fatal to Rome, and as our augurs tell me,
 Shall still be so for which one ominous cause,
 I've kept it safe, and done it sacred rites,
 As to a godhead, in a chapel built
 Of purpose to it Pledge then all your hands,
 To follow it with vows of death and ruin,
 Struck silently and home So waters speak
 When they run deepest Now's the time, this
 year,
 The twentieth from the firing of the Capitol,
 As fatal too to Rome, by all predictions,

^{*} *Behold this silver eagle, &c*] This eagle, which is noticed by most of the historians, was Catiline's favourite standard. With the usual inconsistency of the ancient atheists, while he denied the existence of the gods, he seems to have attributed a supernatural power to this senseless ensign, and to have paid it a kind of religious worship. He sent it before him to the army, and, in the fatal action which followed, he took his station under it, with the bravest of his adherents. The superstitious reverence which he paid it, together with other circumstances mentioned in the text, are thus noticed by Cicero *Sciam a quo aquilam illam argenteam, quam tibi ac tuis omnibus, permiosam esse confido et funestam futuram, cui domi tuæ sacrarium scelerum tuorum constitutum fuit, sciam esse præmissam? Tu ut illa deus carere possis, quam venerari, ad cædem proficiscens, solebas? a cujus altaribus sæpe istam dexteram impium ad necem civium transtulisti?* In *Cat. I. 9*. To this eagle may be attributed the great number of standards of this description in the Roman armies in after times. It had originally belonged to Marius, who gained so many battles under it, that he conceived an affection for the device, and as far as in him lay, changed the minotaurs, and boars, and wolves, and dragons which the soldiers had anciently borne, into eagles. Pompey's army seems scarcely to have had any other device, for Cæsar tells us that, at the battle of Pharsalia, he took near sixty of them.

And in which honour'd Lentulus must rise
A king, if he pursue it.

Cur. If he do not,
He is not worthy the great destiny.

Len. It is too great for me ; but what the gods
And their great loves decree me, I must not
Seem careless of.

Cat. No, nor we envious,
We have enough beside ; all Gallia, Belgia,
Greece, Spain and Africk.

Cur. Ay, and Asia too,
Now Pompey is returning.

Cat. Noblest Romans,
Methinks our looks are not so quick and high,
As they were wont.

Cur. No ! whose is not ?

Cat. We have
No anger in our eyes, no storm, no lightning :
Our hate is spent, and fumed away in vapour,
Before our hands be at work : I can accuse
Not any one, but all, of slackness.

Cet. Yes,
And be your self such, while you do it.

Cat. Ha !
'Tis sharply answer'd, Caius.

Cet. Truly, truly.

Len. Come, let us each one know his part
to do,
And then be accused. Leave these untimely
quarrels.

Cur. I would there were more Romes than one
to ruin !

Cet. More Romes ! more worlds.

* *Cur. No ! whose is not ?*] This is artful. Curius, who is conscious of his treachery, is quick to avert suspicion. Addison has made great use of this part of the drama in his *Cato*

Cur Nay then, more gods and natures,
 If they took part
Len When shall the time be first ?
Cat I think, the Saturnals ¹
Cet 'Twill be too long
Cat They are not now far off, 'tis not a month
Cet A week, a day, an hour is too far off
 Now were the fittest time
Cat We have not laid
 All things so safe and ready
Cet While we are laying,
 We shall all lie and grow to earth Would I
 Were nothing in it, if not now these things,
 They should be done, ere thought
Cat Nay, now your reason
 Forsakes you, Caius Think but what commodity
 That time will minister, the city's custom
 Of being therein mirth and feast——
Len Loos'd whole
 In pleasure and security——
Ant Each house
 Resolved in freedom——
Cur Every slave a master——
Lon And they too no mean aids——
Cui Made from their hope
 Of liberty——
Len Or hate unto their lords
Var 'Tis sure, there cannot be a time found
 out
 More apt and natural
Len Nay, good Cethegus,
 Why do your passions now disturb our hopes ?

¹ *Cat* *I think, the Saturnals*] i. e. about the 17th of December The Saturnalia lasted for several days, and as the slaves were then indulged with a considerable degree of liberty, the time, as Catiline remarks, was peculiarly fit for the purpose

Cet. Why do your hopes delude your certainties?

Cat. You must lend him his way. [*Aside to Lentulus.*] Think for the order,

And process of it.

Lon. Yes.

Len. I like not fire,
'Twill too much waste my city.

Cat. Were it embers,
There will be wealth enough raked out of them,
To spring a new. It must be fire, or nothing.

Lon. What else should fright or terrify them?

Var. True.

In that confusion must be the chief slaughter.

Cur. Then we shall kill them bravest.

Cep. And in heaps.

Aut. Strew sacrifices.

Cur. Make the earth an altar.

Lon. And Rome the fire.

Lec. 'Twill be a noble night.

Var. And worth all Sylla's days.

Cur. When husbands, wives,
Grandsires, and nephews,² servants, and their
lords,

Virgins, and priests, the infant, and the nurse,
Go all to hell together in a fleet.*

Cat. I would have you, Longinus and Statilius,

To take the charge o' the firing, which must be,
At a sign given with a trumpet, done
In twelve chief places of the city at once.
The flax and sulphur are already laid
In, at Cethegus' house; so are the weapons.

² *Grandsires, and nephews,*] i. e. grandsons, *nepotes* See p. 245.

* *In a fleet*] He alludes to the speech of Cethegus, p. 210.

Gabinus, you, with other force, shall stop
The pipes and conduits, and kill those that come
For water

Cur What shall I do?

Cat All will have

Employment, fear not ply the execution

Cur For that, trust me and Cethegus

Cat I will be

At hand with the army, to meet those that scape
And, Lentulus, begirt you Pompey's house,
To seize his sons alive, for they are they
Must make our peace with him all else cut off,
As Tarquin did the poppy-heads,³ or mowers
A field of thistles, or else, up, as ploughs
Do barren lands, and strike together flints
And clods, th' ungrateful senate and the people,
Till no rage gone before, or coming after,
May weigh with yours, though horror leap'd
herself

Into the scale but, in your violent acts,
The fall of torrents and the noise of tempests,
The boiling of Charybdis, the sea's wildness,
The eating force of flames, and wings of winds,
Be all out-wrought by your transcendant furies.
It had been done ere this, had I been consul,
We had had no stop, no let.

Len How find you Antonius?

Cat The other has won him, — lost that
Cicero

Was born to be my opposition,
And stands 'n all our ways

³ *As Tarquin did the poppy-heads,]* When Sextus, the son of Tarquin, had treacherously wrought himself into favour at Gabii, he sent a messenger to his father at Rome to learn his pleasure. He gave him no reply, but took him into the garden, *et ibi inambulans tacitus, summa papaverum capita discitur baculo decussasse* LIV I I C 54 WHAL

Cur. Remove him first.

Cet. May that yet be done sooner?

Cat. Would it were done.

Cur. Var. I'll do't.

Cet. It is my province; none usurp't it.

Len. What are your means?

Cet. Enquire not. He shall die.

Shall, was too slowly^{*} said; he's dying: that
Is yet too slow; he's dead.

Cat. Brave, only Roman,
Whose soul might be the world's soul, were that
dying;

Refuse not yet the aids of these your friends.

Len. Here's Vargunteus holds good quarter
with him.

Cat. And under the pretext of clientele
And visitation, with the morning hail,
Will be admitted.

Cet. What is that to me?

Var. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and
safely.

Cet. Safe is your way then, take it: mine's
mine own. [*Exit.*

Cat. Follow him, Vargunteus, and persuade,
The morning is the fittest time.

Lon. The night
Will turn all into tumult.

Len. And perhaps
Miss of him too.

^{*} *He shall die,*

Shall, was too slowly &c.] Literally from the *Hercules Furens*, and put, with great judgment, into the mouth of the impetuous Cethegus.

Si novi Herculem

Lycus Creonti debitas penas dabit

Lentum est, dabit, dat: hoc quoque lentum est, dedit. v. 644.

Cat Entreat and conjure him
In all our names——

Len By all our vows and friendships
[*Exit Vargunteus*]

Enter SEMPRONIA, AURELIA, and FULVIA

Sem What ! is our council broke up first ?

Aur You say,
Women are greatest talkers
[*Whispers with Cat while Ful takes Cur aside*]

Sem We have done,
And are now fit for action

Lon Which is passion,
There is your best activity, lady

Sem How
Knows your wise fatness that ?

Lon Your mother's daughter
Did teach me, madam

Cat Come, Sempronia, leave him,
He is a giber, and our present business
Is of more serious consequence. Aurelia
Tells me, you've done most masculinely within
And play'd the orator

Sem But we must hasten
To our design as well, and execute,
Not hang still in the fever of an accident

Cat You say well, lady

Sem I do like our plot
Exceeding well, 'tis sure, and we shall leave
Little to fortune in it

Cat Your banquet stays
Aurelia, take her in Where's Fulvia ?

Sem O, the two lovers are coupling

Cur In good faith,
She's very ill with sitting up

Sem. You'd have her
Laugh, and lie down.

Ful. No, faith, Sempronia,
I am not well; I'll take my leave, it draws
Toward the morning. Curius shall stay with you.
Madam, I pray you pardon me; my health
I must respect.

Aur. Farewell, good Fulvia.

Cur [*Aside to Fulvia.*] Make haste, and bid him
get his guards about him;
For Vargunteius and Cornelius
Have underta'en it, should Cethegus miss:
Their reason, that they think his open rashness
Will suffer easier discovery
Than their attempt, so veiled under friendship.
I'll bring you to your coach. Tell him, beside,
Of Cæsar's coming forth here.

Cat. My sweet madam,
Will you be gone?

Ful. I am, my lord, in truth,
In some indisposition.

Cat. I do wish
You had all your health, sweet lady. Lentulus,
You'll do her service.

Len. To her coach,—and duty.

[*Exeunt all but Catiline.*]

Cat. What ministers men must for practice
use,
The rash, the ambitious, needy, desperate,
Foolish and wretched, e'en the dregs of man-
kind,
To whores and women! still it must be so.
Each have their proper place, and in their rooms
They are the best. Grooms fittest kindle fires,
Slaves carry burdens, butchers are for slaughters,
Apothecaries, butlers, cooks, for poisons;
As these for me: dull stupid Lentulus,

Nor emulous Carthage, with their length of
 spight,
 Shall be the work of one, and that my night.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in CICERO's House.

Enter CICERO, FULVIA, and Attendant.

Cic. I thank your vigilance. Where's my brother Quintus ?
 Call all my servants up ! *[Exit Attendant]* Tell noble Curius,
 And say it to yourself, you are my savers :
 But that's too little for you ; you are Rome's.
 What could I then hope less ?

Enter QUINTUS CICERO.

O brother ! now
 The engineers ^o I told you of are working,
 The machine ^gins to move. Where are your
 weapons ?
 Arm all my household presently, and charge
 The porter, he let no man in till day.

Qui. Not clients, and your friends ?

Cic. They wear those names,
 That come to murder me. Yet send for Cato,
 And Quintus Catulus ; those I dare trust ;
 And Flaccus and Pomptinius, the prætors,
 By the back way.

Qui. Take care, good brother Marcus,

^o *The engineers I told you of, &c |* The old copies read *engines* Whalley saw the defect of the metre, and attempted to remedy it, but without success. I have little doubt but that the text is now as it originally stood.

Your feais be not form'd greater than they
should,

And make your friends grieve, while your ene-
mies laugh

Cic 'Tis brother's counsel, and worth thanks
But do

As I entreat you [*Exit Quintus*] I provide, not
fear —

Was Cæsar there, say you ?

Ful Curius says he met him
Coming from thence

Cic O, so And had you a council
Of ladies too ? who was your speaker, madam ?

Ful She that would be, had there been forty
more,

Sempronia, who had both her Greek and figures,
And ever and anon would ask us, if

The witty consul could have mended that,
Or orator Cicero could have said it better ?

Cic She is my gentle enemy Would Cethegus
Had no more danger in him ! But my guards
Are you, great Powers, and the unbated strengths
Of a firm conscience, which shall aim each step
Ta'en for the state, and teach me slack no pace
For fear of malice

Re-enter QUINTUS

How now, brother ?

Qui Cato,
And Quintus Catulus were coming to you,
And Crassus with them I have let them in
By the garden

Cic What would Crassus have ?

Qui I hear
Some whispering 'bout the gate, and making
doubt

Whether it be not yet too early, or no ?

But I do think, they are your friends and clients,
Are fearful to disturb you.

Cic. You will change
To another thought anon. Have you given the
porter
The charge I will'd you ?

Qui. Yes.

Cic. Withdraw and hearken.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Street before Cicero's House.

*Enter VARGUNTEIUS and CORNELIUS, with
armed men.*

Varg. The door's not open yet.

Cor. You were best to knock.

Var. Let them stand close then ; and, when
we are in,

Rush after us.

Cor. But where's Cethegus ?

Var. He

Has left it, since he might not do't his way.

[*Knocks.*]

Por. [*within.*] Who's there ?

Var. A friend, or more.

Por. [*within.*] I may not let
Any man in, till day.

Var. No ! why ?

Cor. Thy reason ?

Por. [*within.*] I am commanded so.

Var. By whom ?

Cor. I hope

We are not discover'd.

Var. Yes, by revelation !—

Pray thee, good slave, who has commanded thee ?

Por [*within*] He that may best, the consul

Var We are his friends

Por [*within*] All's one

Cor Best, give your name

Var Dost thou hear, fellow?

I have some instant business with the consul

My name is Vargunteus

Cic [*appears at the window above, with Cato, Catulus, and Crassus*] True, he knows it,

And for what friendly office you are sent.

Cornelius too is there—

Var We are betray'd

Cic. And desperate Cethegus, is he not?

Var Speak you, he knows my voice

Cic What say you to't?

Cor You are deceived, sir

Cic No, 'tis you are so,

Poor misled men Your states are yet worth pity,
If you would hear, and change your savage
minds

Leave to be mad, forsake your purposes
Of treason, rapine, murder, fire, and horror
The commonwealth hath eyes that wake as
sharply

Over her life, as yours do for her ruin
Be not deceived, to think her lenity
Will be perpetual, or, if men be wanting,
The gods will be, to such a calling cause
Consider your attempts, and while there's time,
Repent you of them It doth make me tremble,
There should those spirits yet breathe, that when
they cannot

Live honestly, would rather perish basely

Cato You talk too much to 'em, Marcus, they
are lost

Go forth, and apprehend them

Catu If you prove

This practice,⁷ what should let the common-
wealth

To take due vengeance ?

Var. Let us shift, away !

The darkness hath conceal'd us yet. We'll say,
Some have abused our names.

Cor. Deny it all *[Exeunt below.]*

Cato Quintus, what guards have you ? call the
tribunes' aid,

And raise the city. Consul, you are too mild,
The foulness of some facts takes thence all mercy,
Report it to the senate *[It thunders and lightens
violently on a sudden.]* Hear ! the gods

Grow angry with your patience 'Tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.

[Exeunt above.]

CHORUS

What is it, heavens, you prepare

With so much swiftness, and so sudden rising ?

There are no sons of earth that dare,

Again, rebellion² or the gods' surprising²

The world doth shake, and nature fears ;

Yet is the tumult and the horror greater

⁷ *If you prove this practice*] i. e. a piece of treachery, a stratagem, a wicked combination The word has already occurred more than once in this sense in the present play. thus, p 258 :

———what can excite

Thine anger, if this *practice* be too light ?

And again, p 263 :

———did he imagine

The gods would sleep to such a Stygian practice ?

*Within our mounds, than in our ears
 So much Rome's faults (now grown her fate) do
 threaten her*

*The priests and people run about,
 Each order, age, and sex amazed at other,
 And at the ports all thronging out,
 As if their safety were to quit their mother*

*Yet find they the same dangers there,
 From which they make such haste to be preserved
 For guilty states do ever bear*

*The plagues about them which they have deserved
 And till those plagues do get above
 The mountain of our faults, and there do sit,
 We see them not thus still we love
 Th' evil we do, until we suffer it*

*But most ambition, that near vice
 To virtue, hath the fate of Rome provoked,
 And made that now Rome's self [']s] no price
 To free her from the death wherewith she's yoked*

*That restless ill that still doth build
 Upon success, and ends not in aspiring
 But there begins, and ne'er is fill'd
 While aught remains that seems but worth desiring,*

*Wherein the thought, unlike the eye,
 To which things far seem smaller than they are,
 Deems all contentment placed on high,
 And thinks there's nothing great but what is far,*

*O, that in time Rome did not cast
 Her errors up, this fortune to prevent !
 To have seen her crimes ere they were past,
 And felt her faults before her punishment.*

ACT IV. SCENE I,

A Street at the foot of the Capitol.

[*The storm continued*]⁸

Enter the Allobrogian Ambassadors. Divers Senators pass by them, quaking and trembling.

1 *Am.* Can these men fear, who are not only
ours,

But the world's masters ! Then I see the gods
Upbraid our sufferings, or would humble them,
By sending these affrights while we are here ;
That we might laugh at their ridiculous fear,
Whose names we trembled at beyond the Alps.
Of all that pass, I do not see a face
Worthy a man ; that dares look up and stand

⁸ *The storm continued*] There is a reference to this storm, (by which the Capitol appears to have been struck) in that fine fragment of Cicero's, already quoted (p 213.) Few of his contemporaries have any thing superior to the following lines :

*Nunc ea Torquato quæ quondam, et consule Cotta
Lydius ediderat Tyrrhenæ gentis haruspex,
Omnia fixa tuus glomerans determinat annus.
Nam pater altitonans stellanti nixus Olympo,
Ipse suos quondam tumulos ac templa petivit,
Et Capitolinus iniecit sedibus ignes.*

One thunder out but downward all, like beasts,
 Running away from every flash is made
 The falling world could not deserve such baseness
 Are we employed here by our miseries,
 Like superstitious fools, or rather slaves,
 To plain our griefs, wrongs, and oppressions,
 To 'a mere clothed senate, whom our folly
 Hath made, and still intends to keep, our tyrants?
 It is our base petitionary breath
 That blows them to this greatness, which this
 prick [*Points to his sword*
 Would soon let out, if we were bold and² wretched
 When they have taken all we have, our goods,
 Crop, lands and houses, they will leave us this
 A weapon and an arm will still be found,
 Though naked left, and lower than the ground

¹ *To a mere clothed senate*] i. e. as Shakspeare expresses it, "a togged senate," men who derive their importance from their official purple. As this drama was probably deemed a learned one, the two gentlemen already mentioned, Sympson and Seward, seem to have thought that they had found a fair opportunity for the display of their scholarship, and accordingly took every occasion of obtruding their remarks on the editor, who, on his part, appears but too ready to encourage them. A mere clothed senate, Sympson would exchange for what he calls "a more poetical reading," a *fear-clothed senate*, i. e. as he judiciously explains it, "a senate whose fears enwrapt them more than their furs!" I have silently thrown out much of their lumber of course, though it has occasionally cost me some pains to abstain from exposing their absurd temerity.

² *If we were bold and wretched*] Here again the duumvirate advance their farthing candle, and actually persuade Whalley to corrupt the text. He has altered, he says, "the conjunctive particle, and to as, which, his two friends assure him, is the *justest* and *easiest* reading!" His two friends did not see that the expression was Juvenal's, *fortibus ac miseris*, nor that the concluding lines were a pretty close translation of his threat to Ponticus.

Enter CATO, CATULUS, and CICERO.

Cato Do ; uige thine anger still, good heaven
and just !

Tell guilty men what powers are above them.
In such a confidence of wickedness,
’Twas time they should know something fit to
fear.

Catu. I never saw a morn more full of horror.

Cato. To Catiline and his : but to just men,
Though heaven should speak with all his wrath
at once,

That with his breath the hinges of the world
Did crack, we should stand upright and unfear’d.

Cic. Why so we do, good Cato. Who be these ?

Catu. Ambassadors from the Allobroges,
I take them, by their habits.

¹ *Am.* Ay, these men

Seem of another race , let’s sue to these,
There’s hope of justice with their fortitude.

Cic. Friends of the senate and of Rome, to-day
We pray you to forbear us : on the morrow,
What suit you have, let us, by Fabius Sanga,
Whose patronage your state doth use, ³ but know
it,

And on the consul’s word, you shall receive
Dispatch, or else an answer worth your patience.

² *Am.* We could not hope for more, most wor-
thy consul

[Exeunt Cato, Catulus, and Cicero.]

This magistrate hath stru  k an awe into me,
And by his sweetness won a more regard
Unto his place, than all the boist’rous moods

³ *Whose patronage your state doth use,]* Every nation subjected
or allied to the Romans, had its patron in the senate, who was
bound to watch over its peculiar interests, and was, in fact,
representative.

That ignorant greatness practiseth, to fill
 The large, unfit authority it wears
 How easy is a noble spirit discern'd
 From harsh and sulphurous matter, that flies out
 In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks !
 May we find good and great men that know how
 To stoop to wants and meet necessities,
 And will not turn from any equal suits !
 Such men, they do not succour more the cause
 They undertake with favour and success,
 Than by it then own judgments they do raise,
 In turning just men's needs into their praise
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II

The Temple of Jupiter Stator

*Enter CICERO, ANTONIUS, CATO, CATULUS,
 CÆSAR, CRASSUS, and many other Senators,
 Prætor, Officers, &c*

Præ Room for the consuls ! Fathers, take
 your places
 Here in the house of Jupiter the Stayer,*
 By edict from the consul, Marcus Tullius,
 You're met, a frequent senate Hear him speak
Cic What may be happy and auspicious still
 To Rome and heris !
 Honour'd and conscript fathers,
 If I were silent, and that all the dangers
 Threat'ning the state and you, were yet so hid
 In night, or darkness thicker in their breasts,
 That are the black contrivers, so that no
 Beam of the light could pierce them, yet the
 voice
 Of heaven, this morning hath spoke loud enough

I' instruct you with a feeling of the horror,
And wake you from a sleep as stark as death
I have of late spoke often in this senate
Touching this argument, but still have wanted
Either your ears or faith, so incredible
Their plots have seem'd, or I so vain, to make
These things for mine own glory and false great-
ness.

As hath been given out But be it so
When they break forth, and shall declare them-
selves

By their too foul effects, then, then the envy
Of my just cares will find another name
For me, I am but one, and this poor life,
So lately aim'd at, not an hour yct since,
They cannot with more eagerness pursue,
Than I with gladness would lay down and lose
To buy Rome's peace, if that would purchase it
But when I see they'd make it but the step
To more and greater, unto yours, Rome's, all,
I would with those preserve it, or then fall

Cæs Ay, ay, let you alone, cunning artificer!
See how his gorget peers above his gown,*
To tell the people in what danger he was
It was absurdly done of Vargunteus,
To name himself before he was got in

Cras It matters not, so they deny it all
And can but carry the lie constantly.
Will Catiline be here?

⁂ See how his gorget pears above his gown,] This circumstance was much noticed at the time. It does not appear, however, that Cicero wore it at this debate, it was a few days before, at the election for consuls, when Catiline was a second time repulsed, that he threw open his gown and displayed his breast-plate—a circumstance to which, as he now told Catiline, was owing, not only his own safety, but that of the consuls elect, *bilanus* and *Murena*.

Cæs I have sent for him

Cras And have you bid him to be confident?

Cæs To that his own necessity will prompt him

Cras Seem to believe nothing at all that Cicero

Relates us

Cæs It will mad him

Cras O, and help

The other party

Enter Q. CICERO with the Tribunes and Guards

Who is that, his brother?

What new intelligence has he brought him now?

Cæs Some cautions from his wife, how to behave him

Cic. Place some of them without, and some bring in

Thank their kind loves it is a comfort yet,
That all depart not from their country's cause

Cæs How now, what means this muster, consul Antonius?

Ant I do not know, ask my colleague, he'll tell you

There is some reason in state that I must yield to,
And I have promised him, indeed he has bought it,
With giving me the province

Cic I profess,

It grieves me, fathers, that I am compell'd
To draw these arms, and aids for your defence,
And more, against a citizen of Rome,
Born here amongst you, a patrician,
A man, I must confess, of no mean house,
Not no small virtue, if he had employ'd
Those excellent gifts of fortune and of nature,
Unto the good, not ruin of the state

But being bred in his father's needy fortunes,
 Brought up in his sister's prostitution,
 Confirm'd in civil slaughter, entering first
 The commonwealth with murder of the gentry;
 Since, both by study and custom conversant
 With all licentiousness, what could be hoped
 In such a field of riot, but a course
 Extreme pernicious? though I must protest,
 I found his mischiefs sooner with mine eyes
 Than with my thought, and with these hands of
 mine,
 Before they touch'd at my suspicion.

Cæs. What are his mischiefs, consul? you
 , declaim

Against his manners, and corrupt your own:
 No wise man should, for hate of guilty men,
 Lose his own innocence.

Cic. The noble Cæsar
 Speaks god-like truth But when he hears I can
 Convince him, by his manners, of his mischiefs,
 He might be silent; and not cast away
 His sentences in vain, where they scarce look
 Toward his subject.

*Enter CATILINE, and sits down by CATO, who
 quits his place.*

Cato. Here he comes himself.
 If he be worthy any good man's voice,
 That good man sit down by him: Cato will not.

Catu. If Cato leave him, I'll not keep aside.
 [*Rises.*]

Cat. What face is this the senate here puts on
 Against me, fathers? give my modesty
 Leave to demand the cause of so much strange-
 ness.

Cæs. It is reported here, you are the head
 To a strange faction, Lucius.

Cic Ay, and will
Be proved against him

Cat Let it be Why, consul,
If in the commonwealth there be two bodies,
One lean, weak, rotten, and that hath a head,
The other strong and healthful, but hath none,
If I do give it one, do I offend?
Restore you selves unto your temper, fathers,
And, without perturbation, hear me speak
Remember who I am, and of what place,
What petty fellow this is that opposes,
One that hath exercised his eloquence
Still to the bane of the nobility,
A boasting, insolent tongue-man!—

Cato Peace, lewd traitor,
Or wash thy mouth He is an honest man,
And loves his country, would thou didst so too

Cat Cato, you are too zealous for him

Cato No,
Thou art too impudent

Catu Catiline, be silent

Cat^s Nay then, I easily fear my just defence
Will come too late to so much prejudice

Cæs Will he sit down? [Aside

Cat Yet let the world forsake me,
My innocence must not

Cato Thou innocent!
So are the Furies

Cic Yes, and Até too
Dost thou not blush,^a pernicious Catiline,

^a *Dost thou not blush, &c*] In what has already passed, Jon-
son has made use of various authorities, in what follows he
principally confines himself to Cicero's first oration against Ca-
tiline Of this version, (for it is no other,) he was not a little
vain and certainly, as a scholastic exercise, it has many
claims to praise As part of a scenic representation, it fails in
the essential qualities of action and interest

On both the paleness of thy guilt drunk up
 Thy blood, and drawn thy veins as dry of that,
 As is thy heart of truth, thy breast of virtue?
 Whither at length wilt thou abuse our patience?
 Still shall thy fury mock us! to what license
 Dares thy unbridled boldness run itself!
 Do all the nightly guards kept on the palace,
 The city's watches, with the people's fears,
 The concourse of all good men, this so strong
 And fortified seat here of the senate,
 The present looks upon thee, strike thee nothing?
 Dost thou not feel thy counsels all laid open,
 And see thy wild conspiracy bound in
 With-each man's knowledge? Which of all this
 order

Canst thou think ignorant, if they will but utter
 Their conscience to the right, of what thou didst
 Last night, what on the former, where thou wert,
 Whom thou didst call together, what your plots
 were?

O age and manners! this the consul sees,
 The senate understands, yet this man lives!—
 Lives! ay, and comes here into council with us,
 Partakes the public cares, and with his eye
 Marks and points out each man of us to slaughter.
 And we, good men, do satisfy the state,
 If we can shun but this man's sword and madness.
 There was that virtue once in Rome, when good
 men

Would, with more sharp coercion, have restrain'd
 A wicked citizen, than the deadliest foe.
 We have that law still, Catiline, for thee,
 An act as grave as sharp. the state's not wanting,
 Nor the authority of this senate, we,
 We that are consuls, only fail our selves
 This twenty days the edge of that decree
 We have let dull and rust; kept it shut up,
 As in a sheath, which drawn, should take thy head.

Yet still thou liv'st and liv'st not to lay by
 Thy wicked confidence, but to confirm it
 I could desire, grave fathers, to be found
 Still merciful, to seem, in these main perils
 Grasping the state, a man remiss and slack,
 But then I should condemn myself of sloth,
 And treachery Their camp's in Italy,
 Pitch'd in the jaws here of Hetruria,
 Their numbers daily increasing, and their general
 Within our walls, nay, in our council ' plotting
 Hourly some fatal mischief to the public
 If, Catiline, I should command thee now,
 Here to be taken, kill'd, I make just doubt,
 Whether all good men would not think it done
 Rather too late, than any man too cruel

Cato Except he were of the same meal and
 batch

Cic But that which ought to have been done
 long since,

I will, and for good reason, yet forbear
 Then will I take thee, when no man is found
 So lost, so wicked, nay, so like thy self,
 But shall profess, 'tis done of need and right
 While there is one that dares defend thee, live,
 Thou shalt have leave, but so as now thou liv'st,
 Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and oppress'd
 From working least commotion to the state.
 I have those eyes and ears shall still keep guard,
 And spie on thee, as they've ever done,
 And thou not feel it What then canst thou hope?
 If neither night can with her darkness hide
 Thy wicked meetings, nor a private house
 Can, in her walls, contain the guilty whispers
 Of thy conspiracy if all break out,
 All be discover'd, change thy mind at last,
 And lose thy thoughts of ruin, flame, and slaughter.

Remember how I told here to the senate,

That such a day thy lictor, Caius Manlius,
 Would be in arms. Was I deceived, Catiline,
 Or in the fact, or in the time, the hour?
 I told too in this senate, that thy purpose
 Was, on the fifth o' the kalends of November,⁵
 To have slaughter'd this whole order. which my
 caution

Made many leave the city Canst thou here
 Deny, but this thy black design was hinder'd
 That very day, by me² thy self closed in
 Within my strengths, so that thou could'st not
 move

Against a public reed;⁶ when thou wert heard
 To say upon the parting of the rest,
 Thou would'st content thee with the murder of us
 That did remain² Hadst thou not hope beside,

⁵ ————— *Thy purpose*

Was on the fifth (the kalends) of November &c] Tully's
 word's are, *Disi ego illum in senatu, eodem te optumatum contu-*
lisse in ante diem v kalend Novembri So that we have here a slight
 mistake The *kalends* of a month, as every one knows, are the
 first day of the month So that *the fifth*, and *the kalends* of No-
 vember cannot possibly be the same day. We must read there-
 fore, agreeably to the Latin.

————— *thy purpose*

Was on the fifth o' the kalends of November WHAL

The quarto reads, without a parenthesis,

“Was on the fifth the kalends of November,”

so that we want only the *o'*, which probably dropt out at the
 press.

⁶ *So that thou could'st not move*

Against a public reed?] “The ingenious Mr. Sympson”
 (Mr. Sympson again!) observes, that we should read, “Against
 the public *mal*” And so it actually stands in Whalley's edition,
 together with a grave comment on the errors of printers and
 transcribers. Catiline was so closely hemm'd in, by Cicero's
 precautions, that he had not power to shake even a reed be-
 longing to the republic This is the obvious sense of the pas-
 sage, which runs thus in the original. *Commutere te contra*
republicam non potuisse.

By a surprise by night to take Præneste?
 Where when thou cam'st, didst thou not find the
 place
 Made good against thee with my aids, my
 watches?
 My garrisons fortified it Thou dost nothing,
 Seigius,
 Thou canst endeavour nothing, nay, not think,
 But I both see and hear it, and am with thee,
 By and before, about and in thee too
 Call but to mind thy last night's business'—
 Come,
 I'll use no circumstance—at Lecca's house,
 The shop and mint of your conspiracy,
 Among your sword-men, where so many asso-
 ciates
 Both of thy mischief and thy madness met
 Dar'st thou deny this? wherefore art thou silent?
 Speak, and this shall convince thee here they are,
 I see them in this senate, that were with thee
 O, ye immortal Gods! in what clime are we,
 What region do we live in, in what air?
 What commonwealth or state is this we have?
 Here, here, amongst us, our own number, fathers,
 In this most holy council of the world
 They are, that seek the spoil of me, of you,
 Of ours, of all, what I can name's too narrow
 Follow the sun, and find not their ambition
 These I behold, being consul, nay, I ask
 Their counsels of the state, as from good patriots
 Whom it were fit the axe should hew in pieces,
 I not so much as wound yet with my voice
 Thou wast last night with Lecca, Catiline,
 Your shares of Italy you there divided,

? *Call but to mind thy last night's business—*] This meeting
 of the conspirators (which was the last) took place on the
 evening of the sixth of November, A U 690

Appointed who, and whither each should go ;
 What men should stay behind in Rome, were
 chosen,

Your offices set down , the parts mark'd out,
 And places of the city, for the fire ;
 Thy self, thou affirm'dst, wast ready to depart,
 Only a little let there was that stay'd thee,
 That I yet lived. Upon the word, stepp'd forth
 Three of thy crew, to rid thee of that care ;
 Two undertook this morning, before day,
 To kill me in my bed All this I knew,
 Your convent scarce dismiss'd, aim'd all my
 servants,

Call'd both my brother and friends, shut out
 your clients

You sent to visit me , whose names I told
 To some there of good place, before they came.

Cato Yes, I, and Quintus Catulus can affirm it.

Cæs. He's lost and gone ! His spirits have
 forsook him [*Aside.*

Cic. If this be so, why, Catiline, dost thou
 stay ?

Go where thou mean'st. The ports are open ;
 forth !

The camp abroad wants thee, their chief, too long.
 Lead with thee all thy troops out ; purge the city.
 Draw dry that noisome and pernicious sink,
 Which, left behind thee, would infect the world.
 Thou wilt free me of all my fears at once,
 To see a wall between us Dost thou stop
 To do that, now commanded, which, before,
 Of thine own choice, thou wert prone to ? Go !
 the consul

Bids thee, an enemy, to depart the city :
 Whither, thou'lt ask, to exile ? I not bid
 Thee that . but ask my counsel, I persuade it

What is there here in Rome, that can delight
thee ?

Where not a soul, without thine own foul knot,
But fears and hates thee What domestic note
Of private filthiness, but is burnt in
Into thy life, what close and secret shame,
But is grown one with thine own infamy ?
What lust was ever absent from thine eyes,
What lewd fact from thy hands, what wickedness
From thy whole body ? where's that youth drawn

in

Within thy nets, or catch'd up with thy baits,
Before whose rage thou hast not borne a sword,
And to whose lusts thou hast not held a torch ?
Thy latter nuptials I let pass in silence,
Where sins incredible on sins were heap'd,
Which I not name, lest in a civil state
So monstrous facts should either appear to be,
Or not to be revenged Thy fortunes too
I glance not at, which hang but till next ides ^s
I come to that which is more known, more public,
The life and safety of us all, by thee
Threaten'd and sought Stood st thou not in the
field,*

When Lepidus and Tullus were our consuls,
Upon the day of choice, arm'd, and with forces,
To take their lives, and our chief citizens ?

^s ——— *Thy fortunes too*

I glance not at, which hang but till next ides] That being
the time when the money lenders of Rome were used to call
in their respective loans We have an instance in those well-
known verses of Horace

*Hæc ubi locutus fenerator Alphus,
Jamjam futurus rusticus,
Omnem elegit idibus pecuniam,
Quæret calendis ponere* W^HAL

———— in the field,] i e the Campus Martius

When not thy fear, nor conscience changed thy
 mind,
 But the mere fortune of the commonwealth
 Withstood thy active malice? Speak but right.
 How often hast thou made attempt on me?
 How many of thy assaults have I declined
 With shifting but my body, as we'd say?
 Wiest thou thy dagger from thy hand how oft?
 How often hath it fallen, or slipt, by chance?
 Yet can thy side not want it. which, how vow'd,
 Or with what rites tis sacred of thee, I know not,
 That still thou mak'st it a necessity,
 To fix it in the body of a consul
 But let me lose this way, and speak to thee,
 Not as one moved with hatred, which I ought,
 But pity, of which none is owing thee.

Cato No more than unto Tantalus or Tityus.⁹

Cic Thou cam'st awhile into this senate:
 Who

Of such a frequency, so many friends
 And kindred thou hast here, saluted thee?
 Were not the seats made bare upon thy entrance?
 Risse not the consular men, and left their places,
 So soon as thou sat'st down, and fled thy side,
 Like to a plague or ruin, knowing how oft
 They had by thee been mark'd out for the sham-
 bles?

How dost thou bear this? Surely, if my slaves
 At home fear'd me with half the affright and
 horror,

That here thy fellow-citizens do thee,

⁹ *Cato. No more than unto Tantalus or Tityus*] Poor Tan-
 talus is rather awkwardly brought in.—This long harangue,
 which would fatigue the lungs of any actor, and exercise the
 patience of any audience, is but tamely interrupted by Cato,
 who is sacrificed to the hero of the day.

I should soon quit my house, and think it need
too

Yet thou dar'st tarry here! go forth at last,
Condemn thy self to flight and solitude
Discharge the common ealth of her deep fear —
Go, into banishment, if thou wait'st the word
Why dost thou look? they all consent unto it
Dost thou expect the authority of their voices,
Whose silent wills condemn thee? while they sit,
They approve it, while they suffer it, they de-
ceit it,

And while they are silent to it, they proclaim it
Prove thou there honest, I'll endure the envy
But there's no thought thou shouldst be ever he,
Whom either shame should call from filthiness,
Terror from danger, or discourse from fury
Go, I entreat thee yet why do I so?
When I already know they are sent afore,
That tarry for thee in arms, and do expect thee
On the Aurelian way I know the day
Set down 'twixt thee and Manlius, unto whom
The silver eagle too is sent before,
Which I do hope shall prove to thee as baneful
As thou conceiv'st it to the commonwealth
But, may this wise and sacred senate say,
What mean'st thou Marcus Tullius? if thou
know'st

That Catiline be look'd for to be chief
Of an intestine war, that he's the author
Of such a wickedness, the caller out
Of men of mark in mischief, to an action
Of so much horror, prince of such a treason,
Why dost thou send him forth? why let him
scape?

This is to give him liberty and power
Rather thou should'st lay hold upon him, send him
To deserv'd death, and a just punishment

To these so holy voices thus I answer.
 If I did think it timely, conscript fathers,
 To punish him with death, I would not give
 The fence use of one short hour to breathe;
 But when there are in this grave order some,
 Who, with soft censures, still do nurse his hopes;
 Some that, with not believing, have confirm'd
 His designs more, and whose authority
 The weaker, as the worst men too, have follow'd,
 I would now send him where they all should see
 Clear as the light, his heart shine; where no man
 Could be so wickedly or fondly stupid,
 But should cry out, he saw, touch'd, felt and
 gasp'd it.
 Then, when he hath run out himself, led forth
 His desperate party with him, blown together
 Aids of all kinds, both shipwreck'd minds and
 fortunes;
 Not only the grown evil that now is sprung
 And sprouted forth, would be pluck'd up and
 weeded,
 But the stock, root, and seed of all the mischiefs
 Choaking the common wealth where, should we
 take,
 Of such a swarm of traitors, only him.
 Our cares and fears might seem a while relieved,
 But the main peril would bide still inclosed
 Deep in the veins and bowels of the state.
 As human bodies labouring with fevers,
 While they are tost with heat, if they do take
 Cold water, seem for that short space much eased,
 But afterward are ten times more afflicted.
 Wherefore, I say, let all this wicked crew
 Depart, divide themselves from good men, gather
 Their forces to one head; as I said oft,

* ———— where, *should we take*, &c.] i. e. whereas. See
 our old writers, *passim*.

Let them be sever'd from us with a wall,
 Let them leave off attempts upon the consul
 In his own house, to circle in the prætor,
 To gird the court with weapons, to prepare
 Fire and balls, swords, torches, sulphur, brands,
 In short, let it be writ in each man's forehead
 What thoughts he bears the public I here
 promise,

Fathers conscript, to you, and to myself,
 That diligence in us consuls, for my honour'd
 Colleague abroad, and for myself at home,
 So great authority in you, so much
 Virtue in these, the gentlemen of Rome,
 Whom I could scarce restrain to-day in zeal
 From seeking out the parricide, to slaughter,
 So much consent in all good men and minds,
 As on the going out of this one Catiline,
 All shall be clear, made plain, oppress'd, revenged
 And with this omen go, pernicious plague!
 Out of the city, to the wish'd destruction #

* *And with this omen go, &c.]* There is no part of Cicero's speech which Jonson has laboured so much, or so successfully, as that which relates to his urging Catiline to go into voluntary exile. Cicero himself seems to have been particularly anxious on this head. The celebrated speech before us, was made, in the senate, on the seventh of November, on the eighth, the consul called the people together in the Forum, and again directed his eloquence, principally to the same point. That he convinced his auditors, is highly probable, but he must have been aware that the driving of Catiline out of the city, and thus allowing him to take the command of the insurgents, was a doubtful, not to say a dangerous step. Indeed, it had nearly proved a fatal one, for Catiline was much stronger than was commonly supposed, and his final destruction was not accomplished without a vast effusion of blood. "The victory (as Sallust says) fell indeed to the republic, but it was accompanied with such loss, as to check all feeling of joy, since the bravest of the troops were either killed in the action, or left it grievously wounded, and unfit for service."

Of thee and those, that, to the ruin of her,
 Have ta'en that bloody and black sacrament.
 Thou, Jupiter, whom we do call the *STAYE*
 Both of this city and this empire, wilt,
 With the same auspice thou didst raise it first,
 Drive from thy altars, and all other temples,
 And buildings of this city, from our walls,
 Lives, states and fortunes of our citizens,
 This fiend, this fury, with his complices
 And all th' offence of good men, these known
 traitors

Unto their country, thieves of Italy,
 Join'd in so damn'd a league of mischief, thou
 Wilt with perpetual plagues, alive and dead,
 Punish for Rome, and save her innocent head.

Cat. If an oration, or high language, fathers,
 Could make me guilty, here is one hath done it:
 He has strove to emulate this morning's thunder,
 With his prodigious rhetoric. But I hope
 This senate is more grave, than to give credit
 Rashly to all he vomits, 'gainst a man
 Of your own order, a patrician,
 And one whose ancestors have more deserv'd
 Of Rome than this man's eloquence could utter,
 Turn'd the best way, as still it is the worst.

Cato. His eloquence hath more deserv'd to-day,
 Speaking thy ill, than all thy ancestors
 Did, in their good; and that the state will find,
 Which he hath saved

Cat. How, he! were I that enemy
 That he would make me, I did not wish the state
 More wretched than to need his preservation.
 What do you make him, Cato, such a Hercules?
 An Atlas? a poor petty inmate!

Cato. Traitor!

Cat. He save the state! a burgess' son of
 Alpinum.

The gods would rather twenty Romes should
perish

Than have that contumely stuck upon them,
That he should share with them in the preserving
A shed, or sign-post

Cato Peace, thou prodigy !

Cat They would be forced themselves again,
and lost

In the first rude and indigested heap,
Ere such a wretched name as Cicero
Should sound with theirs

Catu Away, thou impudent head

Cat Do you all back him ? are you silent too ?
Well, I will leave you, fathers, I will go

[*He turns suddenly on Cicero*

But—my fine dainty speaker——

Cic What now, fury,

Wilt thou assault me here ?

Omnes Help, aid the consul

Cat See, fathers, laugh you not ? who threat-
en'd him ?

In vain thou dost conceive, ambitious orator,
Hope of so brave a death as by this hand

Cato Out of the court with the pernicious
traitor

Cat There is no title that this flattering
senate,

Nor honour the base multitude can give thee,
Shall make thee worthy Catiline's anger

Cato Stop,

Stop that portentous mouth

Cat Or when it shall,

I'll look thee dead

Cato Will none restrain the monster ?

Catu Parricide !

Qui Butcher ! traitor ! leave the senate

Cat. I am gone to banishmen, to please you,
fathers,
Thrust headlong forth!

Cato. Still dost thou mumber, monster?

Cat. Since I am thus put out, and made a——

Cic. What?

Catu. Not guiltier than thou art

Cat. I will not burn
Without my funeral pile.

Cato. What says the fiend?

Cat. I will have matter, timber.

Cato. Sing out, screech-owl.

Cat. It shall be in——

Catu. Speak thy imperfect thoughts.

Cat. The common fire, rather than mine
own;
For fall I will with all, ere fall alone.

[*Rushes out of the Senate.*]

Cra. He's lost, there is no hope of him.

[*Aside to Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Unless
He presently take arms, and give a blow
Before the consuls' forces can be levied.

Cic. What is your pleasure, fathers, shall be
done?

Catu. See,^a that the commonwealth receive no
loss

Cato. Commit the care thereof unto the con-
suls.

Cra. 'Tis time.

Cæs. And need. [*Goes aside with Crassus.*]

Cic. Thanks to this frequent senate.

^a See, that the commonwealth receive no loss] The usual form
of committing supreme authority to the consuls *Videant Con-*
sules, ne quid detrimenti capiat Respublica.

But what decee they unto Curius,
And Fulvia ?

Catu What the consul shall think meet

Cic They must receive reward, though it be
not known,

Lest when a state needs ministers, they've none

Cato Yet, Marcus Tullius, do not I believe,
But Crassus and this Cæsar here ring hollow

Cic And would appear so, if that we durst
prove them

Cato Why dare we not ? what honest act is
that,

The Roman senate should not dare, and do ?

Cic Not an unprofitable dangerous act,
To stir too many serpents up at once
Cæsar and Crassus, if they be ill men,
Are mighty ones, and we must so provide,
That while we take one head from this foul
hydra,

There spring not twenty more

Cato I approve your counsel

Cic They shall be watch'd and look'd to Till
they do

Declare themselves, I will not put them out
By any question There they stand I'll make
Myself no enemies, nor the state no traitors

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III

Catiline's House

Enter CATILINE, LENTULUS, CETHEGUS, CURIUS,
GABINIUS, LONGINUS, *and* STATILIUS

Cat False to ourselves and our designs dis-
covered
To this state come

Cet Ay, had I had my way,
He had mowed in flames at home, not in the
senate,
I had singed his furs by this time

Cat Well, there's now
No time of calling back, or standing still
Friends, be yourselves, keep the same Roman
hearts

And ready minds you had yesterday Prepare
To execute what we resolv'd, and let not
Labour, or danger, or discovery fright you
I'll to the army, you, the while, mature
Things here at home draw to you any aids
That you think fit, of men of all conditions,
Of any fortunes, that may help a war
I'll bleed a life, or win an empire for you
Within these few days look to see my ensigns
Here, at the walls be you but firm within
Mean time, to draw an envy on the consul,
And give a less suspicion of our course,
Let it be given out here in the city,
That I am gone, an innocent man, to exile
Into Massilia, willing to give way
To fortune and the times, being unable
To stand so great a faction, without troubling

The commonwealth, whose peace I rather seek,
 Than all the glory of contention,
 Or the support of mine own innocence
 Farewell the noble Lentulus, Longinus,
 Curius, the rest, and thou, my better genius,
 The brave Cethegus when we meet again,
 We'll sacrifice to liberty

Cet And revenge,

That we may praise our hands once

Len O ye fates,

Give fortune now her eyes, to see with whom
 She goes along, that she may ne'er forsake him

Cur He needs not her nor them Go but on,
Sergius

A valiant man is his own fate and fortune

Lon The fate and fortune of us all go with
 him!

Gab Sta And ever guard him!

Cat I am all your creature *[Exit*

Len Now, friends, 'tis left with us I have
 already

Dealt by Umbrenus with the Allobroges

Here resiant in Rome,³ whose state, I hear,

Is discontent with the great usuries

They are oppress'd with and have made com-
 plaints

Divers unto the senate, but all vain

These men I have thought (both for their own
 oppressions,

As also that by nature they're a people

Warlike and fierce, still watching after change,

And now in present hatred with our state,)

³ *Here resiant in Rome*] *Resiant* was common with our an-
 cestors for resident It is now a mere law term The last person
 in whose writings it occurs, as a current expression, is, I believe,
 sir John Hawkins, who has it, more than once, in his *Life of*
Dr Johnson.

The fittest, and the easiest to be drawn
 To our society, and to aid the war :
 The rather for their seat ; being next borderiers
 On Italy ; and that they abound with horse,
 Of which one want our câmp doth only labour :
 And I have found them coming. They will meet
 Soon at Sempronia's house, where I would pray
 you

All to be present, to confirm them more.
 The sight of such spirits hurts not, nor the store.

Gab. I will not fail.

Sta Nor I.

Cur. Nor I.

Cæt. Would I

Had somewhat by myself apart to do ;
 I have no genius to these many counsels :
 Let me kill all the senate for my share,
 I'll do it at next sitting.

Len. Worthy Caius,
 Your presence will add much.

Cæt. I shall mar more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.,

The House of Biutus.

Enter CICERO and SANGA.

Cic. The state's beholden to you, Fabius Sanga,
 For this great care : and those Allobroges
 Are more than wretched, if they lend a listening
 To such persuasion.

San. They, most worthy consul,
 As men employ'd here from a griev'd state,
 Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,
 And being told there was small hope of ease

To be expected to their evils from hence,
 We're willing at the first to give an ear
 To any thing that sounded liberty
 But since, on better thoughts, and my urg'd
 reasons,
 They're come about, and won to the true side
 The fortune of the commonwealth has conquer'd
 Cic What is that same Umbrenus was the
 agent?
 San One that hath had negociation
 In Gallia oft, and known unto their state
 Cic Are the ambassadors come with you?
 San Yes
 Cic Well, bring them in, if they be firm and
 honest,
 Never had men the means so to deserve
 Of Rome as they [*Exit Sanga*]. A happy wish'd
 occasion,
 And thrust into my hands for the discovery
 And manifest conviction of these traitors
 Be thank'd, O Jupiter!

Re-enter SANGA with the Allobrogean Ambassadors

My worthy lords,
 Confederates of the senate, you are welcome!
 I understand by Quintus Fabius Sanga,
 Your careful patron here, you have been lately
 Solicited against the commonwealth,
 By one Umbrenus—take a seat, I pray you—
 From Publius Lentulus, to be associates
 In their intended war. I could, advise,
 That men whose fortunes are yet flourishing,
 And are Rome's friends, would not without a
 cause
 Become her enemies, and mix themselves
 And their estates with the lost hopes of Catiline,

Or Lentulus, whose mere despair doth aim them :
 That were to hazard certainties for all,
 And undergo all danger for a voice
 Believe me, friends, loud tumults are not laid
 With half the easiness that they are raised
 All may begin a war, but few can end it
 The senate have decreed that my colleague
 Shall lead their army against Catiline,
 And have declared both him and Manlius traitors
 Metellus Celer hath already given
 Part of their troops defeat. Honours are promised
 To all will quit them, and rewards proposed
 Even to slaves, that can detect their courses.
 Here in the city, I have, by the prætors
 And tribunes, placed my guards and watches so,
 That not a foot can tread, a breath can whisper,
 But I have knowledge And be sure, the senate
 And people of Rome, of their accustomed greatness,

Will sharply and severely vindicate
 Not only any fact, but any practice
 Or purpose 'gainst the state. therefore, my lords,
 Consult of your own ways, and think which hand
 Is best to take. You now are present suitors
 For some redress of wrongs: I'll undertake
 Not only that shall be assured you, but
 What grace, or privilege else, senate or people
 Can cast upon you worthy such a service,
 As you have now the way and means to do them,
 If but your wills consent with my designs.

1 *Amb.* We covet nothing more, most worthy
 consul.

And howsoever we have been tempted lately
 To a defection, that not makes us guilty
 We are not yet so wretched in our fortunes,
 Nor in our wills so lost, as to abandon
 A friendship, prodigally, of that price,

As is the senate and the people of Rome's,
For hopes that do precipitate themselves

Cic You then are wise and honest Do but
this then—

When shall you speak with Lentulus and the
rest?

1 Amb We are to meet anon at Brutus' house

Cic Who, Decius Brutus? he is not in Rome

San O, but his wife Sempionia

Cic You instruct me,

She is a chief Well, fail not you to meet them,

And to express the best affection

You can put on, to all that they intend

Like it, applaud it, give the commonwealth

And senate lost to 'em promise any aids

By aims or counsel What they can desire,

I would have you prevent Only say this,

You have had dispatch in private by the consul,

Of your affairs, and for the many fears

The state's now in, you are will'd by him this
evening

To depart Rome which you, by all sought means,

Will do, of reason, to decline suspicion

Now for the more authority of the business

They have trusted to you, and to give it credit

With your own state at home, you would desire

Their letters to your senate and your people,

Which shewn, you durst engage both life and
honour,

The rest should every way answer their hopes

Those had, pretend sudden departure, you,

And as you give me notice at what port

You will go out, I'll have you intercepted,

And all the letters taken with you so

As you shall be redeem'd in all opinions,

And they convicted of their manifest treason

Ill deeds are well turn'd back upon their authors,

And 'gainst an injurer the revenge is just.

This must be done now

1 *Amb* Cheerfully and firmly,
We are they would rather haste to undertake it,
Than stay to say so

Cic. With that confidence, go.
Make yourselves happy while you make Rome so.
By Sanga let me have notice from you.

1 *Amb* Yes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. V.

A Room in Brutus' (Sempionia's) House

Enter SEMPRONIA and LENTULUS.

Sem. When come these creatures, the ambas-
sadors?

I would fain see them. Are they any scholars?

Len I think not, madam.

Sem. Have they no Greek?

Len. No surely.

Sem. Fie, what do I here waiting on 'em then,
If they be nothing but mere statesmen?

Len Yes,

Your ladyship shall observe their gravity,
And their reservedness, their many cautions,
Fitting their persons.

Sem. I do wonder much,
That states and commonwealths employ not
women

To be ambassadors, sometimes we should
Do as good public service, and could make
As honourable spies, for so Thucydides
Calls all ambassadors—

Enter CLTHEGUS

Are they come, Cethegus?

Cet Do you ask me? am I your scout or bawd?

Len O, Caius, it is no such business

Cet No!

What does a woman at it then?

Sem Good sir,

There are of us can be as exquisite traitors,
As e'er a male-conspirator of you all

Cet Ay, at smock-treason, matron, I believe
you,

And if I were your husband,—but when I
Trust to your cobweb-bosoms any other,
Let me there die a fly, and feast you, spider

Len You are too sour and harsh, Cethegus

Cet You

Are kind and courtly I'd be torn in pieces,
With wild Hippolytus, nay prove the death
Every limb over, ere I'd trust a woman
With wind, could I retain it

Sem Sir, they'll be trusted

With as good secrets yet as you have any,
And carry them too as close and as conceal'd,
As you shall for your heart

Cet I'll not contend with you

Either in tongue or carriage, good Calypso.

Enter LONGINUS

Lon The ambassadors are come,

Cet Thanks to thee, Mercury,
That so hast rescued me!

*Enter VOLTURTIUS, STATILIUS, and GABINIUS,
with the Allobrogian Ambassadors.*

Len How now, Volturtius?

Vol. They do desire some speech with you in private

Len O! 'tis about the prophecy belike,
And promise of the Sibyls. [*He takes them apart.*

Gab It may be.

Sem Shun they to treat with me too?

Gab. No, good, lady,
You may partake, I have told them who you are
Sem. I should be loth to be left out, and here too.

Cet Can these, or such, be any aids to us?
Look they as they were built to shake the world,
Or be a moment to our enterprize?

A thousand such as they are, could not make
One atom of our souls. They should be men
Worth heaven's fear, that looking up but thus,
Would make Jove stand upon his guard, and draw
Himself within his thunder; which, amazed,
He should discharge in vain, and they unhurt:
Or if they were like Capaneus at Thebes,
They should hang dead upon the highest spires,
And ask the second bolt⁴ to be thrown down.—
Why, Lentulus, talk you so long? this time
Had been enough to have scatter'd all the stars,
To have quench'd the sun and moon, and made
the world

Despair of day, or any light but ours.

Len. How do you like this spirit? In such men

⁴ *And ask the second bolt*] So the folios 1616 and 1640, the quartos 1611 and 1635 have *charge* instead of *bolt*. There are other petty variations which I have not thought it necessary to notice: contenting myself, in general, with the readings of that excellent old copy, the first folio.

Mankind doth live they are such souls as these,
That move the world

Sem Ay, though he bear me hard,
I yet must do him right he is a spirit
Of the right Mutian blood

1 Amb He is a Mars
Would we had time to live here, and admire him!
Len Well, I do see you would prevent the
consul,

And I commend your care, it was but reason,
To ask our letters, and we had prepared them
Go in, and we will take an oath, and seal them
You shall have letters too to Catiline,
To visit him i' the way, and to confirm
The association This our friend, Voltutius,
Shall go along with you Tell our great general
That we are ready here, that Lucius Bestia,
The tribune, is provided of a speech,
To lay the envy of the war^s on Cicero,
That all but long for his approach and person,
And then you are made freemen as ourselves
[*Ereunt*]

SCENE VI

A Room in Cicero's House

Enter CICERO, FLACCUS, and POMTINIUS

Cic I cannot fear the war but to succeed well,
Both for the honour of the cause, and worth
Of him that doth command for my colleague,
Being so ill affected with the gout,

^s *To lay the envy of the war,*] Jonson uses envy in the old sense of ill will, hatred, violent injury, &c So in a former passage "*Mil* I fear this will procure him much *envy* *Cor* O —if he had no *enemies*," &c Vol II p 21 And in Reynolds,

Will not be able to be there in person;
 And then Petreius, his lieutenant, must
 Of need take charge o' the army; who is much
 The better soldier,⁶ having been a tribune,
 Præfect, lieutenant, prætor in the war,
 These thirty years, so conversant in the army,
 As he knows all the soldiers by their names.

Flac. They'll fight then bravely with him.

Pom. Ay, and he
 Will lead them on as bravely.

Cic. They have a foe
 Will ask their braveries, whose necessities
 Will arm him like a fury. but, however,
 I'll trust it to the manage and the fortune
 Of good Petreius, who's a worthy patriot:
 Metellus Celer, with three legions too,
 Will stop their course for Gallia.

Enter FABIVS SANGA.

How now, Fabius?

San. The train hath taken. You must instantly

"She (the murderer) is in tears at her apprehension, but they
 rather engender *envy* than pity." *Hist. VI* Again,

"If I make a lie

"To gain your heart, and *envy* my best mistress,

"Pin me against a wall." *The Pilgrim.*

⁶ ————— *who is much*

The better soldier,] Petreius was indeed an excellent soldier; and the choice of him upon this occasion was not the least of Cicero's merits. The consul Antonius was more than suspected of partiality to the cause of Catiline; but the firmness and vigour of Petreius kept him steady to the republic, and produced that *fit of the gout* mentioned above, which threw the command of the army into the hands of the lieutenant. In the convulsions which followed, Petreius espoused the cause of Pompey, and, after the loss of the battle of Thapsus, fell on his sword, to avoid the wrath of Cæsar, who was justly incensed against him for his cruelty to his prisoners.

Dispose your guards upon the Milvian bridge,
For by that way they mean to come

Cic Then thither,

Pomtinus and Flaccus, I must pray you
To lead that force you have, and seize them all,
Let not a person 'scape the ambassadors
Will yield themselves If there be any tumult,
I'll send you aid [*Exeunt* FLACCUS and POMTI-
NIUS] I, in mean time, will call

Lentulus to me, Gabinius and Cethegus,
Statilius, Ceparius, and all these
By several messengers who no doubt will come
Without sense or suspicion Prodigious men
Feel not their own stock wasting When I have
them,

I'll place those guards upon them, that they start
not

San But what will you do with Sempronia?

Cic A state's anger

Should not take knowledge either of fools or
women

I do not know whether my joy or care
Ought to be greater, that I have discover'd
So foul a treason, or must undergo
The envy of so many great men's fate
But happen what there can, I will be just,
My fortune may forsake me, not my virtue
That shall go with me, and before me still,
And glad me doing well, though I hear ill?

[*Exeunt*

⁷ ————— *though I hear ill*] i.e. though I am
evil spoken of Vol III p 161

SCENE VII.

The Milvian Bridge.

Enter FLACCUS and POMTINIUS, with guards, on one side, and VOLTURIUS with the Allobrogian Ambassadors, on the other.

Flac Stand ! who goes there ?

1 Amb We are the Allobroges,
And friends of Rome

Pom. If you be so, then yield
Yourselves unto the prætors, who, in name
Of the whole senate, and the people of Rome,
Yet till you clear yourselves, charge you of
practice
Against the state.

Vol. Die, friends, and be not taken.

Flac What voice is that ? down with them all.

1 Amb. We yield.

Pom What's he stands out ? Kill him there.

Vol Hold, hold, hold.

I yield upon conditions.

Flac. We give none
To traitors ; strike him down.

Vol. My name's Volturcius,
I know Pomtinus.

Pom. But he knows not you,
While you stand out upon these traitorous terms.

Vol I'll yield upon the safety of my life.

Pom. If it be forfeited, we cannot save it.

Vol Promise to do your best. I'm not so guilty

* *The Milvian Bridge*] (Ponte Molle) was about two miles from Rome. It was built about half a century before this period, by Æmilius Scaurus.

*One while we thought him innocent ;
And then we accused
The consul, for his malice spent,
And power abused.*

*Since that we hear he is in arms,
We think not so .
Yet charge the consul with our harms,
That let him go.*

*So in our censure of the state,
We still do wander ;
And make the careful magistrate
The mark of slander.*

*What age is this, where honest men,
Placed at the helm,
A sea of some foul mouth or pen
Shall overwhelm ?*

*And call their diligence, deceit ;
Their virtue, vice ,
Their watchfulness, but lying in wait ;
And blood, the price ?*

*O, let us pluck this evil seed
Out of our spirits ,
And give to every noble deed
The name it merits.*

*Lest we seem fallen, if this endures,
Into those times,
To love disease,⁹ and brook the cures
Worse than the crimes.*

⁹ To love disease, &c.] See p. 10.

ACT V SCENE I

*Etruria The Country near Fesulæ**Enter PETREIUS, marching, at the head of his Army*

Pet It is my fortune and my glory, soldiers,
This day, to lead you on, the worthy consul
Kept from the honour of it by disease
And I am proud to have so brave a cause
To exercise your arms in We not now
Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and
large
Th' extent and bounds o' the people of Rome
shall be,
But to retain what our great ancestors,
With all their labours, counsels, arts, and actions,
For us, were purchasing so many years
The quarrel is not now of fame, of tribute,
Or of wrongs done unto confederates,
For which the army of the people of Rome
Was wont to move but for your own republic,
For the raised temples of the immortal Gods,
For all your fortunes, altars, and your fires,
For the dear souls of your loved wives and chil-
dren,
Your parents' tombs, your rites, laws, liberty,
And, briefly, for the safety of the world,
Against such men, as only by their crimes
Are known, thrust out by riot, want, or rashness
One sort, Sylla's old troops, left here in Fesulæ,
Who, suddenly made rich in those dire times,
Are since, by their unbounded, vast expense,

Grown needy and poor; and have but left to
 expect
 From Catiline new bills, and new proscriptions.
 These men, they say, are valiant; yet, I think
 them

Not worth your pause for either their old virtue
 Is in their sloth and pleasures lost; or, if
 It tairry with them, so ill match to yours,
 As they are short in number or in cause.
 The second sort are of those city-beasts,
 Rather than citizens, who, whilst they reach
 After our fortunes, have let fly their own;
 These whelm'd in wine, swell'd up with meats,
 and weaken'd

With hourly whoredoms, never left the side
 Of Catiline in Rome, nor here are loosed
 From his embraces such as, trust me, never
 In riding or in using well their arms,
 Watching, or other military labour,
 Did exercise their youth, but learn'd to love,
 Drink, dance, and sing, make feasts, and be fine
 gamesters.

And these will wish more hurt to you than they
 bring you.

The rest are a mixt kind, all sorts of furies,
 Adulterers, dicers, fencers, outlaws, thieves,
 The murderers of their parents, all the sink
 And plague of Italy met in one torrent,
 To take, to-day, from us the punishment,
 Due to their mischiefs, for so many years.
 And who in such a cause, and 'gainst such fiends,
 Would not now with himself all arm and weapon,
 To cut such poisons from the earth, and let
 Their blood out to be drawn away in clouds,
 And pour'd on some inhabitable place,¹

¹ *And pour'd on some inhabitable place.*] i. e. *uninhabitable* and
 in this sense it is used likewise by Shakspeare

Where the hot sun and slime breeds nought but
monsters?

Chiefly when this sure joy shall crown our side,
That the least man that falls upon our party
This day, (as some must give their happy names
To fate, and that eternal memory
Of the best death wint with it, for their country,)
Shall walk at pleasure in the tents of rest,
And see far off, beneath him, all their host
Tormented after life, and Catiline there,
Walking a wretched and less ghost than he
I'll urge no more move forward with your eagles,
And trust the senate's and Rome's cause to heaven
Omnes To thee, great father Mars, and greater
Jove!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

Rome A Street near the Temple of Concord

Enter CÆSAR and CRASSUS

Cæs I ever look'd for this of Lentulus,³
When Catiline was gone

"Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,

"Or any other ground *inhabitable*"

Richard the Second, Act I sc ii *WHALE*

And in this sense it is used by hundreds besides. This trite word is sure to draw forth a note on its "*singular*" import, as often as it occurs. The commentators seem to forget (if they ever knew) that much of our language is Norman, and that *habitable* was, for ages, the common expression for our present *inhabitable* in every part of the kingdom.

² This stood in the Forum, near the foot of the Capitol. It was a very magnificent structure.

³ *I ever looked for this of Lentulus,*] Cæsar alludes to his imprudence in trusting the Allobroges with his dispatches to Catiline, on which he was convicted.

Cras. I gave them lost,
Many days since.

Cæs. But wherefore did you bear
Their letter to the consul, that they sent you
To warn you from the city?

Cras. Did I know
Whether he made it? it might come from him,
For aught I could assure me. if they meant
I should be safe among so many, they might
Have come as well as wit.

Cæs. There is no loss
In being secure. I have of late too plied him
Thick with intelligences, but they have been
Of things he knew before.

Cras. A little serves
To keep a man upright on these state-bridges,
Although the passage were more dangerous:
Let us now take the standing part.

Cæs. We must,
And be as zealous for't as Cato. Yet,
I would fain help these wretched men.

Cras. You cannot:
Who would save them, that have betray'd them-
selves? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Cicero's House.

Enter CICERO, Q. CICERO, and CATO.

Cic. I will not be wrought to it, brother Quintus.
There's no man's private enmity shall make
Me violate the dignity of another.
If there were proof 'gainst Cæsar, or whoever,
To speak him guilty, I would so declare him.

But Quintus Catulus and Piso⁴ both
 Shall know, the consul will not for their grudge,
 Have any man accused or named falsely

Quin Not falsely but in any circumstance,
 By the Allobroges, or from Volturtius,
 Would carry it

Cic That shall not be sought by me
 If it reveal itself, I would not spare
 You, brother, if it pointed at you, trust me

Cato Good^d Marcus Tullius, which is more than
great,
 Thou hadst thy education with the Gods
Cic Send Lentulus forth, and bring away the
 rest

This office I am sorry, sir, to do you [*Ereunt*

SCENE IV

The Temple of Concord

Enter LICTOIS, CICERO, (*with letters,*) CATO,
 Q CICERO, CÆSAR, CRASSUS, SYLLANUS, and
other Senators

Cic What may be happy still and fortunate,
 To Rome and to this senate! Please you, fathers,
 To break these letters, and to view them round,
 If that be not found in them which I fear,
 I yet entreat, at such a time as this,
 My diligence be not condemn'd —

[*Gives the letters to the Senate*

⁴ *But Quintus Catulus, &c*] This is far more strongly expressed by Sallust and is one of the very few instances in which that partizan of Cæsar does Cicero justice “*Q Catulus et C Piso, neque gratia, neque precibus, neque pretio Ciceronem impellere quovère, uti per Allobroges aut alium indicem C Cæsar, falsò nominaretur*”

Enter (the Prætors) FLACCUS and POMTINIUS.

Have you brought
The weapons hither from Cethegus' house?

Præ They are without

Cic Be ready, with Volturtius,
To bring him when the senate calls; and see
None of the rest confer together. [*Exeunt Præ-*
tors.]*—Fathers,*

What do you read? Is it yet worth your care,
If not your fear, what you find practised there?

Cæs. It hath a face of horror!

Cras. I am amazed!

Cato. Look therè.

Syl. Gods! can such men draw common air?

Cic. Although the greatness of the mischief,
fathers,

Hath often made my faith small in this senate,
Yet since my casting Catiline out, (for now
I do not fear the envy of the word,
Unless the deed be rather to be fear'd,
That he went hence alive, when those I meant
Should follow him, did not,^s) I have spent both
days

And nights in watching what their fury and rage
Was bent on, that so stay'd against my thought;
And that I might but take them in that light,
Where, when you met their treason with your eyes,
Your minds at length would think for your own
safety:

And now'tis done. There are their hands and seals.

^s ————— *when those I meant*

Should follow him, did not] Cicero here avows his mistaken policy in suffering Catiline to depart. Jonson has managed every part of this transaction with consummate skill. See p. 304.

Their persons too are safe, thanks to the Gods!
Bring in Volturtius and the Allobroges

Re-enter P^{ri}ætors, *with* VOLTURTIVS *and the* Allobrogian Ambassadors

These be the men were trusted with their letters

Vol Fathers, believe me, I knew nothing, I
Was travelling for Gallia, and am sorry——

Cic Quake not, Volturtius, speak the truth,
and hope

Well of this senate, on the consul's word

Vol Then, I knew all but truly, I was drawn in
But t'other day

Cæs Say what thou know'st, and fear not
Thou hast the senate's faith and consul's word,
To fortify thee

Vol [*Speaks with fears and interruptions*] I was
sent with letters——

And had a message too——from Lentulus——

To Catiline——that he should use all aids——

Servants or others——and come with his army,
As soon unto the city as he could ——

For they were ready, and but stay'd for him——

To intercept those that should flee the fire

These men, the Allobroges, did hear it too

1 Amb Yes, fathers, and they took an oath tous,
Besides their letters, that we should be free,
And urged us for some present aid of horse

[*The weapons and arms are brought in*]

Cic Nay, here be other testimonies, fathers,
Cethegus' armoury

Cras What, not all these?

Cic Here's not the hundred part Call in
the fencer,

That we may know the arms to all these weapons

Enter Cethegus, guarded.

Come, my brave sword-player, to what active use
Was all this steel provided?

Cet. Had you ask'd
In Sylla's days, it had been to cut throats;
But now it was to look on only. I loved
To see good blades, and feel their edge and points,
To put a helm upon a block and cleave it,
And now and then to stab an armour through.

Cic. Know you that paper? that will stab you
through
Is it your hand? [*Cethegus tears the letters.*]
hold, save the pieces. Traitor,
Hath thy guilt waked thy fury?

Cet. I did write
I know not what, nor care not; that fool Lentulus
Did dictate, and I, t'other fool, did sign it.

Cic. Bring in Statilius: does he know his hand
too?
And Lentulus.

Enter STATILIUS and P. LENTULUS, guarded.

Reach him that letter.

Stat. I
Confess it all.

Cic. Know you that seal yet, Publius?

Len. Yes, it is mine.

Cic. Whose image is that on it?

Len. My grandfather's.

Cic. What, that renown'd good man,
That did so only embrace⁶ his country, and loved

⁶ *That did so only embrace, &c.*] These, indeed, were the
precise words used by Cicero, but, in his anxiety to be brief,

His fellow citizens ! Was not his picture,
Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact
So foul—

Len As what, impetuous Cicerō ?

Cic As thou art, for I do not know what's fouler
Look upon these [*Points to the Allobrogian
Ambassadors*] Do not these faces argue
Thy guilt and impudence ?

Len What are these to me ?

I know them not

1 *Amb* No, Publius ! we were with you
At Brutus' house

Vol Last night

Len What did you there ?
Who sent for you ?

1 *Amb* Yourself did We had letters
From you, Cethegus, this Statilius here,
Gabinus Cimber, all but from Longinus,
Who would not write, because he was to come
Shortly in person after us, he said,
To take the charge o' the horse, which we should
levy

Cic And he is fled to Catiline, I hear

Len Spies ! spies !

1 *Amb* You told us too o' the Sibyl's books,
And how you were to be a king this year,
The twentieth from the burning of the capitol,
That three Cornelii were to reign in Rome,
Of which you were the last and praised Cethegus,
And the great spirits were with you in the action

Cet These are your honourable ambassadors,
My sovereign lord !

Cato Peace, that too bold Cethegus

1 *Amb* Besides Gabinus, your agent, named

Jonson has laboured them into obscurity "*Est verò signum
quidem notum, imago avi tui, clarissimi viri, qui amavit unice
patriam, et cives suos, &c*

Autronius, Servius Sylla, Vargunteius,
And divers others.

Vol. I had letters from you
To Catiline, and a message, which I've told
Unto the senate truly word for word;
For which I hope they will be gracious to me.
I was drawn in by that same wicked Cimber,
And thought no hurt at all.

Cic. Volturtius, peace.—

Where is thy visor or thy voice now, Lentulus?
Art thou confounded? wherefore speak'st thou not?
Is all so clear, so plain, so manifest,
That both thy eloquence and impudence,
And thy ill nature, too, have left thee at once?
Take him aside. There's yet one more, Gabinius,
The enginer of all. [*Gabinius Cimber is brought in.*]

Shew him that paper,

If he do know it?

Gab. I know nothing.

Cic. No!

Gab. No; neither will I know.

Cato. Impudent head!

Stick it into his throat; were I the consul,
I'd make thee eat the mischief thou hast vented.

Gab. Is there a law for't, Cato?

Cato. Dost thou ask

After a law, that would'st have broke all laws
Of nature, manhood, conscience, and religion?

Gab. Yes, I may ask for't.

Cato. No, pernicious Cimber.

The inquiring after good does not belong
Unto a wicked person.

Gab. Ay, but Cato
Does nothing but by law.

Cras. Take him aside.

There's proof enough, though he confess not.

Gab. Stay,

I will confess All's true your spies have told you,
Make much of them

Cet Yes and reward them well,
For fear you get no more such See they do not
Die in a ditch, and stink, now you have done
with 'em,

Or beg o' the bridges' here in Rome, whose arches
Their active industry hath saved

Cic See, fathers,
What minds and spirits these are, that being
convicted

Of such a treason, and by such a cloud
Of witnesses, dare yet retain their boldness¹
What would their rage have done if they had
conquer'd?

I thought when I had thrust out Catiline,
Neither the state nor I should need t' have fear'd
Lentulus' sleep here, or Longinus' fat,
Or this Cethegus' rashness, it was he
I only watch'd, while he was in our walls,
As one that had the brain, the hand, the heart
But now we find the contrary¹ where was there
A people grieved, or a state discontent,
Able to make or help a war 'gainst Rome,
But these, the Allobroges, and those they found?
Whom had not the just Gods been pleased to make
More friends unto our safety than their own,
As it then seem'd, neglecting these men's offers,
Where had we been, or where the commonwealth?
When their great chief had been call'd home,
this man,

Their absolute king, (whose noble grand-father,
Arm'd in pursuit of the seditious Gracchus,
Took a brave wound for dear defence of that

¹ Or beg on the bridges, &c.] The usual stations for the
Roman beggars Thus Juvenal *Nulla crepido vacat, nusquam*
pons, &c

Which he would spoil,) had gather'd all his aids
 Of ruffians, slaves, and other slaughtermen,
 Given us up for murder to Cethegus,
 The other rank of citizens to Gabinus;
 The city to be fired by Cassius,
 And Italy, nay the world, to be laid waste
 By cursed Catiline and his complices.
 Lay but the thought of it before you, fathers,
 Think but with me you saw this glorious city,
 The light of all the earth, tower of all nations,
 Suddenly falling in one flame ! Imagine
 You view'd your country buried with the heaps
 Of slaughter'd citizens that had no grave,
 This Lentulus here, reigning, as he dreamt,
 And those his purple senate, Catiline come
 With his fierce army ; and the cries of matrons,
 The flight of children, and the rape of virgins,
 Shrieks of the living, with the dying groans,
 On every side t' invade your sense ; until
 The blood of Rome were mixed with her ashes !
 This was the spectacle these fiends intended
 To please their malice.

Cet. Ay, and it would
 Have been a brave one, consul. But your part
 Had not then been so long as now it is :
 I should have quite defeated your oration,
 And slit that fine rhetorical pipe of yours,
 In the first scene.

Cato. Insolent monster !

Cic. Fathers,
 Is it your pleasures they shall be committed
 Unto some safe, but a free custody,
 Until the senate can determine farther ?

Omnes. It pleaseth well.

Cic. Then, Marcus Crassus,
 Take you charge of Gabinus ; send him home
 Unto your house. You, Cæsar, of Statilius.

Cethegus shall be sent to Cornificius,
And Lentulus to Publius Lentulus Spinther,
Who now is ædile

Cato It were best, the prætors
Carried them to their houses, and deliver'd 'em

Cic Let it be so Take them from hence

Cæs But first

Let I entulus put off his prætorship

Len I do resign it* here unto the senate

[*Ereunt Prætors and Guards, with Lentulus,*

Cethegus, Statilius, and Gabinus

Cæs So, now there's no offence done to religion

Cato Cæsar, 'twas piously and timely urged

Cic What do you decree to the Allobioges,
That were the lights to this discovery?

Cras A free giant from the state of all their
suits

Cæs And a reward out of the public treasure

Cato Ay, and the title of honest men, to crown
them

Cic What to Volturtius?

Cæs Life and favour's well

Vol I ask no more

Cato Yes, yes, some money, thou need'st it
'Twill keep thee honest, want made thee a knave

Syl Let Flaccus and Pomptinus, the prætors,
Have public thanks, and Quintus Fabius Sanga,
For their good service

Cras They deserve it all

Cato But what do we decree unto the consul,
Whose virtue, counsel, watchfulness, and wisdom
Hath freed the commonwealth, and without
tumult,

Slaughter, or blood, or scarce raising a force,
Rescued us all out of the jaws of fate?

* *I do resign it, &c*] Lentulus must be supposed to put off
his official purple, as was really the case

Cras. We owe our lives unto him, and our fortunes.

Cæs. Our wives, our children, parents and our Gods

Syl. We all are saved by his fortitude.

Cato. The commonwealth owes him a civic garland.

He is the only father of his country.

Cæs. Let there be public prayer to all the Gods, Made in that name for him.

Cras. And in these words :

*For that he hath, by his vigilance, preserv'd
Rome from the flame, the senate from the sword,
And all her citizens from massacre.*

Cic. How are my labours more than paid, grave fathers,

In these great titles, and decreed honours !

Such as to me, first of the civil robe,⁹

Of any man since Rome was Rome, have happen'd ;

And from this frequent senate. which more glads me,

That I now see you have sense of your own safety.

If those good days come no less grateful to us,

Wherein we are preserv'd from some great danger,

Than those wherein we're born and brought to light,

Because the gladness of our safety is certain,

But the condition of our birth not so ;

And that we are sav'd with pleasure, but are born

Without the sense of joy : why should not then

This day, to us, and all posterity

Of ours, be had in equal fame and honour,

First of the civil robe.] He means, the first who obtained a victory over the enemies of the state, without changing the garments usually worn in time of peace. It is well known that Cicero valued himself much on this singular circumstance. *WHALE.*

With that when Romulus first rear'd these walls,
When so much more is saved, than he built?

Cæs It ought

Cras Let it be added to our Fasti

[*Noise without*

Cic What tumult's that?

Re-enter FLACCUS

Flac Here's one Tarquinius taken,
Going to Catiline, and says he was sent
By Marcus Crassus, whom he names to be
Guilty of the conspiracy

Cic Some lying varlet
Take him away to prison

Cras Bring him in,
And let me see him

Cic He is not worth it, Crassus
Keep him up close and hungry, till he tell
By whose pernicious counsel he durst slander
So great and good a citizen

Cras By yours,

I fear,^{*} 'twill prove [*Aside*

Syl Some of the traitors, sure,
To give their action the more credit, bid him
Name you, or any man

Cic I know myself,

^{*} *By yours, I fear,*] Sallust affirms that he himself heard Crassus declare in so many words, this charge against him was the mere invention of Cicero "*illam contumeliam sibi ab Cicerone impositam*" This, however, was at a subsequent period, and was not improbably thrown out as a kind of apology for the active malignity with which he persecuted Cicero, in the affair of Clodius. It may, indeed, be questioned whether Crassus was so deeply involved in the conspiracy as Jonson insinuates, but that he was privy to it, and, like Cæsar, anxious for its success to a certain point, there is sufficient reason to believe

By all the tracts and courses of this business,
Crassus is noble, just, and loves his country.

Flac. Here is a libel too, accusing Cæsar,
From Lucius Vectius, and confirm'd by Cuius.

Cic. Away with all, throw it out o' the court.

Cæs. A trick on me too !

Cic. It is some men's malice.

I said to Curius I did not believe him.

Cæs. Was not that Curius your spy, that had
Reward decreed unto him the last senate,
With Fulvia, upon your private motion ?

Cic. Yes.

Cæs. But he has not that reward yet ?

Cic. No.

Let not this trouble you, Cæsar; none believes it.

Cæs. It shall not, if that he have no reward :
But if he have, sure I shall think myself
Very untimely and unsafely honest,
Where such as he is may have pay to accuse me.

Cic. You shall have no wrong done you, noble
Cæsar,

But all contentment.

Cæs. Consul, I am silent.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Country near Fesulæ.

Enter CATILINE with his Army.

Cat. I never yet knew, soldiers, that in fight
Words added virtue unto valiant men ;
Or that a general's oration made
An army fall or stand : but how much prowess,
Habitual or natural, each man's breast
Was owner of, so much in act it shew'd.

Whom neither glory, or danger can excite,
'Tis vain to attempt with speech, for the mind's
fear

Keeps all brave sounds from entering at that ear
I yet would warn you some few things, my friends,
And give you reason of my present counsels
You know, no less than I, what state, what point
Our affairs stand in, and you all have heard
What a calamitous misery the sloth
And sleepiness of Lentulus hath pluck'd
Both on himself, and us, how, whilst our aids
There, in the city, look'd for, are defeated,
Our entrance into Gallia too is stopt
Two armies wait us, one from Rome, the other
From the Gaul provinces and where we are,
Although I most desire it, the great want
Of corn and victuals forbids longer stay
So that of need we must remove, but whither,
The sword must both direct, and cut the passage
I only therefore wish you, when you strike,
To have your valours and your souls about you,
And think you carry in your labouring hands
The things you seek, glory, and liberty,
Your country, which you want now, with the fates,
That are to be instructed by our swords
If we can give the blow, all will be safe to us,
We shall not want provision, nor supplies
The colonies and free towns will lie open,
Where, if we yield to fear, expect no place,
Nor friend, to shelter those whom their own fortune,

And ill-used arms, have left without protection
You might have lived in servitude, or exile,
Or safe at Rome, depending on the great ones,
But that you thought those things unfit for men,
And, in that thought, you then were valiant
For no man ever yet changed peace for war,

But he that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
There's more necessity you should be such,
In fighting for yourselves, than they for others.
He's base that trusts his feet, whose hands are
arm'd.

Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting
What we will do, and all the heaven at leisure
For the great spectacle.² Draw then your swords;
And if our destiny envy our virtue
The honour of the day, yet let us care
To sell ourselves at such a price as may
Undo the world to buy us, and make Fate,
While she tempts ours, fear her own estate.³
[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. The Temple of Jupiter Stator.

*Enter Lictors, Prætors, (POMTINIUS and FLACCUS),
CICERO, SYLLANUS, CÆSAR, CATO, CRASSUS,
and other Senators.*

1 *Sen.* What means this hasty calling of the
senate?

*Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting
What we will do, and all the heaven at leisure*

For the great spectacle] The image here given is extremely
sublime, and approaches very nearly to those terrible graces,
which the critic has attributed to Homer amongst the ancients,
and which Shakspeare possessed in a manner superior to any
modern whatsoever. *WHAL.*

² *While she tempts ours, fear her own estate.*] 'This is the reading
of all the old copies. Whalley seems to have suspected a
defect of metre, and, therefore, inserted *for* after "fear," to
the injury of the expression. *Ours*, in this, as in many other
places, is a dissyllable.

⁴ This Temple also stood in the Forum, and in the immediate
neighbourhood of the descent from the Capitol.

2 *Sen* We shall know straight wait till the
consul speaks

Pom Fathers conscript, bethink you of your
safeties,

And what to do with these conspirators
Some of their clients, then freed-men, and slaves,
'Gin to makehead There's one of Lentulus' bawds
Runs up and down the shop, through every street,
With money to corrupt the poor artificers,
And needy tradesmen, to their aid, Cethegus
Hath sent too to his servants, who are many,
Chosen and exercised in bold attemptings,
That forthwith they should arm themselves and
prove

His rescue all will be in instant uproar,
If you prevent it not with present counsels
We have done what we can to meet the fury,
And will do more be you good to yourselves

Cic What is your pleasure, fathers, shall be
done?

Syllanus,⁵ you are consul next design'd,
Your sentence of these men

Syl 'Tis short, and this

Since they have sought to blot the name of Rome
Out of the world, and raze this glorious empire
With her own hands and arms turn'd on herself,
I think it fit they die and could my breath
Now execute 'em, they should not enjoy
An article of time, or eye of light,
Longer to poison this our common air

1 *Sen* I think so too

2 *Sen* And I

3 *Sen* And I

4 *Sen* And I

⁵ *Syllanus*, &c] This is conformable to the Roman practice
The "consul designed" was always called upon in the first
place **WHAL**

Cic. Your sentence, Caius Cæsar.

Cæs Conscript fathers,

In great affairs, and doubtful, it behoves
Men that are ask'd their sentence, to be free
From either hate or love, anger or pity:
For where the least of these do hinder, there
The mind not easily discerns the truth.
I speak this to you in the name of Rome,
For whom you stand; and to the present cause:
That this foul fact of Lentulus, and the rest,
Weigh not more with you than your dignity;
And you be more indulgent to your passion,
Than to your honour. If there could be found
A pain or punishment equal to their crimes,
I would devise and help but if the greatness
Of what they have done exceed all man's inven-
tion,

I think it fit to stay where our laws do.
Poor petty states may alter upon humour,
Where, if they offend with anger, few do know it,
Because they are obscure; their fame and fortune
Is equal and the same: but they that are
Head of the world, and live in that seen height,
All mankind knows their actions. So we see,
The greater fortune hath the lesser license.
They must not favour, hate, and least be angry;
For what with others is call'd anger, there
Is cruelty and pride. I know Syllanus,
Who spoke before me, a just, valiant man,
A lover of the state, and one that would not,
In such a business, use or grace or hatred;
I know too, well, his manners and his modesty;
Nor do I think his sentence cruel, (for
'Gainst such delinquents what can be too bloody?)
But that it is abhorring from our state,
Since to a citizen of Rome offending,
Our laws give exile, and not death. Why then

Decrees he that 'twere vain to think, for fear,
 When by the diligence of so worthy a consul,
 All is made safe and certain Is't for punishment?
 Why, death's the end of evils, and a rest
 Rather than torment 't dissolves all griefs,
 And beyond that, is neither care nor joy
 You hear my sentence would not have them die
 How then? set free, and increase Catiline's
 army?

So will they, being but banish'd No, grave
 fathers,

I judge them, first, to have their states confiscate,
 Then, that their persons remain prisoners
 In the free towns, far off from Rome, and sever'd,
 Where they might neither have relation,
 Hereafter, to the senate or the people
 Or, if they had, those towns then to be mulcted,
 As enemies to the state, that had their guard

Omnes 'Tis good, and honourable, Cæsar hath
 utter'd

Cic Fathers, I see your faces and your eyes
 All bent on me, to note, of these two censures,
 Which I incline to Either of them are grave,
 And answering the dignity of the speakers,
 The greatness of the affair, and both severe
 One urgeth death, and he may well remember
 This state hath punish'd wicked citizens so
 The other, bonds, and those perpetual, which
 He thinks found out for the more singular plague
 Decree which you shall please you have a consul,
 Not readier to obey, than to defend,
 Whatever you shall act for the republic,
 And meet with willing shoulders any burden,
 Or any fortune, with an even face,
 Though it were death, which to a valiant man
 Can never happen foul, nor to a consul
 Be immature, nor to a wise man wretched.

Syl Fathers, I spake but as I thought the needs
Of the commonwealth required.

Cato. Excuse it not.

Cic Cato, speak you your sentence:

Cato. This it is.

You here dispute on kinds of punishment,
And stand consulting what you should decree
'Gainst those of whom you rather should beware:
This mischief is not like those common facts,
Which when they're done, the laws may prosecute;
But this, if you provide not ere it happen,
When it is happen'd, will not wait your judgment.
Good Caius Cæsar here hath very well,
And subtly discours'd of life and death,
As if he thought those things a pretty fable
That are deliver'd us of hell and fuies,
Or of the divers ways that ill men go
From good, to filthy, dark, and ugly places:
And therefore he would have these live, and
long too;

But far from Rome, and in the small free towns,
Lest here they might have rescue as if men
Fit for such acts were only in the city,
And not throughout all Italy; or, that boldness
Could not do more, where it found least resistance!
'Tis a vain counsel, if he think them dangerous:
Which if he do not, but that he alone,
In so great fear of all men, stand unfrighted,
He gives me cause, and you too, more to fear him.
I am plain, fathers. Here you look about
One at another, doubting what to do,
With faces, as you trusted to the gods,
That still have saved you; and they can do it: but
They are not wishings, or base womanish pray'rs,
Can draw their aids; but vigilance, counsel,
action;

Which they will be ashamed to forsake.

Tis sloth they hate, and cowardice Here you have
The traitors in your houses, yet you stand,
Fearing what to do with them, let them loose,
And send them hence with arms too, that your
mercy

May turn your misery, as soon as't can !—
O, but they are great men, and have offended
But through ambition, we would spare their
honour

Ay, if themselves had spared it, or their fame,
Or modesty, or either god or man,
Then I would spare them But as things now
stand,

Fathers, to spare these men, were to commit
A greater wickedness than you would revenge
If there had been but time and place for you
To have repair'd this fault, you should have made
it.

It should have been your punishment, to have
felt

Your tardy error but necessity
Now bids me say, let them not live an hour,
If you mean Rome should live a day I have done

Omnes Cato hath spoken like an oracle

Cras Let it be so decreed.

Sen We all were fearful.

Syl And had been base, had not his virtue
raised us

Sen Go forth, most worthy consul, we'll assist
you

Cas I am not yet changed in my sentence,
fathers

Cato No matter

Enter a Messenger with letters

What be those?

1 *Sen* Letters for Cæsar !

Cato From whom ? let them be read in open senate

Fathers, they come from the conspirators,
I crave to have them read, for the republic

Cæs Cato, read you it 'Tis a love-letter,
From your dear sister to me though you hate me,
Do not discover it [*Aside to Cato*

Cato Hold thee, drunkard !—Consul,
Go forth, and confidently

Cæs You'll repent
This rashness, Cicero !

Præ Cæsar shall repent it

[*The Prætors attempt to seize him*

Cic Hold, friends !

⁶ *Hold thee, drunkard*] i.e. take the letter There is no expression in the English language more common than this, which is to be found in almost every page of our old writers, yet the commentators on Shakspeare, with the exception of Steevens, who speaks doubtfully on the subject, misunderstand it altogether In *Measure for Measure*, the Duke, on producing Angelo's commission, says, " *Hold*, therefore, Angelo," " that is," observes Johnson, " continue still to be Angelo " No, rejoins Mr Fyrwhitt, it signifies, " let me, therefore, stop " And these childish absurdities are retailed from edition to edition, to the great edification of the reader

The anecdote in the text is taken from Plutarch As the fact is indisputable, it must ever be considered as a curious trait in the manners of the times Servilia, the lady whose amorous impatience induced her to send a billet doux to the senate-house at this important moment, was the mother of M Brutus—and, as the scandal mongers of her days affirmed, by Cæsar

⁷ *Cæs* You'll repent

[*This rashness, Cicero*] Cæsar was right, Cicero was prosecuted about four years afterwards for putting Lentulus to death, by Clodius, and escaped condemnation, by going into voluntary exile The sentence of death, was indeed, as Johnson states, awarded by the senate, but this was no decree of sufficient validity to contravene a fundamental law of the republic

Præ He's scarce a friend unto the public
Cic No violence Cæsar, be safe [*They all rise*].—Lead on

Where are the public executioners?
 Bid them wait on us On to Spinther's house^s
 Bring Lentulus forth [*He is brought out*].—

Here, you, the sad revengers
 Of capital crimes against the public, take
 This man unto your justice, strangle him
Len Thou dost well, consul 'Twas a cast at
 dice,

In fortune's hand, not long since, that thyself
 Should'st have heard these, or other words as fatal
 [*Exit Len guarded*]

Cic Lead on to Quintus Cornificius' house
 Bring forth Cethegus [*He is brought out*].—
 Take him to the due

Death that he hath deserv'd, and let it be
 Said, he was once⁹

^s *On to Spinther's house*] It is scarcely worth observing—
 but it appears to have escaped Jonson, that Cicero constantly
 terms this person Lentulus Spinther was an opprobrious
 surname, given to him from a fancied resemblance to a low
 comedian then on the stage, and therefore carefully avoided by
 the delicacy of his friends (See my translation of Juvenal
 Sat vi v 112)

It is impossible to arrange the scenery in this place Jonson's
 little senate must have marched round the stage, with Cicero
 at their head, and stopped at the various side openings to
 receive the conspirators, as they were called over, and deliver
 them up to the executioners Something of this kind actually
 took place, but Cicero went only to Spinther's house, on the
 Palatine hill, to receive Lentulus, whom he conducted with
 great silence and horror across the Forum, to what Sallust calls
 the Lullian dungeon, in the first ascent of the Capitoline hill,
 where he was strangled, together with his associates, who had
 been brought, in the interim, to the same place, by their
 respective keepers

⁹ ———— *And let it be*

Said, he was once] The sentence is here finished, although

Cet. A beast, or what is worse,
A slave, Cethegus. Let that be the name
For all that's base, hereafter; that would let
This worm pronounce on him, and not have
trampled

His body into——'Ha! art thou not moved?

Cic. Justice is never angry. Take him hence.

Cet. O, the whore Fortune, and her bawds the
Fates,

That put these tricks on men, which knew the way
To death by a sword! strangle me, I may sleep;
I shall grow angry with the gods else.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

Cic. Lead

To Caius Cæsar, for Statilius.

Bring him and rude Gabinius out. [*They are
brought out.*—Here take them

To your cold hands, and let them feel death from
you.

Gab. I thank you, you do me a pleasure.

Stat. And me too. [*Exe. Gab. and Stat. guarded.*]

Cato. So, Marcus Tullius, thou may'st now
stand up,

And call it happy Rome, thou being consul.¹

Cethegus replies in a manner that seems to complete the meaning. The allusion is to the customary expression among the Romans, used both in funeral inscriptions, or in speaking of a person departed, *vixit* or *fuit*. So that it means here, "Let it be said, he is now no more." *WHAL.*

Whalley might have observed, in fewer words, that the allusion is historical. In returning from the prison, Cicero observed a number of suspicious characters collected in the Forum, on which he exclaimed aloud, *FUERUNT! THEY WERE!* and thus put an end to their machinations.

¹ *And call it happy Rome, thou being consul.*] Cato has not much improved the poetry of his friend's memorable line, though he has avoided the jingle—

O fortunatam natam, me consule, Romam.

Great parent of thy country ! go, and let
 The old men of the city, ere they die,
 Kiss thee, the matrons dwell about thy neck,
 The youths and maids lay up, 'gainst they are old,
 What kind of man thou wert, to tell their nephews,
 When, such a year, they read, within our Fasti,
 Thy consulship—

Enter PETREIUS

Who's this ? Petreius !

Cic Welcome,
 Welcome, renowned soldier What's the news ?
 This face can bring no ill with't unto Rome
 How does the worthy consul, my colleague ?

Pet As well as victory can make him, sir
 He greets the fathers, and to me hath trusted
 The sad relation of the civil strife,
 For, in such war, the conquest still is black

Cic Shall we withdraw into the house of Concord ?

Cata No, happy consul, here let all ears take
 The benefit of this tale If he had voice
 To spread unto the poles, and strike it through
 The centre to the antipodes, it would ask it

Pet The straits and needs of Catiline being
 such,
 As he must fight with one of the two armies,
 That then had near inclosed him, it pleased fate
 To make us the object of his desperate choice,
 Wherein the danger almost poised the honour
 And as he rose, the day grew black with him,
 And Fate descended nearer to the earth,
 As if she meant to hide the name of things^a

^a *As if she meant to hide the name of things*] The names of things is equivalent to the things themselves The spirit of this

Under her wings, and make the world her
quarry.

At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquired, what Rome was ;
And, as we ought, arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood ,
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin.

His countenance was a civil war itself,
And all his host had standing in their looks
The paleness of the death that was to come ;
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stay'd we longer for them : but himself
Struck the first stroke ; and with it fled a life,
Which cut, it seem'd a narrow neck of land
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flow'd into other ; for so did the slaughter ;
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides
Meet, and not yield. The Furies stood on hills,
Circling the place, and trembling to see men
Do more than they ; whilst Piety left the field,
Grieved for that side, that in so bad a cause
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove
backward.

And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame,

speech is truly noble, the images of sublimity and horror it abounds with, are drawn with a happy mixture of poetry and judgment, and disposed with equal exactness and art. For the honour of our poet, it must be added that this speech is not a translation : the whole is derived from the sources of his own imagination, with no assistance from his classic masters. I look on it as the most capital description in all the works of Jonson. **WHALE.**

Consumed all it could reach, and then itself,
 Had not the fortune of the commonwealth
 Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought
 Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops
 Cover'd that earth they had fought on, with
 then trunks,

Ambitious of great fame to crown his ill,
 Collected all his fury and ran in,
 Aim'd with a glory high as his despair,
 Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
 Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
 Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about
 him,

Till he had circled in himself with death
 Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay
 And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
 Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
 One of the giant brethren felt himself
 Grow marble at the killing sight, and now
 Almost made stone, began to inquire, what flint,
 What rock it was, that crept through all his
 limbs,

And ere he could think more, was that he fear'd,
 So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
 Became his tomb yet did his look retain
 Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved,
 As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state
 With those rebellious parts

Cato A brave bad death!

Had this been honest now, and for his country,
 As 'twas against it, who had e'er fall'n greater?

Cic Honour'd Petreus, Rome, not I, must
 thank you

How modestly has he spoken of himself!

Cato He did the more

Cic Thanks to the immortal gods,
 Romans, I now am paid for all my labours,

My watchings, and my dangers¹ here conclude
 Your praises, triumphs, honours, and rewards,
 Dece'd to me. only the memory
 Of this glad day, if I may know it live
 Within your thoughts, shall much affect my
 conscience;
 Which I must always study before fame.
 Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
 And ever is ill got, without the first. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ This play, like *Sejanus*, has been much under-rated, and probably by those who never read either of them. Lord Dorset, who calls it a noble work, informs us that it was the poet's favourite, and there is no reason to dispute his authority.

The number of writers whom Jonson has consulted, and the industry and care with which he has extracted from them every circumstance conducive to the elucidation of his plot, can only be conceived by those who have occasion to search after his authorities. He has availed himself of almost every scattered hint from the age of Sallust to that of Elizabeth, for the correct formation of his characters, and placed them before our eyes as they appear in the writings of those who lived and acted with them. Cethegus, Lentulus, and Catiline, are strongly marked, and clearly discriminated, but his principal personage is Cicero, whom he has drawn from the insignificance to which the violent party prejudices of Sallust strove to consign him, and placed in that high and commanding station which he is known to have actually occupied.

It scarcely seems necessary to enlarge on a story so familiar, but it may not be amiss to say a few words on the treatment which this tragedy has received. Not content with accumulating upon it all the ignorant abuse of modern times, the critics go back to the poet's days, and affirm that it was mightily reprobated by his contemporaries, and especially by Maiston; who, as that wholesale dealer in absurdity, the late editor of the *Biographia Dramatica* assures us, "cast, in the preface to his *Sophonisba*, some very severe glances at its pedantry and plagiarism." The nature of the pedantry is not specified, but the plagiarism consists, it seems, in the poet's "borrowing orations from Sallust, &c, and making use of them in his tragedies of *Sejanus* and *Catiline*." Mr Jones has given the respective dates of *Sophonisba* and *Catiline*, the former of which (he says) appeared in 1606, and the latter in 1611.

Admitting, therefore, with this learned chronologist, that "the orations of Sallust" furnished the ground work of *Sejanus*, who was born about half a century after his death, we may still hesitate to allow that Marston could "cast a glance" either mild or "severe" in 1606, at what was not visible till 1611 — But no improbability is too gross to be swallowed, when Jonson is the object of attack and the stupid hostility of Mr Jones is, after all, less reprehensible than the wanton malevolence of Steevens and others, who must have known the falsehood of the slander which they encouraged their zanyes to propagate

But nothing is done, unless Jonson be dragged in to swell the triumph of Shakspeare "Jonson" (says a great critic,) "is, in the serious drama, as much an imitator as Shakspeare is an original" The allusion is to the *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra* of the latter, and yet it is not very easy for an unprejudiced mind to discover many traits of originality in those tragedies, which are not to be met with in *Catiline* Whole speeches are taken from the old translation of Plutarch, and put into verse with as little expense of labour as possible, while every incident, which could be turned to account, is freely borrowed from the same popular source This is reckoned a merit in Shakspeare, the obloquy which is thrown on Jonson, therefore, for the same practice, can only arise from his varying so far from the example, as to have recourse to original authorities instead of translations

But, proceeds the critic, "he was very learned as Sampson was very strong, to his own hurt Blind to the nature of tragedy, he pulled down all antiquity upon his head, and buried himself under it, we see nothing of Jonson, nor indeed of his admired but murdered, ancients, for what shone in the historian is a cloud on the poet, and *Catiline* might have been a good play, if Sallust had never writ" *Conjectures on original Composition* p 80

All this is very fine, and has been repeated by numbers, who have actually assumed an air of wisdom on the delivery of this oracular criticism, and doled out their modicums of regret on the fall of the unhappy poet —and yet there is as little truth as candour in it Jonson has principally availed himself of Sallust in the early part of the history, and the version of his account of the first meetings of the conspirators, far from *murdering the historian*, may be classed among the most free and spirited translations to be found in this or any other language

Why "*Catiline* might have been a good play if Sallust had never writ," it is useless to inquire There would still have remained the Greek historians, the orations of Cicero, of which

Jonson has made far more use than of Sallust, and many other original sources of information, to spoil the play — But this gentleman, who, like most of the poet's censurers, never looked into the piece which he was reviling, well aware that Sallust had written on the subject of Catiline's conspiracy, took it for granted that Jonson had merely turned him into doggrel, and hazarded his assertion, fearless of question, and confident of finding a ready belief in the prejudices of the times.

BARTHOLOMEW

F A I R.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR] This Comedy was produced, at the Hope Theatre, (on the Bank-side,) October 31, 1614, and acted, as Jonson tells us, by the lady Elizabeth's servants. The lady Elizabeth was the daughter of James I. she married the Elector Palatine, and saw many evil days both as a wife and mother. her descendants have been more fortunate, and are now on the throne of Great Britain.

The *Biographia Dramatica* speaks of an edition of this play in quarto, 1614. I know of no earlier one than the folio, 1631-1641, nor do I believe that it ever appeared in that form. In the title-page, it is said that it was dedicated in the year 1614 to king James, but by this expression no more is meant than that it was addressed to him in an occasional prologue, written for the purpose, though this, probably, led to the mistake just noticed. When this play was printed, James was dead.

Bartholomew Fair was always a favourite with the people. this is easily accounted for from the ridicule with which it covers the Puritans. It was revived, as might naturally be expected, immediately after the Restoration, and was frequently honoured with a royal command by Charles, whom tradition represents as greatly delighted with the character of Cokes, which was, indeed, excellently played by Winterset, and, afterwards by Nokes, the most celebrated comic performer of those days. In this comedy, Collin, the rustic champion of Puritanism, is taken, on his visit to London, and D'Urfly gives a humorous account of his zeal and fury at the scenical disgrace of rabbi Busy. D'Urfly pays an incidental compliment to this piece, by representing Collin as completely deceived at first, and believing that what he saw and heard of the Puritans was a scene of real life.

I am sorry to observe that the excellent folio of 1616 deserts us here. Why this drama was not admitted into it, cannot now be told, unless, as I believe was really the case, that much of that volume was carried through the press some time before it was given to the public. Be this as it may, the subsequent plays do not exhibit, to my eye, the same marks of Jonson's care as those already given. nor do I think that he concerned himself with the revision of the folio now before us, or, indeed, ever saw it, though many of the pieces contained in it are dated several years antecedent to his death.

To this comedy was prefixed the following apt motto

*Sic foret in terris, ridet et Democritus nam
Spectaret populum ludis attentus ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura
Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello
Fæbellam surdo* Hor lib 2, epist 1

THE
P R O L O G U E.
TO THE
KING'S MAJESTY

*Your Majesty is welcome to a Fair;
Such place, such men, such language, and such ware
You must expect · with these, the zealous noise
Of your land's faction, scandalized at toys,
As babies, hobby-horses, puppet-plays,
And such like rage, whereof the petulant ways
Yourself have known, and have been vext with long.
These for your sport, without particular wrong,
Or just complaint of any private man,
Who of himself, or shall think well, or can,
The maker doth present and hopes, to-night
To give you for a fairing, true delight.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

John Littlewit, a proctor
Zeal-of-the-land Busy, suitor to dame Purecraft,
*a Banbury man **
Winwife, his rival, a gentleman
Tom Quarlous, companion to Winwife, a gamester
Baitholomew Cokes, an esquire of Harrow
Humphrey Waspe, his man
Adam Overdo, a justice of peace
Lanthorn Leatherhead, a hobby-horse seller, (toy-
man)
Ezechiel Edgwoith, a cutpurse
Nightingale, a ballad-singer
Mooncalf, tapster to Ursula
Dan Jordan Knockem, a horse-courser and a
ranger of Turnbull
Val Cutting, a roarer, or bully
Captain Whit, a bawd
Trouble all, a madman
Bristle, } watchmen
Haggise, }
Pocher, a beadle
Filcher, } door-keepers to the puppet-show
Sharkwell, }
Solomon, Littlewit's man
Northern, a clothier (a Northern man)
Puppy, a wrestler (a Western man)
Win the-fight Littlewit
Dame Purecraft, her mother, and a widow
Dame Overdo
Grace Wellboin, ward to Justice Overdo
Joan Trash, a ginger bread-woman
Ursula, a pig woman
Alice, mistress o the game
Costard monger, Mousetrap-man, Corn-cutter,
Watch, Porters, Puppets, Passengers, Mob,
Boys, &c

**-A Banbury man] i c a Tur tan* Our old writers have frequent allusions to the numbers of these people at Banbury indeed, the town seems to have been chiefly inhabited by them

THE INDUCTION

The Stage

Enter the Stage-keeper

Stage Gentlemen, have a little patience, they are e'en upon coming, instantly He that should begin the play, master Littlewit, the proctor, has a stitch new fallen in his black silk stocking, 'twill be drawn up ere you can tell twenty he plays one o' the Arches¹ that dwells about the hospital, and he has a very pretty part But for the whole play, will you have the truth on't?—I am looking, lest the poet hear me, or his man, master Biome,² behind the arras—it is like to be a very conceited sculvy one, in plain English When't comes to the Fair once, you were e'en as good go to Virginia, for any thing there is of Smithfield He has not hit the humours, he does not know them, he has not conversed with

¹ *He plays one o' the Arches, &c*] i. e. a proctor of the Court of Arches, kept in Bow Church, Cheapside, which being, as it is said, the first church in the city raised on arches of stone, was therefore called *St Mary de Arcubus*, or *le Bow*

² *Or his man, master Brome,*] He was our author's amanuensis, and profiting by the instructions and conversation of his master, turned author himself, and wrote several comedies, which were received with applause WHAT

Jonson has a copy of verses prefixed to his *Northern Lass*, an excellent comedy, worthy of being better known

the Bartholomew birds, as they say, he has ne'er a sword and bucklei-man in his Fair, nor a little Davy,³ to take toll o' the bawds there, as in my time, nor a Kindheart, if any body's teeth should chance to ache, in his play, nor a jugler with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain for a king of England, and back again for the prince, and sit still on his aise for the pope and the king of Spain. None of these fine sights! Nor has he the canvas cut in the night, for a hobby-horse man to creep into his she neighbour, and take his leap there. Nothing! No an some writer that I know had had but the penning o' this matter, he would have made you such a jig-a-jog in the booths, you should have thought an earthquake had been in the Fair!⁴ But these master-

³ *A little Davy, &c*] I can say nothing of this person, nor of Kindheart both were well known at the time, and probably regular frequenters of the Fair. The latter was, I suppose, a jack-pudding to a quack, and Fletcher seems to play upon his name, when he makes the clown say to his juggling master, "An you had any mercy, you would not use a *Kind heart* thus, *Maid in the Mill*" The ape mentioned in the next line, or, at least, one just as well educated, is celebrated by Donne in his first satire

"As thou, O elephant, or ape wilt do,

"When my names the *king of Spain* to you"

I have had occasion elsewhere to notice the excellent education which was bestowed on the animals of those times, and which enabled them to earn their bread in a very creditable manner. See Massinger, Vol II p. 61

⁴ *An some writer that I know had but the penning o' this matter, he would have made such a jig a jog in the booths, you should have thought an earthquake had been in the Fair*] If the reader had not already seen enough of the commentators to convince him that no absurdity which involves a charge against Jonson is too gross for them to swallow, he would naturally be surprised to learn that this passage has been confidently produced as a striking proof of the poet's hostility to Shakspeare, "at whose comedies it is a manifest sneer." To say nothing of Mr Malone, could not Mr Steevens (who is not always mole-eyed) find out

poets, they will have their own absurd courses, they will be informed of nothing. He has (sir reverence) kick'd me three or four times about the tiring-house, I thank him, for but offering

that the Stage-keeper is speaking of the writers employed to furnish farcical exhibitions for Bartholomew Fair, which Shakespeare, I presume, never was?—but enough of this “twice sodden folly.” The person meant cannot now be known. Mr. Gilchrist imagines, that it was Antony Munday, the city poet: it might, not improbably, be the voluminous Heywood, whose muse was always ready for a pageant or a play, a masque or a drollery, or, and to this I rather incline, the unfortunate Decker, whose necessities often drove him to occupations not altogether worthy of his talents. Sir J. Davies has an epigram on one *Dacus*, who made dialogues for the *puppets*, speeches for the *master of the ape*, &c., and who is probably the same person whom Davies, the school-master, in his *Scourge of Folly*, calls “*Dacus*, the pot-poet.” If this should be Decker, as I almost fear it is, the conjecture above would be considerably strengthened. The conclusion of Sir John's epigram runs thus

“He first taught him which keeps the Monuments
At Westminster, his formal tale to say,
And also him which puppets represents,
And also him which with the ape doth play
Though all his poetrie be like to this,
Amongst the poets *Dacus* number'd is.”

But the Stage-keeper proceeds—“but these master poets will have their own absurd courses, they will be informed of nothing.” And this, too, say both Steevens and Malone, “is a sneer at our immortal bard by the envious Ben.” Papæ! Is the composer of puppet shows converted, in the course of a single line, into a *master-poet*? Men who wilfully shut their eyes, may persuade themselves that it is dark at noon day, but they must not hope to impose upon others. Is it not clear that Jonson puts this language into the mouth of an ignorant and conceited retainer of the stage, as a satire on the bad taste of the vulgar, and that he is himself, the *master-poet* at whom the pert Stage-keeper directs his sarcasm?—His appeal to the audience is evidently designed to characterize the buffooneries in which they mainly delighted, and there can be little doubt that scenes of the grossest nature were exhibited in the petty theatres and booths of the time.

to put in with my experience I'll be judged by you, gentlemen, now, but for one conceit of mine would not a fine pump upon the stage have done well, for a property now? and a punk set under upon her head, with her stern upward, and have been soused by my witty young masters o' the Inns of Court? What think you of this for a shew, now? he will not hear o' this! I am an ass! I! and yet I kept the stage in master Tarleton's time,⁵ I thank my stars! Ho! an that man had lived to have played in *Bartholomew Fair*, you should have seen him have come in, and have been cozen'd in the cloth-quarter, so finely! and Adams, the rogue, have leaped and capered upon him, and have dealt his vermin

⁵ *And yet I kept the stage in master Tarleton's time,*] He was a celebrated comedian in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and excelled in the performance of droll and humorous characters

WHAT

Tarleton seems to have been a kind of licensed jester, and he abused the favour of the audience upon all occasions, interlarding his part with spontaneous effusions, of which it is not easy at this distance of time to discover the merit. He was, perhaps, the most popular comic performer that ever trod the stage, and his memory was cherished with fond delight by the vulgar to the period of the revolution. It is afflicting to add, that this extraordinary man lived and died a profligate, for I give no credit to the "songs and sonnets" which tell of his recantation and repentance. These were hawked about as commonly as "dying speeches," and were probably of no better authority. Tarleton died in 1588, and left the stage free for Ke and Reed.

In the last edition of the *Biographia Literaria*, it is said that "Ben Jonson, who libelled the players, mentions Tarleton with some respect for supporting the character of the Stage-keeper in *Bartholomew Fair*." The editor is one of those who confidently undertake to vouch for the bad qualities of Jonson, and who, from the present specimen (which is but one of a thousand) appears to be utterly ignorant of the very passage on which he has the hardihood to found his calumny.

about, as though they had cost him nothing¹ and then a substantial watch to have stolen in upon them, and taken them away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is in the stage practice⁶

⁶ *And then a substantial watch to have stolen in upon them, and taken em away with mistaking words, as the fashion is in the stage practice*] This is certainly a sneer on Shakspear the watch in *Much ado about Nothing*, break in upon Bo acchio and Conrade, as they are talking together, and hurry them away to the constable, where the chief humour of the scene, and of the proceedings afterwards, is owing to the ignorance of the watch and the officers, who perpetually blunder in their language

WHAL

Whalley, like the rest, in his eagerness to criminate Jonson, overleaps every difficulty in his way The Stage keeper, who is the representative of an ill-judging audience, evidently refers to some popular farce, in which the rogue Adams (the fool of the piece) bore a prominent part The sneer at Shakspeare, which is so evident to Whalley, and the commentators, I am not clear sighted enough to discern —if *Much ado about Nothing* be really meant in this place, I should rather suppose that the poet, by putting the “sneer” at it into the mouth of this absurd coxcomb, who is immediately driven with contempt from the stage, intended to compliment it —but, in fact, I do not think that this comedy was meant at all The guardians of the night, for what reason it is not easy to say, had been proverbial for their blundering simplicity, before Shakspeare was born and it is scarcely possible to look into an old play without seeing how deeply this opinion was rooted in the minds of the people Till Glapthorne's excellent comedy, no one supposed it possible that *wit could be found in the watch, or in the constable who headed them* and they are never introduced on the stage without the “mistaking of words,” mentioned above It would be too much to require us to believe that Shakspeare was the first who noticed this fertile source of amusement, especially as he seems rather to content himself with improving and dignifying what was already on the stage than to have laboured after the introduction of novelties Briefly, I am persuaded not only that there were many contemporaneous pieces in which these characters were introduced, but that some one of the number was distinguished for the buffoon tricks here specified by the Stage keeper nor will I pay so ill a compliment to the judgment of Jonson, as to imagine for a

Enter the Bookholder' with a Scrivener

Book How now ! what rare discourse are you fallen upon, ha? have you found any familiars here, that you are so free? what's the business?

Stage Nothing, but the understanding gentlemen o' the ground here ask'd my judgment⁶

Book Your judgment, rascal! for what? sweeping the stage, or gathering up the broken apples for the bears within?⁹ Away, rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these spectacles, when such a youth as you pretend to a judgment [*Erit Stage-Keeper*].—And yet he may, in the most of this matter, i' faith for the author has writ it just to his meridian, and the scale of the grounded

moment that when he had resolved to be "keen and critical," he would defeat his own purpose, by taxing the vehicle of his satire with swinish ignorance, and dismissing him with ignominy and contempt from the stage.

⁷ *Enter the Bookholder,*] i.e. the prompter. He is constantly so termed by the old writers for the stage.

⁸ *The understanding gentlemen of the ground here*] i.e. the pit. So Hamlet,

"To split the ears of the groundlings"

The word generally used by way of contempt. **WHAL**

The pit was sunk considerably beneath the level of the stage, and had neither chairs nor benches. indeed, it seems probable that it was not even floored, at least, at this theatre. From the depth of the pit originated those perpetual jokes which are found in our old dramatists on the *groundlings* *understanders*, &c. Thus Shirley, with a manifest sneer at "all Shakespeare's historical plays," which his commentators have unfortunately overlooked!

"No shews, no dance, and, what you most delight in,
Grave *understanders*, here's no target-fighting"

Doubtful Heir

⁹ ——— broken apples for the bears within?⁹] The bear-garden was in the vicinity of this theatre, which, from Jonson's own account, was not altogether unworthy of its neighbour

judgments here, his play-fellows in wit.—Gentlemen, [*comes forward.*] not for want of a prologue, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a scrivener, and certain articles drawn out in haste between our author and you; which if you please to hear, and as they appear reasonable, to approve of; the play will follow presently.—Read, scribe, give me the counterpane.¹

SCIII. *Articles of agreement, indented, between the spectators or hearers, at the Hope on the Bankside in the county of Surry, on the one party; and the author of Bartholomew Fair, in the said place and county, on the other party. the one and thirtieth day of October 1614, and in the twelfth year of the reign of our sovereign lord, JAMES, by the grace of God, king of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, and of Scotland the seven and fortieth.*

IMPMIS. *It is covenanted and agreed, by and between the parties aforesaid, and the said spectators and hearers, as well the curious and envious, as the favouring and judicious, as also the grounded judgments and understandings, do for themselves severally covenant and agree to remain in the places their money or friends have put them in with patience, for the space of two hours and an half, and somewhat more. In which time the author promiset to present them by us, with a new sufficient play, called Bartholomew Fair, merry, and as full of noise, as sport made to delight all, and to offend none, provided they have either the wit or the honesty to think well of themselves.*

It is further agreed, that every person here have

¹ Give me the counterpane.] “One part,” Cole says, “of a pair of deeds or indentures.” It is the legal term. *counterpana indenturæ*.

his or then free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their own charge, the author having now departed with his right it shall be lawful for any man to judge his sixpen'worth, his twelve-pen'worth, so to his eighteen-pence, two shillings, half a crown, to the value of his place, provided always his place get not above his wit And if he pay for half a dozen, he may censure for all them too, so that he will undertake that they shall be silent He shall put in for censures here as they do for lots at the lottery marry, if he drop but six-pence at the door, and will censure a crown's-worth it is thought there is no conscience or justice in that

It is also agreed, that every man here exercise his own judgment, and not censure by contagion, or upon trust, from another's voice or face, that sits by him, be he never so first in the commission of wit, as also, that he be fired and settled in his censure, that what he approves or not approves to day, he will do the same to-morrow, and if to-morrow, the next day, and so the next week, if need be and not to be brought about by any that sits on the bench with him, though they indite and arraign plays daily He that will swear, Jeronimo, or Andronicus, are the best plays yet, shall pass unea-

- *He that will swear Andronicus, &c*] Dr Percy, who was not altogether so far gone in the *Jonsophobia* as some of the commentators on Shakspeare, refers to this passage as a kind of proof that *Titus Andronicus* was not written by Shakspeare This unfortunate circumstance puts Steevens in a flame He vehemently rejects the doctor's inference, and declares that Ben's disapprobation of that play is "nothing to the purpose, because he has unsparingly censured the *Tempest*, and others of Shakspeare's most finished pieces, while the whole of his prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*" (which, as I have shown, has not the slightest allusion to our immortal bard) "is a malicious sneer upon him"

This is pretty well but Mr Malone, not to be outdone by his associate in calumny, brings forward a contemptuous epithet

cepted at here, as a man whose judgment shews it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance it is a virtuous and staid ignorance, and next to truth, a confirmed error does well, such a one the author knows where to find him.

It is further covenanted, concluded, and agreed, That how great soever the expectation be, no person here is to expect more than he knows, or better ware than a fair will afford: neither to look back to the sword and buckler age of Smithfield, but content himself with the present. Instead of a little Dary, to take toll o' the barrows, the author doth promise a strutting horse-courser⁴ with a lee drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good equipage as you would wish. And then for Kindheart the tooth-drawer, a fine oily pig woman with her tapster, to bid you welcome, and a consort of roakers for musick. A wise justice of peace meditant, instead of a jugler

(stale) incidentally bestowed on *Penciles* by our author, as an additional proof that this wretched drama was written by Shakespeare¹ whom," as the critic adds, "he appears to have hated and envied merely because the splendour of his genius had surpassed his own"²—Not in *Penciles*, I presume—but such are the legitimate occasions seized, by the commentators, to vent their senseless malignity, from page to page, against the character of Jonson!

³ With a lee drunkard,] i. e. so drunk, as to be incapable of managing himself, but see the *New Inn*.

⁴ A horse-courser,] In the *Dramatis Personæ*, Knockem is called a horse-courser and a ranger of Turnbull. A horse-courser, as old Fitzherbert says, differs from a horse-master. "A corser is he that byeth all ryders horses, and selleth them agayne, the horse-mayster is he that byeth wyld horses, and breketh them, and then selleth them." This, perhaps, was more than Jonson knew. It is sufficient to say that he uses the word, as his contemporaries did, for a horse-dealer. A Turnbull street ranger wants no explanation. I may, however, take the opportunity of adding, that in the note, Vol. I. p. 17, I should have added Turnbull to the other names for Tremill-street.

with an ape A civil cutpurse searchant A sweet singer of new ballads allurant and as fresh an hypocrite, as ever was broached, rampant If there be never a servant monster in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques ⁵ *he is loth to*

⁵ *If there be never a servant monster in the fair who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques* ⁷] Our author, and who can help it, is still venting his sneers at Shakspeare The *servant monster* is the character of Caliban in the *Tempest* the *nest of antiques* is the clowns who dance in the *Winter's Tale* and, lest he should be thought not to speak plainly enough, he expressly mentions those plays in the next sentence I am afraid the reader will think but ill either of Jonson's judgment, or his candour, when he thus ridicules what has been generally admired by men of real taste but I believe the sneer was designed not so much to ridicule Shakspeare for his invention, as the passion of the mob for spectacles of this kind WHAL

I have omitted a part of Whalley's note, as not greatly to the purpose, and shall leave my opinion of what remains to be gathered from the observations on the charges brought against Jonson by more recent commentators

As this passage has furnished such abundant matter for obloquy, it may not be amiss to examine it at large Steevens, who is inclined to be complimentary, says that the *Tempest* was not secure from the criticism of our poet, (he had just charged him with having *unsparingly* censured it) "whose *malice* appears to be more than equal to his wit He says, if there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it" And Malone affirms that "Jonson endeavours to depreciate this beautiful comedy by calling it a *foolery* The depreciation remains to be proved—but (I regret to say it) I have a heavier charge against Mr Malone than a too precipitate conclusion—a charge of misrepresentation *Foolery*, cannot indeed be applied to any work without an intent to depreciate it but this was not Jonson's word, nor was it even in his contemplation The term used by him is *drollery*, which had a precise and specific bearing upon the whole subject of his Induction A *droll*, or *drollery*, was the appropriate term for a puppet show, and is so applied by all the writers of his time Thus Claudia, in the *Tragedy of Valentinian*, declares that "She had rather make a *drollery* till thirty," i.e. spend her youth in making puppet-shows, which she considers as the lowest scene of degradation and so, indeed in many other places The term continued in use down to the last century, for Dennis says, in one of his

make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries, to mix his

letters that "he went to see the siege of *Namur*, a *droll*, at Bartholomew Fair" Subsequently to Jonson's time, the word was applied to a farcical dialogue in a single scene but there is, I confidently believe, no instance of a *drollery* being used for a legitimate comedy The reader now sees all the advantage derived by Mr Malone from his sophistication had he adhered to Jonson's own language, this part of the charge against him could not have been sustained for a moment I now return to Steevens "Servant monster" is undoubtedly to be found in the *Tempest* but I am yet to learn that the expression was the invention of Shakspeare, or even peculiar to him though he has applied it with inimitable humour The reader is not to learn that the town in those days abounded with exhibitions of what were familiarly called *monsters*, i.e. creatures of various kinds which were taught a thousand antic tricks, the constant concomitants of puppet shows "I would not have you," says Machin, "step into the suburbs, and acquaint yourself either with *monsters*, or *motions*" *Dumb Knight* And Jonson himself, in a subsequent part of this play, makes Bristle tax Haggise with loitering behind "to see the *man with the monsters*" Elephants, camels, bears, horses, &c. were all accompanied by apes, who amused the spectator by assuming a command over them Nor is the custom, nor the language yet obsolete I have frequently seen, at a country fair, a dog or bear called out to "shew his obedience to his *master*," an ape, or monkey, that mounted, and drove him about at will This was the servant monster of Jonson's age, but there was yet another, the clown who conducted the mummery of such characters as the machinery of the show required, beasts and fishes of the most uncouth and monstrous forms The frequency and popularity of these exhibitions are excellently noted by Mr Gilchrist, and it is impossible to look at the part of Trinculo, without seeing that it bears an immediate reference to this custom, and we may form some idea of the roar of the old theatre, at hearing him and his associate unwittingly characterise themselves as *monsters*, by adopting the well-known expression

"The *Winter's Tale* is sneered at," Mr Malone says, in the *nest of antiques*, i.e. the twelve satyrs who dance at the sheep-shearing "Twelve satyrs a nest of antiques!" They were full grown ones however—"Old Ben," as Mr Malone judiciously observes, "generally spoke out," and here is a notable proof

head with other men's heels, let the concupiscence of jigs and dances reign as strong as it will amongst

of it! The stage direction is, "Enter twelve rustics habited like satyrs, they dance, and then exeunt" And it is this harmless dance, common to many plays then on the stage, and which, indeed, is not the only one in this very scene, that *made nature afraid*, and excited the indignation of Jonson! It is mortifying to be reduced to notice such stuff, but whatever may be my own wearisomeness and disgust, the reader who has patiently toiled through fifteen volumes of malicious falsehood, cannot, in justice, complain that a few pages are occasionally laid before him in refutation of it—Jonson is still speaking of puppet shows, and those who are aware of the profane and monstrous exhibitions which were in vogue at the moment of his writing, will not be surprized at the vehemence of his language. *The Creation of the World the Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah* (here was a tempest of fire,) *the Story of Jonas and the whale*, the "tale to which he alludes, (and here too, was a "tempest,") and a number of other miraculous events unintentionally, perhaps, burlesqued from Scripture—these were what *made nature afraid*, and not an innocent dance by a description of beings familiar to every frequenter of the stage.

Had not the critics so kindly pointed out the meaning of a *nest* of antiques, I should have taken it for one of those ridiculous collections of old trumpery, (called, I believe, travelling museums,) by which the credulity of the good citizens has in all periods been somewhat abused—At all events, I should not have stumbled on satyrs. Our ancestors indeed, used the same word (antiques) for antics, and antiquities, but, even in the former sense, I cannot admit that it means satyrs. The antique was the vice or clown of the old stage, and indeed lord Bacon, (not the worst judge of language,) expressly distinguishes the two characters "Antimasques" (he says) are usually composed of *satyrs*, baboons, *antiques*, beasts," &c. *Essays*, xxxvii. The fact seems to be, that the commentators, having first determined that the *Winter's Tale* was ridiculed, looked through it for something to justify their conclusion! Had they turned to *Bartholomew Fair*, they would have discovered something to their purpose. In the third act, Jonson mentions "a *nest of beards*" a *sneer* undoubtedly, "and who can help it, at Autolycus, who is furnished with a *beard*, (A. 1 V S. 111) and is moreover a little of an *antique*. Here the attack is direct and palpable! Here "old Ben speaks out!" This fortunate quotation of mine

you yet if the puppets will please any body, they shall be intreated to come in

In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the aforesaid hearers and spectators, That they neither in themselves conceal, nor suffer by them to be concealed, any state decypherer, or politic picklock⁶ of the scene, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by the gingerbread woman, who by the hobby-horse man, who by the costard-monger, nay, who by their wares Or that will pretend to

may be of use in a philological sense, as it tends to shew that *nest* does not, as the critics seem to suppose, exclusively, and necessarily mean, "a dance of satyrs."

Long as this note is, I am unwilling to dismiss it without noticing the immense importance of the "malignity" of Jonson to the commentators.¹ It settles dates, it decides controversies, and it occasionally reconciles the bitterest enemies—"your *if* is not a more excellent peace maker" "*The Tempest*," it seems, "must have been written before 1614." But why? *The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap*—"because Jonson sneers at it in that year."¹ And this settles the contest.

With respect to the "*Winter's Tale*," Mr. Malone once assigned it to 1604, but fortunately observing "that Ben Jonson had ridiculed it in his *Bartholomew Fair*, which first appeared in 1614," he inclines to think that it was joined in the same *censure* with the *Tempest* in consequence of the two plays having been produced at no great distance of time from each other, and that, therefore, the *Winter's Tale* ought to have been ascribed to the year 1613.¹ I am afraid that we are still afloat in this matter, for it happens, (though Mr. Malone, who probably never opened Jonson in his life, except to run his finger rapidly down a particular page, was ignorant of it,) that the expressions which have given such offence, are copied almost literally from the preface to the 4th edition of the *Alchemist*, which appeared in 1612. Such is the sad effect of laying foundations for argument in prejudice and injustice.¹

⁶ *Any political attack on the scene so solemnly ridiculous, &c.]* I thought I have endeavoured, and I trust not altogether unsuccessfully, to defend Jonson from the charge of attacking Shakespeare on all occasions, yet I am by no means prepared "to champion him to the utterance." With all my zeal for the author, I am compelled to admit that he has levelled a very

affirm on his own inspired ignorance, what Mirror of Magistrates⁷ is meant by the justice, what great lady by the pig woman, what concealed statesman by the seller of mouse-traps, and so of the rest But that such person, or persons, so found, be left discovered to the mercy of the author, as a forfeiture to the stage, and your laughter aforesaid As also such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously play the fool by his place aforesaid, to challenge the author of scurrility, because the language somewhere savours of Smithfield, the booth, and the pigbooth, or of profaneness, because a madman cries, God quit you, or bless you! In witness whereof, as you have preposterously put to your seals already, which is your money, you will now add the other part of suffrage, your hands The play shall presently begin Although the Fair be not kept in the same region that some here, perhaps, would have it, yet think, that therein the author hath observed a special decorum, the place being as dirty as Smithfield, and as stinking every whit

Howsoever, he prays you to believe, his ware is still the same, else you will make him justly suspect that he that is so loth to look on a baby or an hobby-horse here, would be glad to take up a commodity of them, at any laughter or loss in another place [Exe

cruel sncer at Mr Malone in this place, and another equally severe at Mr Steevens, a few lines below, to say nothing of the bitter ridicule flung on the minor commentators in every part of it Could any traces be found of their having read this passage, I should sincerely condole with them on their sufferings, but they never got beyond the preceding page

⁷ *What Mirror of Magistrates,*] Alluding to the collection or series of poems so named, describing the fall of the *Unfortunate Great* a work, which had its rise from Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* It was begun by R Baldwine, assisted by others, about 1550 Afterwards it was republished, with additions by John Higins in 1587 And the last edition with enlargements, by Richard Niccols, in 1610 WHAT

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

ACT I SCENE I

A Room in Littlewit's House

Enter LITTLEWIT with a license in his hand

Lit A pretty conceit, and worth the finding !
I have such luck to spin out these fine things
still, and, like a silk-worm, out of my self Here's
master Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o' the
Hill, in the county of Middlesex, esquire, takes
forth his license to marry mistress Grace Well-
born, of the said place and county and when
does he take it forth ? to-day ! the four and
twentieth of August ! Bartholomew-day ! Bar-
tholomew upon Bartholomew ! there's the device !
who would have marked such a leap frog chance
now ? A very - - - less¹ than times-ace, on two
dice ! Well, go thy ways, John Littlewit, pro-
ctor John Littlewit one of the pretty wits of
Paul's, the Littlewit of London, so thou art
called, and something beside When a quirk or
a quiblin does scape thee, and thou dost not
watch and apprehend it, and bring it afore the
constable of conceit, (there now, I speak quib
too,) let them carry thee out o' the archdeacon's

¹ *A very - - - less, &c*] A word appears to have dropped
out here I would propose *little* as a substitute

court into his kitchen and make a Jack of thee, instead of a John There I am again la !—

Enter Mrs LITTLEWIT

Win, good morrow, Win, ay many, Win, now you look finely indeed, Win ! this cap does convince !² You'd not have worn it, Win, nor have had it velvet, but a rough country beaver, with a copper band, like the coney-skin woman of Budge row³ sweet Win, let me kiss it ! And her fine high shoes, like the Spanish lady ! Good Win, go a little, I would fain see thee pace, pretty Win, by this fine cap, I could never leave kissing on't

Mrs Lit Come indeed la, you are such a fool still !

Lit No, but half a one, Win, you are the t'other half man and wife make one fool, Win Good ! Is there the proctor, or doctor indeed, in the diocese, that ever had the fortune to win him such a Win ! There I am again ! I do feel co coirts coming upon me, more than I am able to turn tongue to A pox o' these pretenders⁴

² *This cap does convince,*] i. e. subdue or overpower (me) by its beauty The word is used in a similar manner by Shakspeare and others

³ *The coney skin woman of Budge row*] “Cordwainers ward” (Stow says) “turnetn west thro' Budge row, a street so called of budge, furre and of the skinniers dwelling there” The consumption of rabbit skins, at that time, for linings, and facings of gowns, caps &c was immense

⁴ *A pox on these pretenders &c*] These *pretenders* to wit, were our author, and his poetical friends, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, &c who resorted to these taverns, particularly to the last of the three, the Mermaid There also sir Walter Raleigh kept his club Master Littlewit's triumph over them is sufficiently pleasant

to wit ! your Three Cranes, Mitie and Mermaid-men ! not a coin of true salt, not a grain of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places, or so, again the next wit-fall, and pay two-pence in a quart more for their canary than other men. " But give me the man can start up a justice of wit out of six shillings beer, and give the law to all the poets and poet-suckers in town —because they are the players' gossips ! " And, other men have wives as fine as the players, and as well dressed. Come hither, Win.

[*Kisses her.*]

Enter WINWIFE.

Winw. Why, how now, master Littlewit ! measuring of lips, or molding of kisses ? which is it ?

Lat. Troth, I am a little taken with my Win's dressing here : does it not fine, master Winwife ? How do you apprehend, sir ? she would not have worn this habit. I challenge all Cheapside to shew such another. Moor-fields, Pinlicko-path, or the Exchange, in a summer evening, with a lace to boot, as this has. Dear Win, let master Winwife kiss you. He comes a wooing to our mother, Win, and may be our father perhaps, Win. There's no harm in him, Win.

Winw. None in the earth, master Littlewit.

[*Kisses her.*]

Lat. I envy no man my delicacies, sir.

Winw. Alas, you have the garden where they grow still ! A wife here with a strawberry breath, cherry-lips, apricot cheeks, and a soft velvet head,⁵ like a melicotton.

⁵ *A soft velvet head like a melicotton*] The allusion is to Win's cap. a velvet cap was, at this time, the fashionable dress. In consequence of a sumptuary law made by Elizabeth, "ceased" (as Stow tells us) "the wearing of miniver caps, otherwise called three corner caps, which formerly was the wearing of all

Lit Good, i'faith ! now dulness upon me, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't as well as he ! velvet head !

Winw But my taste, master Littlewit, tends to fruit of a later kind, the sober matron, your wife's mother

Lit Ay, we know you are a suitor, sir, Win and I both wish you well By this license here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it as here are a couple ! Win would fain have a fine young father i' law, with a feather, that her mother might hood it and chain it with mistress Overdo But you do not take the right course, master Winwife

Winw No, master Littlewit, why ?

Lit You are not mad enough

Winw How ! is madness a right course ?

Lit I say nothing, but I wink upon Win You have a friend, one master Quarlous, comes here sometimes

Winw, Why, he makes no love to her, does he ?

Lit Not a tokenworth that ever I saw, I assure you but——

Winw What ?

Lit He is the more mad-cap of the two You do not apprehend me

Mrs Lit You have a hot coal in your mouth now, you cannot hold

Lit Let me out with it, dear Win

Mrs Lit I'll tell him myself

Lit Do, and take all the thanks, and much good do thy pretty heart, Win

grave matrons —but the Aldermen's wives and such like, made them bonnets of velvet, after the miniver cap fashion, but larger, which made a great shew upon their heads ' Win's, however, was small The melicotton is a late kind of peach It is mentioned by Bacon as coming in September

Mrs. Lit. Sir, my mother has had her nativity-water cast lately by the cunning-men in Cow-lane, and they have told her her fortune, and do ensue her, she shall never have happy hour, unless she marry within this sen'night, and when it is, it must be a madman, they say.

Lit. Ay, but it must be a gentleman madman.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, so the t'other man of Moor-fields says.

Wintw. But does she believe them?

Lit. Yea, and has been at Bedlam twice since every day, to inquire if any gentleman be there, or to come there mad.

Wintw. Why, this is a confederacy, - a mere piece of practice upon her by these impostors.

Lit. I tell her so, or else, say I, that they mean some young madcap gentleman; for the devil can equivocate as well as a shop keeper: and therefore would I advise you to be a little madder than master Quarlous hereafter.

Wintw. Where is she, surring yet?

Lit. Stirring! yes, and studying an old elder come from Banbury, a sutor that puts in here at meal tide, to praise the painful brethren, or pray that the sweet singers may be restored; says a grace as long as his breath lasts him! Some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or Win, are fain to fetch it again with malmsey or aqua coelestis.⁶

⁶ *Why, this is a confederacy,*] The trick was well understood at this period, and still better in that which immediately followed. Foreman, and most of the cheats, celebrated by that prince of impostors, Lilly, seem to have derived their chief support from it.

⁷ *Aqua coelestis.*] Not, I believe, what Horace calls *aqua coelestis*, but some kind of strong water, perhaps, aquavite, or brandy.

Mrs Lit Yes, indeed, we have such a tedious life with him for his diet, and his clothes too! he breaks his buttons, and cracks seams at every saying he sobs out

Lit He cannot abide my vocation, he says

Mrs Lit No, he told my mother, a proctor was a claw of the beast, and that she had little less than committed abomination in marrying me so as she has done

Lit Every line, he says, that a proctor writes, when it comes to be read in the bishop's court, is a long black hair, kemb'd out of the tail of Antichrist

Winto When came this proselyte?

Lit Some three days since

Enter QUARLOUS

Quar O sir, have you ta'en soil here? It's well a man may reach you after three hours running yet! What an unmerciful companion art thou, to quit thy lodging at such ungentlemanly hours! none but a scattered covey of fiddlers, or one of these rag rakers in dunghills, or some marrow bone man at most, would have been up when thou wert gone abroad, by all description I pray thee what ailest thou, thou canst not sleep? hast thou thorns in thy eyelids, or thistles in thy bed?

Winto I cannot tell it seems you had neither in your feet, that took this pain to find me

Quar No, an I had, all the lime hounds o' the city should have drawn after you by the scent rather — Master John Littlewit! God save

¹ *Have you ta'en soil here?*] A stag is said to *take soil*, when being hard pressed by the hounds, he takes to the water for safety **WHAT**

you, sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of us, last night, John : shall we pluck a hair of the same wolf to-day,* proctor John ?

Lit. Do you remember, master Quailous, what we discoursed on last night ?

Quar. Not I, John, nothing that I either discourse or do ; at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulness

Lit. No ! not concerning Win ? look you, there she is, and diest, as I told you she should be . haik you, sir, [*whispers him.*] had you forgot ?

Quar. By this head I'll beware how I keep you company,⁹ John, when I [am] drunk, an you have this dangerous memory : that's certain.

Lit. Why, sir ?

Quar. Why ! we were all a little stained last night, sprinkled with a cup or two, and I agreed with proctor John here, to come and do somewhat with Win (I know not what 'twas) to-day , and he puts me in mind on't now ; he says he was coming to fetch me. Before truth, if you have that fearful quality, John, to remember when you are sober, John, what you promise drunk, John ; I shall take heed of you, John. For this once I am content to wink at you. Where's your wife ? come hither, Win. [*Kisses her.*]

Mrs. Lit. Why, John ! do you see this, John ? look you ! help me, John.

Lit. O Win, fie, what do you mean, Win ? be womanly, Win ; make an outcry to your mother, Win ! master Quailous is an honest gentleman,

* *Shall we pluck a hair of the same wolf to-day.*] A proverbial phrase for getting intoxicated again, with the same liquor

⁹ *I'll beware how I keep you company.*] Jonson had the Greek adage in his thoughts, Μίσω μνημονα συμποτην.

and our worshipful good friend, Win, and he is master Winwife's friend too and master Winwife comes a suitor to your mother, Win, as I told you before, Win, and may perhaps be our father, Win they'll do you no harm, Win, they are both our worshipful good friends Master Quarulous! you must know master Quailous, Win, you must not quarrel with master Quarulous, Win

Quar No, we'll kiss again, and fall in

[*Kisses her again*]

Lit Yes, do, good Win

Mrs Lit In faith you are a fool, John

Lit A fool John, she calls me, do you mark that, gentlemen? pretty Littlewit of velvet! a fool-John

Quar She may call you an apple-John,* if you use this [*Aside*] [*Kisses her again*]

Winw Pray thee forbear, for my respect, somewhat

Quar Hoy-day! how respective you are become o' the sudden! I fear this family will turn you reformed too, pray you come about again. Because she is in possibility to be your daughter-in-law, and may ask you blessing hereafter, when she courts it to Totenham to eat cream! Well, I will forbear, sir, but i' faith, would thou wouldst leave thy exercise of widow-hunting once, this drawing after an old reverend smock by the splay-foot! There cannot be an ancient tripe or trillibub in the town, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thyself to, when thou hast got one, scrubbing a piece of buff, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of Pannier-ally¹ to stink in, or

* *She may call you an apple John*] A punning allusion to *apple-square* i.e. pump, or procurer

¹ *Pannier-alley*] Leading from Paternoster row into New-

perhaps worse, currying a carcass that thou hast bound thyself to alive. I'll be sworn, some of them that thou art, or hast been a suitor to, are so old, as no chaste or married pleasure can ever become them; the honest instrument of procreation has forty years since left to belong to them; thou must visit them as thou would'st do a tomb, with a torch or three handfuls of link, flaming hot, and so thou may'st hap to make them feel thee, and after come to inherit according to thy inches.² A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still taking himself a fortune in an old woman's embers! We shall have thee, after thou hast been but a month married to one of them, look like the quartan ague and the black jaundice met in a face, and walk as if thou hadst borrow'd legs of a spinner, and voice of a cricket. I would endure to hear fiftensermons a week for her, and such coarse and loud ones, as some of them must be! I would e'en desire of fate, I might dwell in a drum, and take in my sustenance with an old broken tobacco-pipe and a straw. Dost thou ever think to bring thine ears or stomach to the patience of a dry grace, as long as thy table-cloth; and droned out by thy son here (that might be thy father) till all the meat on thy board has forgot it was that day in the kitchen? or to brook the noise made in a question of predestination, by the good labourers and painful eaters assembled together, put to them by the matron your spouse;

gate-street. It took its name from the sign of a *panner* anciently at one corner of it, and, in Jonson's days, was chiefly inhabited by type-sellers.

² *And after come to inherit according to thy inches.*] From Juvenal, as Whalley observes,

Partes quæque suas, ad mensuram inguinis hæres.

who moderates with a cup of wine, ever and anon, and a sentence out of Knox between? On the perpetual spitting before and after a sober-drawn exhortation of six hours, whose better part was the humi-ha-hum? or to hear prayers, groaned out over thy iron chests, as if they were chains to break them? And all this for the hope of two apostle-spoons,³ to suffer¹ and a cup to eat a caudle in¹ for that will be thy legacy She'll have convey'd her state safe enough from thee, an she be a right widow

Winw Alas, I am quite off that scent now

Quar How so?

Winw Put off by a brother of Banbury, one that, they say, is come heré, and gov'ns all already

Quar What do you call him? I knew divers of those Banburians when I was in Oxford

Winw Master Littlewit can tell us

Lit Sir!—Good Win go in, and if master Bartholomew Cokes his man come for the license, (the little old fellow,) let him speak with me [*Exit Mrs Littlewit*]—What say you, gentlemen?

Winw What call you the reverend elder you told me of, your Banbury man?

³ *And all this for the hope of two apostle spoons*] They were of a round bowl with a little head at the end, and twelve in a set, from whence they had the name of *apostle spoons*. There was anciently a certain unguent or electuary, which, from the number of its ingredients, was called *apostolorum*. *WHAL*

The spoons had their name from the figure (not merely the head) of an apostle, with which they were generally ornamented. These and caudle cups formed almost the only articles of plate which the riddling rank of people possessed in the poet's days, hence they were esteemed handsome bequests, present at christenings, &c. The allusions to this custom are endless in our old dramatists

Lit. Rabbi Busy, sir, he is more than an elder, he is a prophet, sir.

Quar. O, I know him! a baker, is he not?

Lit. He was a baker, sir, but he does dream now, and see visions, he has given over his trade.

Quar. I remember that too; out of a scruple he took, that, in spiced conscience, those cakes he made, were served to brides, may-poles, morrices, and such profane feasts and meetings. His christian-name is Zeal-of-the-land.

Lit. Yes, sir; Zeal-of-the-land Busy

Winw. How! what a name's there!

Lit. O they have all such names, sir; he was witness for Win here,—they will not be call'd godfathers—and named her Win-the-fight you thought her name had been Winnifred, did you not?

Winw. I did indeed.

Lit. He would have thought himself a stark reprobate, if it had.

Quar. Ay, for there was a blue-starch woman of the name at the same time. A notable hypocritical vermin it is; I know him. One that stands upon his face, more than his faith, at all times. ever in seditious motion, and reproving for vain-glory, of a most lunatic conscience and spleen, and affects the violence of singularity in all he does: he has undone a grocer here, in Newgate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with curiants, as ardent a zeal as he, that's by the way.—By his profession he will ever be in the state of innocence though, and childhood; derides all antiquity, defies any other learning than inspiration, and what discretion soever years should afford him, it is all prevented in his original ignorance: have not to do with him,

for he is a fellow of a most arrogant and invincible dulness, I assure you —Who is this ?

Re-enter Mrs LITTLEWIT with WASPE

Waspe By your leave, gentlemen, with all my heart to you, and god you good morrow !—Master Littlewit, my business is to you is this license ready ?

Lit Here I have it for you in my hand, master Humphrey

Waspe That's well, nay, never open or read it to me, it's labour in vain, you know I am no clerk, I scorn to be saved by my book, i' faith, I'll hang first, fold it up on your word, and give it me What must you have for it ?

Lit We'll talk of that anon, master Humphrey

Waspe Now, or not at all, good master Proctor, I am for no anons, I assure you

Lit Sweet Win, bid Solomon send me the little black-box within in my study

Waspe Ay, quickly, good mistress, I pray you, for I have both eggs on the spit, and none in the fire [*Exit Mrs Littlewit*]—Say what you must have, good master Littlewit

Lit Why, you know the price, master Numps

Waspe I know ! I know nothing, I what tell you me of knowing ? Now I am in haste, sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorn to know, and yet, now I think on't, I will, and do know as well as another, you must have a mark for your thing here, and eight pence for the box, I could have saved two-pence in that, an I had bought it myself, but here's fourteen shillings for you Good Lord, how long your little wife stays ! pray God, Solomon, your clerk, be not looking in the wrong box, master Proctor

Lit. Good i' faith! no, I warrant you, Solomon is wiser than so, sir.

Wasp. Fie, fie, fie, by your leave, master Littlewit, this is scurvy, idle, foolish and abominable, with all my heart; I do not like it.

[Walks aside.]

Winw. Do you hear! Jack Littlewit, what business does thy pretty head think this fellow may have, that he keeps such a coil with?

Quar. More than buying of gingerbread in the cloister here, for that we allow him, or a gilt pouch in the fair?

Lit. Master Quarlous, do not mistake him, he is his master's both-hands, I assure you.

Quar. What! to pull on his boots a mornings, or his stockings, does he?

Lit. Sir, if you have a mind to mock him, mock him softly, and look t'other way: for if he apprehend you flout him once, he will fly at you presently. A terrible testy old fellow, and his name is Wasp too.

Quar. Pretty insect! make much on him.

Wasp. A plague o' this box, and the pox too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should have sought it, sent it, or brought it! do you see, sir.

Lit. Nay, good master Wasp.

Wasp. Good master Hornet, t—in your teeth, hold you your tongue. do not I know you? your father was a 'pothecary, and sold clysters, more than he gave, I wusse: and t—in your little wife's teeth too—here she comes—

Re-enter Mrs. LITTLEWIT with the box.

'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her velvet custard on her head, sir.

Lit O, be civil, master Numps

Waspe Why, say I have a humour not to be civil, how then? who shall compel me, you?

Lit Here is the box now

Waspe Why, a pox o' your box, once again! let your little wife stale in it, an she will Sir, I would have you to understand, and these gentlemen too, if they please——

Winw With all our hearts, sir

Waspe That I have a charge, gentlemen

Lit They do apprehend, sir

Waspe Pardon me, sir, neither they nor you can apprehend me yet You are an ass—I have a young master, he is now upon his making and maring, the whole care of his well doing is now mine His foolish schoolmasters have done nothing, but run up and down the country with him to beg puddings and cake-bread of his tenants, and almost spoiled him, he has learn'd nothing but to sing catches, and repeat *Rattle bladder, rattle* and *O Madge*! I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile tuncs, which he will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! If he meet but a carman in the street, and I find him not talk to keep him off on him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night in his sleep! He has a head full of bees! I am fain now, for this little time I am absent, to leave him in charge with a gentlewoman 'tis true, she is a justice of peace his wife, and a gentlewoman of the hood, and his natural sister, but what may happen under a woman's government, there's the doubt Gentlemen, you do not know him, he is another manner of piece than you think for but nineteen years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by the head, God bless him!

Quar Well, methinks this is a fine fellow.

Winw. He has made his master a fine! by this description, I should think

Quar. 'Faith, much about one, it is gross and pile, whether for a new faithing.

Waspe. I'll tell you, gentlemen——

Lit. Will't please you drink, master Waspe.

Waspe. Why, I have not talk'd so long to be dry, sir. You see no dust or cobwebs come out o' my mouth, do you? you'd have me gone, would you?

Lit. No, but you were in haste e'en now, master Numps.

Waspe. What an I were! so I am still, and yet I will stay too; meddle you with your match, your Win there, she has as little wit as her husband, it seems. I have others to talk to.

Lit. She's my match indeed, and as *little wit* as I, good!

Waspe. We have been but a day and a half in town, gentlemen, 'tis true; and yesterday in the afternoon we walked London, to shew the city to the gentlewoman he shall marry, mistress Grace; but afore I will endure such another half day with him, I'll be drawn with a good gib-cat, through the great pond at home, as his uncle Hodge was. Why, we could not meet that heathen thing all the day, but staid him: he would name you all the signs over, as he went, aloud. and where he spied a parrot or a monkey, there he was pitched, with all the little long coats about him, male and female; no getting him away! I thought he would have run mad o' the black boy in Bucklebury, that takes the scurvy, 10guy tobacco there.

Lit. You say true, master Numps; there's such a one indeed.

Waspe It's no matter whether there be or no, what's that to you?

Quar He will not allow of John's reading at any hand

Enter COKES, Mistress OVERDO, and GRACE

Cokes O Numps! are you here, Numps? look where I am, Numps, and mistress Grace too! Nay, do not look angrily, Numps my sister is here and all, I do not come without her

Waspe What the mischief do you come with her? or she with you?

Cokes We came all to seek you, Numps

Waspe To seek me! why, did you all think I was lost, or run away with your fourteen shillings worth of small ware here? or that I had changed it in the fair for hobby-horses? Precious—to seek me!

Mrs Over Nay, good master Numps, do you shew discretion, though he be exorbitant, as master Overdo says, and it be but for conservation of the peace

Waspe Marry gip,⁴ goody She-justice, mistress Frenchhood! t— in your teeth, and t— in your Frenchhood's teeth too, to do you service, do you see! Must you quote your Adam to me! you think you are madam Regent still, mistress Overdo, when I am in place, no such matter, I assure you, your reign is out, when I am in, dame

Mrs Over I am content to be in abeyance, sir, and be governed by you, so should he too,

⁴ *Marry gip* [] This familiar expression of contempt, and its equivalent, Marry, come up! are to be found in almost every drama of the times To have noticed it, is sufficient

if he did well ; but 'twill be expected you should also govern your passions

Wasp Will it so, forsooth ! good Lord, how shap you are, with being at Bedlam yesterday ! Whetstone has set an edge upon you,⁵ has he ?

Mrs Over. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your dignity, I do yet to mine.

Wasp Very well then.

Cokes. Is this the license, Numps ? for love's sake let me see't ; I never saw a license.

Wasp Did you not so ? why, you shall not see't then.

Cokes An you love me, good Numps.

Wasp. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you in these fooleries : set your heart at rest, there's nothing in it but hard words ;—and what would you see it for ?

Cokes. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all ; and I will see it now, so I will.

Wasp. You shall not see it here.

Cokes. Then I'll see it at home, and I'll look upon the case here.

Wasp. Why, do so ; a man must give way to him a little in trifles, gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth ; which he will mend when he comes to judgment and knowledge of matters I pray you conceive so, and I thank you. and I pray you pardon him, and I thank you again.

⁵ Whetstone has set an edge upon you] I am at a loss for the precise meaning of this passage. Whetstone (the author of *Promos and Cassandra*) might have published some collection of witty sentences, now lost : this, however, would still leave us to seek the connection in Wasp's mind between him and Bedlam, unless we suppose him to become insane towards the close of his unfortunate life, and to have ended his days there. But this is all conjecture, and must be so understood.

Quar Well, this dry nuise, I say still, is a delicate man

Mrs Lit And I am, for the cosset his charge ⁶ did you ever see a fellow's face more accuse him for an ass?

Quar Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pity 'tis yonder wench should marry such a Cokes!

Winw 'Tis true

Quar She seems to be discreet, and as sober as she is handsome

Winw Ay, and if you mark her, what a restrained scorn she casts upon all his behaviour and speeches?

Cokes Well, Numps, I am, now for another piece of business more, the Fan, Numps, and then——

Waspe Bless me! deliver me! help, hold me! the Fair!

Cokes Nay, never fidge up and down, Numps, and vex itself. I am resolute Bartholomew in this, I'll make no suit on't to you, 'twas all the end of my journey indeed, to shew mistress Grace my Fair. I call it my Fan, because of Bartholomew you know my name is Bartholomew, and Bartholomew Fair.

Lit That was mine afore, gentlemen, this morning. I had that, i'faith, upon his license, believe me, there he comes after me.

Quar Come, John, this ambitious wit of yours, I am afraid, will do you no good in the end.

Lit No! why, sir?

Quar You grow so insolent with it, and over-

⁶ And I am for the cosset his charge] i e for Cokes "A cosset," Cole says, "is a lamb, colt, &c brought up by hand"

doing, John, that if you look not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there twill leave you

Winw Do not trust it too much, John, be more sparing, and use it but now and then, a wit is a dangerous thing in this age, do not over-buy it

Lit Think you so, gentlemen? I'll take heed on't hereafter

Mrs Lit Yes, do, John

Cokes A pretty little soul, this same mistress Little wit, would I might marry her!

Grace So would I, or any body else, so I might scape you

Cokes Numps, I will see it, Numps, 'tis decreed never be melancholy for the matter

Waspe Why, see it, see it, do, see it who hinders you? why do you not go see it? 'slid see it

Cokes The Fair, Numps, the Fair

Waspe Would the Fair, and all the drums and rattles in it, were in your belly for me! they are already in your brain. He that had the means to travel your head now should meet finer sights than any are in the Fair, and make a finer voyage on't, to see it all hung with cockle shells, pebbles, fine wheat straws, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cobweb

Quar Good faith, he looks, methinks, as you mark him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his sn Cranion-legs⁷

⁷ *With his sn Cranion-legs*] i.e. small, spider like legs, but Cranion is the fairy appellation for a fly. Thus Drayton

"Four nimble gnats the horses were,

"Their harnesses of gossamere,

"Fly *Cranion* her charioteer,

"Upon the coach box getting" *Nymphidia*

Winw And his Numps, to flap them away
 God be wi' you, sir, there's your bee
 in a box, and much good do't you

[*Gives Cokes the box*]

Cokes Why, your friend, and Bartholomew,
 an you be so contumacious

Quar What mean you, Numps?

[*Takes Waspe aside as he is going out*]

Waspe Ill not be guilty, I, gentlemen

Over You will not let him go, brother, and
 lose him?

Cokes Who can hold that will away? * I had
 rather lose him than the Fair, I wusse

Waspe You do not know the inconvenience,
 gentlemen, you persuade to, nor what trouble I
 have with him in these humours. If he go to
 the Fair, he will buy of every thing to a baby
 there, and household stuff for that too. If a
 leg or an arm on him did not grow on, he would
 lose it in the press. Pray heaven I bring him
 off with one stone! And then he is such a ra-
 vener after fruit!—you will not believe what a
 coil I had t'other day to compound a business
 between a Cather'ne-pear woman, and him, about
 snatching 'tis intolerable, gentlemen

Winw O, but you must not leave him now to
 these hazards, Numps

Waspe Nay he knows too well I will not leave
 him, and that makes him presume. Well, sir,
 will you go now? if you have such an itch in
 your feet, to foot it to the Fair, why do you

* *Who can hold that will away?* This is a proverbial expres-
 sion of old standing. It occurs in Dunbar

“And Prudence in my eir says ay,

“Quhy wad you hald that will away?”

And in many of our ancient dramatists

stop, am I [o'] your tarriers?⁹ go, will you go, sir?
why do you not go?

Cokes O Numps, have I brought you about?
come mistress Grace, and sister, I am, resolute
Bat, i' faith, still.

Gra Truly, I have no such fancy to the Fair,
nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thi-
ther of any quality or fashion.

Cokes. O Lord, sir! you shall pardon me, mis-
tress Grace, we are enow of ourselves to make it
a fashion; and for qualities, let Numps alone,
he'll find qualities.

Quar What a rogue in apprehension is this, to
understand her language no better!

Winw. Ay, and offer to marry her! Well, I
will leave the chase of my widow for to-day, and
directly to the Fair. These flies cannot, this hot
season, but engender us excellent creeping
sport.

Quar. A man that has but a spoonful of brain
would think so.—Farewell, John.

[*Exeunt Quarlous and Winwife.*]

Lit. Win, you see 'tis in fashion to go to the
Fair, Win; we must to the Fair too, you and I,
Win. I have an affair in the Fair, Win, a puppet-
play of mine own making, say nothing, that I
writ for the motion-man, which you must see,
Win.

Mrs. Lit. I would I might, John; but my
mother will never consent to such a profane
motion, she will call it.

Lit. Tut, we'll have a device, a dainty one:
Now Wit, help at a pinch, good Wit come, come
good Wit, an it be thy will! I have it, Win, I

⁹ *Am I [o'] your tarriers?* The old copy reads *Am I your
tarrars* upon which Whalley has a query. Simply, Am I of
those who stay you? Do I keep you here?

have it i'faith, and 'tis a fine one Win, long to eat of a pig, sweet Win, in the Fair, do you see, in the heart of the Fair, not at Pye-corner Your mother will do any thing, Win, to satisfy your longing, you know, pray thee long presently, and be sick o' the sudden, good Win I'll go in and tell her; cut thy lace in the mean time, and play the hypocrite, sweet Win

Mrs Lit No, I'll not make me uneasy¹ for it I can be hypocrite enough, though I were never so strait-laced

Lit You say true, you have been bred in the family, and brought up to't Our mother is a most elect hypocrite, and has maintained us all this seven year with it, like gentlefolks

Mrs Lit Ay, let her alone, John, she is not a wise wilful widow for nothing, nor a sanctified sister for a song And let me alone too, I have somewhat o' the mother in me, you shall see, fetch her fetch her—[*Exit Littlewit*] Ah! ah!
[*Seems to swoon*]

Re enter LITTLEWIT with Dame PURFCRAFT

Pure Now, the blaze of the beauteous discipline,² flight away this evil from our house! how now, Win-the-fight, child, how do you? sweet child, speak to me

Mrs Lit Yes, forsooth

Pure Look up, sweet Win-the-fight, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this door, remember that your education has been with the purest What polluted one was it, that named first the unclean beast, pig, to you, child?

¹ No, I'll not make me uneasy for it, &c] I'll not undress

² The satire of this short speech is exquisite

³ The beauteous discipline] See p 92

Mrs Lit. Uh, uh !

Lit Not I, on my sincerity, mother ; she longed above three hours ere she would let me know it — Who was it, Win ?

Mrs Lit. A profane black thing with a beard, John.

Pure. O, resist it, Win-the-fight, it is the tempter, the wicked tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of pig ; be strong against it, and its foul temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were on the weaker side ; and pray against its carnal provocations ; good child, sweet child, pray.

Lit. Good mother, I pray you, that she may eat some pig, and her belly full too, and do not you cast away your own child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the tempter. How do you do, Win, are you not sick ?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, a great deal, John, uh, uh !

Pure. What shall we do ? Call our zealous brother Busy hither, for his faithful fortification in this charge of the adveisary. [*Exit Littlewit.*] Child, my dear child, you shall eat pig ; be comforted, my sweet child.

Mrs. Lit. Ay, but in the Fair, mother.

Pure. I mean in the Fair, if it can be any way made or found lawful.—

Re-enter LITTLEWIT.

Where is our brother Busy ? will he not come ? Look up, child.

Lit. Presently, mother, as soon as he has cleansed his beard. I found him fast by the teeth in the cold turkey-pie in the cupboard, with a great white loaf on his left hand, and a glass of malmsey on his right.

Pure Slander not the brethren, wicked one
Lit Here he is now, purified, mother

Enter ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY

Pure O brother Busy ! your help here, to edify and raise us up in a scruple my daughter Win-the-fight is visited with a natural disease of women, called a longing to eat pig

Lit Ay su, a Bartholomew pig,³ and in the Fair

Pure And I would be satisfied from you, religiously-wise, whether a widow of the sanctified assembly, or a widow's daughter, may commit the act without offence to the weaker sisters

Busy Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnal disease, or appetite, incident to women, and as it is carnal and incident, it is natural, very natural now pig, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing and may be longed for, and so consequently eaten, it may be eaten, very exceeding well eaten but in the Fair, and as a Bartholomew pig, it cannot be eaten, for the very calling it a Bartholomew pig, and to eat it so, is a spice of idolatry, and you make the Fair no better than one of the high-places This,

³ *Ay, su, a Bartholomew pig, &c*] Roasted pigs were (and perhaps still are) the chief entertainment at Bartholomew Fair Our old writers abound in allusions to this circumstance, and Mrs Littlewit is not the only instance of a citizen's wife feigning a longing for pig, in order to be taken to the Fair Thus Davenant

" Now London's Mayor, on saddle new,
 " Rides to the Fair of Bartlemew,
 " He twirls his chain, and looketh big,
 " As if to fright the head of pig,
 " That gaping lies on every stall,
 " Till female with great belly call "

I take it, is the state of the question: a high-place.

Lat. Ay, but in state of necessity, place should give place, inaster Busy. I have a conceit left yet

Pure. Good brother Zeal-of-the-land, think to make it as lawful as you can.

Lat. Yes, sir, and as soon as you can, for it must be, sir: you see the danger my little wife is in, sir.

Pure. Truly, I do love my child dearly, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her first-fruits, if it might be otherwise.

Bus. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and hath a face of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face, but that face may have a veil put over it, and be shadowed as it were; it may be eaten, and in the Fair, I take it, in a booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in the midst of the profane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety, and humbleness; not gorged in with gluttony or greediness, there's the fear: for, should she go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or lust of the palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

Lat. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't; but courage, Win, we'll be humble enough, we'll seek out the homeliest booth in the Fair, that's certain; rather than fail, we'll eat it on the ground.

Pure. Ay, and I'll go with you myself, Win-the-fight, and my brother Zeal-of-the-land shall go with us too, for our better consolation.

Mrs Lit Uh, uh !

Lit Ay, and Salomon too, Win, the more the merrier! Win, we'll leave Rabbi Busy in a booth [*Aside to Mrs Lit*]—Salomon ! my cloak

Enter SALOMON with the cloak

Sal Heie, sin

Bus In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy, ⁴ there may be a good use made of it too, now I think on't by the public eating of swine's flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of Judaism, whereof the brethren stand taxed I will therefore eat, yea, I will eat exceedingly

Lit Good, i' faith, I will eat heartily too, because I will be no Jew, I could never away with ⁴

⁴ *I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy*]

——*cine senex fanaticus albo,
Sacrorum antistes, rarum et memorabile magni
Gutturis exemplum* !

And such has been the religious hypocrite in every age ! Jonson's character of the zealot of his own time, stands pre-eminent for truth and vigour, a noble instance of his acute and discriminating powers, and of an imagination, at once ardent and enlightened. The gluttony of the brethren is touched with some humour in the old comedy of the *Puritan*

Nich Say that I am gone to a fast

Sim 'Lo a fast ! very good

Nich Ay, to a fast, say, with master Fullbelly, the minister

Sim Master Fullbelly ! an honest man he feeds the flock well, for he is an excellent feeder

Frail O ay I have known him eat a whole pig, and afterwards fall to the pettitoes !

By *prophecy*, which occurs in the line above, the puritans meant those extemporaneous rhapsodies, which they sometimes poured out in the heat of their preaching

⁵ *I could never away with, &c*] I e suffer, or abide An expression of dislike familiar to all the writers of those times
See Vol II p 319

that stiff-necked generation : and truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for pig so in the mother's belly.

Bus. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Fair.

A number of Booths, Stalls, &c. set out, LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, JOAN TRASH, and others, sitting by their wares.

Enter Justice OVERDO, at a distance, in disguise.

Over. Well, in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth¹ defy all the world, Adam Overdo, for a disguise, and all story ; for thou hast fitted thyself, I swear. Fain would I meet the Linceus now, that eagle's eye, that piercing Epidaurian serpent (as my Quintus Horace calls him)⁶ that could discover a justice

⁶ *As my Quintus Horace calls him*] *Quam aut aquila, aut serpens, Epidaurus* —It appears that Adam was in the dress of a fool or clown he has a *garded* coat, and other characteristic marks of his employ, which was to make speeches or "orations, (as Jonson terms them.) with his back to the booths." He is called Arthur of Bradley, from a whimsical character often mentioned by our old writers, who, probably, affected this kind of habiliment. Arthur is the subject of a ballad, of which the chorus is "*O brave Arthur of Bradley,*" and which is yet sung at harvest homes, and other rustic festivals. It is printed in *An antidote against Melancholy*, 1661, but was written long before, as it is quoted in Decker's *Honest Whore*. There must have been some crazy simpleton, some street-orator, well known at the time by this appellation, to make these frequent allusions to him so popular

of peace (and lately of the Quorum) under this covering. They may have seen many a fool in the habit of a justice, but never till now, a justice in the habit of a fool. Thus must we do though, that wake for the public good, and thus hath the wise magistrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshipful man, sometime a capital member of this city, for his high wisdom in this point, who would take you now the habit of a porter, now of a carman, now of the dog-killer, in this month of August,⁷ and in the winter, of a seller of tinder-boxes. And what would he do in all these shapes? marry, go you into every alehouse, and down into every cellar, measure the length of puddings, take the gage of black pots and cans, ay, and custards, with a stick, and their circumference with a thread, weigh the loaves of bread on his middle finger, then would he send for them home, give the puddings to the poor, the bread to the hungry, the custards to his children, break the pots, and burn the cans himself. he would not trust his corrupt officers, he would do it himself. Would all men in authority would follow this worthy precedent! for alas, as we are public persons, what do we know? nay, what can we know? we hear with other men's ears, we see with other men's eyes. A foolish constable or a sleepy watchman, is all

⁷ *Now of the dog-killer, in this month of August*] This is the first mention which I have found in our old writers of a practice very common on the continent. The public officers, whenever an epidemic madness of these animals is suspected, patrol the streets with poisoned balls of flour, or meat, in their pockets, to fling down before them on the first symptoms of danger.

our information; he slanders a gentleman by the virtue of his place, as he calls it, and we, by the vice of ours, must believe him. As, a while ago, they made me, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous pursuivant for a seminary,* and a proper young bachelor of musick, for a bawd. This we are subject to that live in high place; all our intelligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers knaves; and by your leave, ourselves thought little better, if not arrant fools, for believing them. I, Adam Oveido, am resolved therefore to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine own discoveries. Many are the yearly enormities of this Fair, in whose courts of Pie-poudres⁹ I have had the honour, during the three days sometimes to sit as judge. But this is the special day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my black book for the purpose; this the cloud that hides me; under this covert I shall see and not be seen. On, Junius Brutus. And as I began, so I'll end; in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth!

[*Advances to the booths, and stands aside.*

Leath. The Fair's pestilence dead methinks; people come not abroad to-day, whatever the matter is. Do you hear, sister Trish, lady of the

* *A zealous pursuivant for a seminary,*] Seminaries were popish priests who received their education in some foreign university, and whose residence was not tolerated in this country. They were the objects of severe persecution in Jonson's days, and indeed, long before and after them. The instances of blundering, here produced, Whalley supposed to be personal: he did not observe that they were merely satirical and meant to indicate a certain identity of profession and character.

⁹ *In whose courts of Pie-poudres*] "From the French *Pied-poudieux* It is a court held in fairs, to do justice to buyers and sellers, and for redress of all disorders committed in them. So called, because as fairs are most usually in summer, the suitors are commonly country people with dusty feet." *Dict.*

basket? sit farther with your gingerbread progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll have it proclaimed in the Fair, what stuff they are made on

Trash Why, what stuff are they made on, brother Leatherhead? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you

Leath Yes, stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know

Ove Ay! have I met with enormity so soon?

[*Aside*

Leath I shall mar your market, old Joan

Trash Mar my market, thou too-proud pedler! do thy worst, I defy thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost. an thou wrong'st me, for all thou art parcel-poet, and an inginer,^{*} I'll find a friend

^{*} *For all thou art parcel poet and an inginer,]* It is commonly supposed, that under the character of Lanthorn Leatherhead, Jonson intended to represent Inigo Jones. What particular cause of offence Jones had given to him at this time, or whether the quarrel was mutual, I have no means of ascertaining. Certain it is, that he was employed on the machinery of some of our author's masques, and the first symptoms of that jealousy which afterwards broke out between them, on their respective claims to the chief merit in those exhibitions, might have begun to manifest themselves at this early period of their acquaintance. This however, is but conjecture. Jonson himself deprecates all application of this character to a particular person, and it must be confessed, that if Jones is actually meant, the satire is neither very severe, nor very appropriate. indeed, I scarcely know what part of it, except, perhaps, the allusion to his dress, particularly applies to him. It cannot well be the puppet show in the last act, for in that there is no machinery, nor could the poet have introduced Jones there as Leatherhead, without meaning to satirize himself at the same time, under the character of John Littlewit, which will hardly be granted. Add to this, that Inigo Jones had left England for Italy, two years before Bartholomew Fair appeared on the stage, and that his return did not take place till long after that period. His pretensions to poetry too, at this time, seem almost too trifling to entitle

shall ight me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattle all over. Are you puft up with the pride of your wares? your arsedine?²

Leath. Go to, old Joan, I'll talk with you anon; and take you down too, afore justice Overdo he is the man must charm you,* I'll have you in the Pie-poudies.

him to notice even as a *parcel-post*, being confined, as far as I know, to a piece of doggerel prefixed to "*Coriatt's Crudities.*"

After all, I have no intention to deny that he is alluded to in Lanthorn Leatherhead, although I profess not to see all the "malignity" and envy which the critics have discovered in Jonson's delineation of that character. I shall have occasion to return to this subject

² *Your arsedine,*] In Lysons's *Errours of London*, the two following items are given from some parish register of Hen. VII. time "For 4 plytes of laun for the moies" (morrice-dancers) "garmentes, 0.2 11" "For *orsden* for the same, 0 0.10." "Though it varies considerably," (observes the editor) "from that word, this may be a corruption of *orpiment.*" Upon which Ritson remarks—"How *orsden* can be a corruption of *orpiment*, it is not very easy to conceive, it may as well be supposed to mean worsted or buckram" It certainly may, by those who know nothing of our old language. But Mr. Lysons is right, except indeed, that the word is a vulgar corruption of arsenic, which (though Ritson appears not to have known it) is but another term for *orpiment*. A base kind of this mineral earth (yellow arsenic) was in very general use among the painters, and is undoubtedly the pigment with "which the dancers' garments" were coloured. This *orsden* is the *arsedine* of Jonson, under which name it also appears in Nashe's *Lenten Stuff*. "These herrings he carried till his arms aked again, to make them glare like a turkey brooch, or a London vintner's sign thick jagged and fringed with theaming *arsadine.*" It is still used by the Dutch to colour their toys, and perhaps Joan herself was not altogether unacquainted with its value.

³ *He is the man must charm you,*] i.e. silence you. In this sense the word occurs in all the writers of Jonson's time. By an evident misprint "*clamour* your tongues" is given for *charm* (silence) them, in the *Winter's Tale*, and the painful endeavours of the commentators to explain the simple nonsense of the text by contradictory absurdities might claim our pity, if their unfounded assertions did not provoke our contempt.

Trash Charm me ! I'll meet thee face to face,
 afore his worship, when thou darest and though
 I be a little crooked o' my body, I shall be found
 as upright in my dealing as any woman in Smith-
 field, I, charm me !

Over I am glad to hear my name is their ter-
 ror yet, this is doing of justice [Aside]

[A number of people pass over the stage]

Leath What do you lack ? what is't you buy ?
 what do you lack ? rattles, drums, halibuts,
 hoises, babies o' the best, fiddles of the finest ?

Enter Costard monger, followed by NIGHTINGALE

Cost Buy any pears, pears, fine, very fine
 pears !

Trash Buy any gingerbread, gilt gingerbread !

Night Hey, [sings]

Now the Fair's a filling !

O, for a tune to startle

The buds o' the booths here billing,

Yearly with old saint Bartle !

The drunkards they are wading,

The punks and chapmen trading,

Who'd see the Fair without his lading ?

Buy any ballads, new ballads ?

Enter URSULA from her booth

Urs Fie upon't who would wear out their
 youth and prime thus, in roasting of pigs, that
 had any cooler vocation ? hell's a kind of cold
 cellar to't, a very fine vault, o' my conscience !
 —What, Mooncalf !

Moon [within] Here, mistress

Night. How now Ursula ? in a heat, in a heat ?

Urs. My chair, you false faucet you ; and my morning's draught, quickly, a bottle of ale, to quench me, rascal. I am all fire and fat, Nightingale, I shall e'en melt away to the first woman, a rib again, I am afraid. I do water the ground in knots, as I go, like a great garden pot ; you may follow me by the SS. I make

Night. Alas, good Urse ! was Zekiel here this morning ?

Urs. Zekiel ? what Zekiel ?

Night. Zekiel Edgworth, the civil cutpurse, you know him well enough ; he that talks bawdy to you still. I call him my secretary.

Urs. He promised to be here this morning, I remember.

Night. When he comes, bid him stay : I'll be back again presently.

Urs. Best take your morning dew in your belly, Nightingale.—

Enter MOONCALF with the chair.

Come sir, set it here ; did not I bid you should get a chair let out o' the sides for me, that my hips might play ? you'll never think of any thing, till your dame be rump-gall'd ; 'tis well, changeling because it can take in your grasshopper's thighs, you care for no more. Now, you look as you had been in the corner of the booth, fleaing your breech with a candle's end, and set fire o' the Fair. Fill, Stote,³ fill.

Over. This pig-woman do I know, and I will

³ *Fill, Stote,*] Ursula alludes to his lean make. A *stote* is an animal of the weasel kind.

put her in, for my second enormity, she hath been before me, punk, pinnace, and bawd,⁴ any time these two and twenty years upon record in the Pie-poudies [Aside

Urs Fill again, you unlucky vermin!

Moon 'Pray you be not angry, mistress, I'll have it widen anon

Urs No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the Fair be done, you think, now you have heated me a poor wretched thing I am, I feel myself dropping already as fast as I can, two stone o' suet a day is my proportion I can but hold life and soul together, with this, (here's to you, Nightingale,) and a whiff of tobacco at most Where's my pipe now? not fill'd! thou airant incubee

Night Nay, Ursula, thou'lt gall between the tongue and the teeth, with fletting, now

Urs How can I hope that ever he'll discharge his place of trust, tapster, a man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I say to him? [Exit NIGHT] but look to't sirrah, you were best Three-pence a pipe-full, I will have made, of all my whole half pound of tobacco, and a quarter of pound of colts-foot mixt with it too, to [eke⁵] it out I that have dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoke, now Then six and twenty shillings a barrel I will advance

⁴ *Punk, pinnace, and bawd.*] The usual gradation in infamy A *pinnace* was a light vessel built for speed, generally employed as a tender Hence our old dramatists constantly used the word for a person employed in love messages, a go between in the worst sense, and only differing from a bawd in not being stationary

⁵ [*Eke*] The old copy has *itck* perhaps the author's word was *eech*, the same as *eke*

on my beer, and fifty shillings a hundred on my bottle ale; I have told you the ways how to raise it. Froth your cans well in the filling, at length, rogue, and jog your bottles o' the buttock, surrah, then skink out the first glass ever, and drink with all companies, though you be sure to be drunk; you'll misreckon the better, and be less ashamed on't⁶ But your true trick, rascal, must be, to be ever busy, and mistake away the bottles and cans,⁷ in haste, before they be half drunk off, and never hear any body call, (if they should chance to mark you,) till you have brought fresh, and be able to forswear them Give me a drink of ale.

Over This is the very womb and bed of enormity ' gross as herself' this must all down for enormity, all, every whit on't

[*Aside.*

[*Knocking within.*

Urs Look who's there, surrah five shillings a pig is my price, at least, if it be a sow pig, sixpence more, if she be a great-bellied wife, and long for't, sixpence more for that.

⁶ *You'll misreckon the better, and be less ashamed on't*] Ursula, shrewd as she undoubtedly is, has yet overlooked one notable inducement for *drinking with the company* "The time has been," says *Mis Cole*, (*melior Locusta*), "that I could have made seventeen shillings a day *by my own drinking*, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry"—But *Mis Cole* lived in polished society, and would have turned with contempt from the reprobate vulgarity of the frequenters of Bartholomew Fair.

⁷ *Mistake away the cans, &c*] Carry them off, and pretend that it was done by *mistake* This practice was so common, that the expression became a cant phrase for private stealing. Thus *Donne* "Would it not anger a stone, a coward yea, a martyr, to see a pursuivant come in, and call all his clothes, copes, books, primers, and all his plate, chances, and *mistake them away*, and ask a few for coming?" Sat 5 The reader I suspect, is not aware that he has been perusing *verse* all this while!

Over *O tempora! O mores!* I would not have lost my discovery of this one grievance, for my place, and worship o the bench. How is the poor subject abused here! Well, I will fall in with hei, and with her Mooncalf, and win out wonders of enormity [*Comes forward*].—By thy leave, goodly woman, and the fitness of the Fair, oily as the king's constable's lamp, and shining as his shooing-horn! hath thy ale virtue, or thy beer strength, that the tongue of man may be tickled, and his palate pleased in the morning? Let thy pretty nephew here go search and see

Urs What new roarer is this?

Moon O Lord! do you not know him, mistress? 'tis mad Arthur of Bradley, that makes the orations—Brave master, old Arthur of Bradley, how do you? welcome to the Fair! when shall we hear you again, to handle your matters, with your back against a booth, ha? I have been one of your little disciples, in my days

Over Let me drink, boy, with my love, thy aunt, here, that I may be eloquent but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foul on the Fair

Urs Why dost thou not fetch him drink, and offer him to sit?

Moon Is it ale or beer, master Arthur?

Over Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best, the same thy dove drinketh, and thou diawest on holydays

Urs Bring him a sixpenny bottle of ale they say, a fool's handsel is lucky

Over Bring both, child [*Sits down in the booth*] Ale for Arthur, and Beer for Bradley. Ale for thine aunt, boy* [*Exit Moon*].—My disguise

* Ale for thine aunt, boy] In the cant language of the age,

takes to the very wish and reach of it. I shall, by the benefit of this, discover enough, and more: and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be a certain middling thing, between a fool and a madman. [*Aside.*]

Enter KNOCKEM.

Knock. What! my little lean Ursula! my she-bear! art thou alive yet, with thy litter of pigs to giunt out another Bartholomew Fair? ha!

Urs. Yes, and to amble a foot, when the Fair is done, to hear you groan out of a cart, up the heavy hill—

Knock. Of Holbourn, Ursula, meanst thou so? for what, for what, pretty Urse?

Urse. For cutting halfpenny purses, or stealing little penny dogs out o' the Fair.

Knock. O! good words, good words, Urse.

Over. Another special enormity. A cutpurse of the sword, the boot, and the feather! those are his marks. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter MOONCALF, with the ale, &c.

Urs. You are one of those house-leaches that gave out I was dead, in Turnbull-street, of a surfeit of bottle-ale and tripes?

Knock. No, 'twas better meat, Urse: cows udders, cows udders!

Urs. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day.⁹

Knock. What! thou'lt poison me with a newt

aunt denoted a *bawd*. So in *A Trick to catch the old One*, by Middleton, 1616. "It was better bestow'd upon his uncle than one of his *aunts*, I need not say *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last translation." *WHAL*

⁹ *I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day*] This is a common phrase in our old dramatists, signifying to be even

in a bottle of ale, wilt thou? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe, Urse? Come, there's no malice in these fat folks,¹ I never fear thee, an I can scape thy lean Mooncalf here Let's drink it out, good Urse, and no vapours ' [*Exit Ursula*]

with a person So Shakspeare "He'll be meet with you, I doubt it not" *Much ado about Nothing*, A 1 sc 1

And in *The London Prodigal* "Well, you old rascal, I shall meet with you" A III sc 3 WHAT

The reader who is acquainted with the history of *Turnbull-street*, will enter into Ursula's feelings, at being charged with frequenting it

¹ *Come, there's no malice in these fat folks, &c*] This passage is adduced as another proof of Jonson's malignity, it being an evident sneer at those lines in *Julius Cæsar*

"Let me have men about me that are fat,

"Sleek headed men and such as sleep o' nights

Who can doubt it? And when he personified Envy in the lean Macilente, it is equally clear that he intended to ridicule those which immediately follow them

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look,

"He thinks too much such men are dangerous '

It may indeed be urged that *Macilente* appeared many years before *Julius Cæsar* but that plea is always invalidated in Jonson's case Seriously, it would seem as if the commentators thought no one before Shakspeare had discovered that fat people were commonly good humoured! Admitting, however, this important observation to be beyond the reach of Jonson, (though it is found in his *Catiline*, and elsewhere,) it will not even then follow that he sneers at our great poet in adopting it The fact is, that the lines in question are taken from North's translation of *Plutarch*, an author with whom Jonson was intimately acquainted, and assuredly little likely to ridicule Shakspeare has merely put the sentiment (which was familiar to every man, woman, and child, in the kingdom,) into good verse "When Cæsar's friends complained of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered, as for those *fat men* and *smooth combed heads*, I never reckon of them, but these pale visaged, and carrion lean people, I fear them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius" We shall, probably, now hear no more of "old Ben's malignity," in this instance

Over. Dost thou hear, boy? There's for thy ale, and the remnant for thee.—Speak in thy faith of a faucet, now; is this goodly person before us here, this vapours, a knight of the knife?

Moon. What mean you by that, master Arthur?

Over. I mean a child of the horn-thumb,² a babe of booty, boy, a cutpurse.

Moon. O Lord, sir! far from it. This is master Daniel Knockem Jordan. the ranger of Turnbull. He is a horse-courser, sir.

Over. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cutpurse.

Moon. Like enough, sir; she'll do forty such things in an hour (an you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her in the greasy kerchief: it makes her fat, you see; she battens with it.

Over. Here I might have been deceived now, and have put a fool's blot upon myself, if I had not played an after game of discretion! [*Aside.*

² *I mean a child of the horn-thumb, &c.*] This alludes to a trick of pick-pockets, who are said to place a case, or, as our old writers sometimes call it, a thumble of *horn* on the thumb, to support the edge of the knife, in the act of cutting purses. It is an ancient and authentic practice—*antiquum et vetus est*—as I find it mentioned in some of our earliest dramas:

“But cosin, bicause to that office ye may not come,

“Frequent your exercises:—a *horne on your thumbe,*

“A quicke eye, a sharp knife, at hand a receiver,” &c

King Cambises

This is the lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth, which Falstaff professes to imitate; and is supposed to have been written about 1560. The expression also occurs in a “*Moral Dialogue*” by Willyam Bulleyn, about the same period: “We also give for our arms three whetstones” (the old symbol of lying) “in gules, with no difference, and upon our creste, a eft hand with a *horne upon the thumbe*, and a knife in the hande.”

Re enter URSULA dropping

Knock Alas, poor Uise! this is an ill season for thee

Uis Hang yourself, hackney man!

Knock How, how, Uise! vapours? motion biced vapours?

Uis Vapours! never tusk, nor twirl your dibble,³ good Jorlan, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be captain of the roasters, and fight well at the case of piss-pots, you shall not fight me with your lion chap, sir, nor your tusks, you angry! you are hungry. Come, a pig's head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomach at all times.

Knock Thou art such another mad, merry Uise, still! troth I do make conscience of vexing thee, now in the dog days, this hot weather, for fear of foundering thee in the body, and melting down a pillar of the Fan. Pray thee take thy chain again, and keep state, and let's have a fresh bottle of ale, and a pipe of tobacco, and no vapours. I'll have this belly o' thine taken up,⁴ and thy glass scoured, wench —

³ *Never tusk, nor twirl your dibble*] A boar is said to *tusk*, when he is irritated and shews his fangs. Ursula's next expression is not quite so intelligible. It may mean, (and I have nothing but conjecture to offer the reader,) never twist or play with your *beard* as Blake was said to do, when he was angry. In this fantastic age, beards were of all shapes: we have the "tile beard," the "dagger beard," the "spade beard," &c. the *dibble* beard might possibly be a variety of the latter. See Vol II p. 313.

⁴ *I'll have this belly o' thine taken up, &c.*] The reader must recollect that Knockem is a *horse-dealer*. The whole of his conversation is made up of scraps from the stable, which call for no explanation.

Enter EDGORTH

Look, here's Ezekiel Edgorth; a fine boy of his inches, as any is in the Fair! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart, and good vapours

Edg That I will indeed, willingly, master Knockem, fetch some ale and tobacco.

[*Exit Moon.*—*People cross the stage.*]

Leath What do you lack, gentlemen? maid, see a fine hobby-horse for your young master; cost you but a token a week his provender.

Re-enter NIGHTINGALE, with Corn-cutter, and Mousetrap-man.

Corn Have you any corns in your feet and toes?

Mouse Buy a mousetrap, a mousetrap, or a tormentor for a flea?

Trash. Buy some gingerbread?

Night. Ballads, ballads! fine new ballads.

Hear for your love, and buy for your money.

A delicate ballad o' the ferret and the coney.

A preservative again' the punk's evil.

*Another of goose green starch, and the devil*⁵

³ *Have you any corns, &c*] This is mentioned as one of the *cries* of London by several of our old writers. Thus Shirley,

Niece. Why did they put the poor fellow in prison?

Unc What fellow?

Niece The corn-cutter. He meant no harm to the city

His feet were very weary, and that made him,

In every street, cry, *Have ye any corns*

In your head, or toes? that head spoil'd all *Constant Maid*.

⁵ *Of goose-green starch and the devil*] This was "a goodly ballad against pride, shewing how the devil appeared to a lady which was starching her ruff by night" Howell says, that the nation was rendered ridiculous by its fondness for starches.

*A dozen of drine points, and the godly garters
The fairing of good counsel, of an ell and three
quarters*

What is't you buy ?

*The windmill blown down by the witch's fart
On saint George, that, O' did break the dragon's
heart*

Re enter MOONCALF, with ale and tobacco

Egd Master Nightingale, come hither, leave
your mart a little

Night O my secretary ! what says my secre-
tary ? *[They walk into the booth*

Over Child of the bottles, what's he ? what's
he ? *[Points to Edgworth*

Moon A civil young gentleman, master Ar-
thur, that keeps company with the roarers, and
disburses all still He has ever money in his
purse, he pays for them, and they roar for him,
one does good offices for another They call
him the secretary, but he serves no body A
great friend of the ballad-man's, they are never
asunder

Over What pity 'tis, so civil a young man
should haunt this debauched company ? here's
the bane of the youth of our time apparent
A proper penman, I see't in his countenance, he
has a good clerk's look with him, and I warrant
him a quick hand

Moon A very quick hand, sir *[Exit*

Edg *[whispering with Nightingale and Ursula]*
All the purses, and purchase, I give you to day

Five different kinds are enumerated by our old dramatists
The most obnoxious colour, however, was not *goose green*, but
yellow Nightingale is running over the titles of his ballads

by conveyance, bring hither to Ursula's presently. Here we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Look you choose good places for your standing in the Fair, when you sing, Nightingale.

Urs. Ay, near the fullest passages; and shift them often.

Edg. And in your singing, you must use your hawk's eye nimbly, and fly the pulse to a mark still, where 'tis worn, and on which side; that you may give me the sign with your beak, or hang your head that way in the tune.

Urs. Enough, talk no more on't. your friendship, masters, is not now to begin. Drink your draught of indenture, your sup of covenant, and away: the Fair fills apace, company begins to come in, and I have ne'er a pig ready yet.

Knock. Well said! fill the cups, and light the tobacco. let's give fire in the works, and noble vapours.

Edg. And shall we have smocks, Ursula, and good whimsies, ha?

Urs. Come, you are in your bawdy vein!—the best the Fair will afford, Zekiel, if bawd Whit keep his word.—

Re-enter MOONCALF.

How do the pigs, Mooncalf?

Moon. Very passionate, mistress, one of 'em has wept out an eye.⁶ Master Arthur o' Bradley is melancholy here, no body talks to him. Will you any tobacco, master Arthur?

Over. No, boy, let my meditations alone.

⁶ One of 'em has wept out an eye,] "When the eye of a pig in roasting drops out it is a mark that it (the pig, I presume) is almost roasted enough." *The Complete Housekeeper.*

Moon He's studying for an oration, now

Over If I can with this day's travail, and all
my policy, but rescue this youth here out of the
hands of the lewd man and the strange woman,
I will sit down at night, and say with my friend
Ovid,

Jamque opus eregi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
 &c [Aside

Knock Here, Zekiel, here's a health to Uisula, and a kind vapour, thou hast money in thy purse still, and store! how dost thou come by it? pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour

Edg Half I have, master Dan Knockem, is
always at your service *[Pulls out his purse*

Over Ha, sweet nature! what goshawk would
prey upon such a lamb? [Aside]

Knock I let's see what 'tis, Zckiel, count it,
come, fill him to pledge me

Enter WINWIFE and QUARLOUS

Wintu We are here before them, methinks

Quar All the better, we shall see them come
in now

Leath What do you lack, gentlemen, what-

⁷ The strange woman,] The scripture phrase for an immodest woman, a prostitute. Indeed this acceptation of the word is familiar to many languages. It is found in the Greek and we have in Ierence—*pro uxore habere hanc peregrinam* upon which Donatus remarks, *hoc nomine etiam meretrices nominantur*.

⁸ And a kind vapour] Vapour, in Knockem's vocabulary, seems to perform all the functions of *humour*, in Nym's, and to mean whatever the speaker pleases. The satire, in both cases, had probably something of personality in it, and, at any rate, was pointed against one of the most silly and disgusting affectations of those affected times.

is't you lack? a fine horse? a lion? a bull? a bear? a dog, or a cat? an excellent fine Bartholomew-bird? or an instrument? what is't you lack?

Quar 'Slid' here's Orpheus among the beasts, with his fiddle and all!

Trash Will you buy any comfortable bread, gentlemen?

Quar And Ceres selling her daughter's picture, in ginger-work

Winw That these people should be so ignorant to think us chapmen for them! do we look as if we would buy gingerbread, or hobby horses?

Quar Why, they know no better ware than they have, nor better customers than come and our very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would Cokes would come! there were a true customer for them

Knock [*to Edgworth*] How much is't? thirty shillings? Who's yonder! Ned Winwife and Tom Quarulous, I think! yes (give me it all, give it me all)—Master Winwife! Master Quarulous! will you take a pipe of tobacco with us?—Do not discredit me now, Zekiel

[*Edgworth gives him his purse*]

Winw Do not see him, he is the roaring hoise couiser, pray thee let's avoid him turn down this way

Quar 'Slud, I'll see him, and roar with him too, an he roared as loud as Neptune; pray thee go with me

Winw You may draw me to as likely an inconvenience, when you please, as this

Quar Go to then, come along, we have nothing to do, man, but to see sights now

[*They advance to the booth*]

⁹ *Comfortable bread,*] i. e. spiced gingerbread. The name by which it was then known

Knock Welcome, master Quarlous, and master Winwife, will you take any froth and smoke with us?

Quar Yes, sir, but you'll pardon us if we knew not of so much familiarity between us afore

Knock As what, sir?

Quar To be so lightly invited to smoke and froth

Knock A good vapour! will you sit down, sir? this is old Ursula's mansion, how like you her bower? Here you may have your punk and your pig in state, sir, both piping hot

Quar I had rather have my punk cold, sir

Over There's for me punk! and pig! [*Aside*

Urs [*within*] What, Mooncalf, you rogue!

Moon By and by, the bottle is almost off, mistress, here, master Arthur

Urs [*within*] I'll part you and your play-fellow there, in the garded coat, an you sunder not the sooner

Knock Master Winwife, you are proud, me-thinks, you do not talk, nor drink, are you proud?

Winw Not of the company I am in, sir, nor the place, I assure you

Knock You do not except at the company, do you! are you in vapours, sir?

Moon Nay, good master Daniel Knockem, respect my mistress's bower, as you call it, for the honour of our booth, none o' your vapours here

Enter URSULA with a fire-brand

Urs Why, you thin, lean polecat you, an they have a mind to be in their vapours must you hinder 'em? What did you know, vermin, if they

would have lost a cloke, or such tifle? must you be drawing the air of pacification here, while I am tormented within i' the fire, you weasel?

[*Aside to Mooncalf.*

Moon. Good mistress, 'twas in behalf of your booth's credit that I spoke.

Urs. Why! would my booth have broke, if they had fallen out in't, sir? or would their heat have fired it? In, you rogue, and wipe the pigs, and mend the fire, that they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you 'till your eyes diop out like them.—Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst awhile!—

[*Exit Moon.*

Quar. Body o' the Fair! what's this? mother of the bawds?

Knock. No, she's mother of the pigs, sir, mother of the pigs.

Winw. Mother of the furies, I think, by her fire-brand.

* *Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst awhile!* In *As you like it*, Oliver brutally says to his brother, "Marry, sir, be better employed, and be *naught awhile!*" that is, says Johnson, "It is better to do mischief than to do nothing." No, subjoins Steevens, it is "Be content to be a cypher, till I think fit to elevate you into consequence." Mr Malone first conceived that *naught* should be nought, and inclined to Steevens, next he imagined that *nought* should be naught, and "was then induced to think Dr Johnson's explanation right."—all this time he never dreamed that the two words are one and the same, while Mr. Whiter, from whom better things might be expected, pronounces, that it *certainly* means, "Retire, begone, make yourself scarce!" &c And this, in the face of Warburton's plain statement, that it was "a proverbial curse equivalent to "a mischief on you!" Can it be wondered that Shakspeare should swell into twenty or even twice twenty volumes, when the latest editor (like the wind Cecias) constantly draws round himself all the floating errors of his predecessors?

It is not easy to ascertain the origin of this colloquial vulgarism; but that the explanation of Warburton (which Steevens

Quan Nay, she is too fat to be a fury, sure
some walking sow of tallow!

Winw An inspired vessel of kitchen stuff!

Quar She'll make excellent geer for the

is pleased to call "far fetched") is as correct as it is obvious,
may be proved "by witnesses more than my pack will hold"
It will be sufficient to call two or three

The first shall be our poet

"Peace and be naught! I think the woman's frantic"

Tale of a Tub

"——— plain boy's play

More manly would become him

Lady You would have him

Do worse then, would you, and be naught, you varlet!"

New Academy

Again

"Come away, and be naught a while!" *Storie of K. Darius*

Again

"Nay, sister, if I stir a foot, hang me, you shall come to
gether of yourselves, and be naught!" *Green's Tu Quoque*

Again

"What, piper, ho! be hanged awhile" *Old madrigal*

And, lastly

"Get you both in, and be naught awhile!" *Suetnam*

This is the passage which convinced Mr Malone that *be naught awhile!* meant "be employed on mischief" The speaker, he says, is a 'maid servant, and she addresses herself to her lady, and her lover' So that Mr Malone thinks it quite natural for females in this situation, openly to advise their mistresses to commit fornication! In like manner, when *Joue*, in the quotation from Green's *Tu Quoque*, addresses a similar phrase to her sister and her lover, she must mean to excite them—— but enough of such foolery

It is too much, perhaps, to say that the words "an hour," "a while," are pure expletives, but it is sufficiently apparent that they have no perceptible influence on the exclamations to which they are subjoined To conclude, "*be naught, hanged, curs'd*" &c with, or without *an hour, a while*, wherever found, bear invariably one and the same meaning, they are, in short, petty and familiar maledictions, and cannot be better rendered than in the words of Warburton—a plague, or a mischief on you! See p 162

coachmakers here in Smithfield, to anoint wheels and axletrees with. [*She drinks this while.*]

Urs. Ay, ay, gamesters, mock a plain plump soft wench of the suburbs, do, because she's juicy and wholesome; you must have your thin pinched ware, pent up in the compass of a dog-collar, (or 'twill not do) that looks like a long laced conger, set upright, and a green feather, like fennel in the joll on't

Knock. Well said, Uise, my good Urse! to 'em Uise!

Quar. Is she your quagmire, Daniel Knockem? is this your bog?

Night. We shall have a quarrel presently.

Knock. How! bog? quagmire? foul vapours! humph!

Quar. Yes, he that would venture for't, I assure him, might sink into her and be down'd a week ere any friend he had could find where he were.

Winw. And then he would be a fortnight weighing up again.

Quar. 'Twere like falling into a whole shire of butter; they had need be a team of Dutchmen should draw him out.

Knock. Answer 'em, Urse where's thy Bartholomew wit now, Uise, thy Bartholomew wit?

Urs. Hang 'em, rotten, 10guy cheaters, I hope to see them plagued one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with lean playhouse poultry, that has the bony rump sticking out like the ace of spades, or the point of a partizan, that every rib of them is like the tooth of a saw; and will so grate them with their hips and shoulders, as (take 'em altogether) they were as good lie with a hurdle.

Quar. Out upon her, how she drips! she's able to give a man the sweating sickness with looking on her.

Urs Marry look off, with a patch on your face, and a dozen in your breech, though they be of scarlet, sir! I have seen as fine outsides as either of yours, bring lousy linings to the brokers, ere now, twice a week

Quar Do you think there may be a fine new cucking-stool² in the Fair, to be purchased, one large enough, I mean? I know there is a pond of capacity for her³

Urs For your mother, you rascal! Out, you rogue, you hedge-bird, you pimp, you pannier-man's bastard, you!

Quar Ha, ha, ha!

Urs Do you sneer, you dog's-head, you rendle-tail! you look as you were begotten a top of a cart in harvest time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuff after your brother's bitch,

² *Cucking stool*] Now frequently corrupted into *ducking-stool*, was a chair at the end of a long beam, supported on an upright post by a kind of pivot or swivel, so as to be every where moveable, like a lever on a pole, used anciently for the punishment of scolds and unquiet women by *ducking* or plunging them in the water. It was sometimes called a *tumbrel*, and *trebuchet* and was a punishment inflicted on bakers and brewers transgressing the statutes and this engine, with a pillory, every person ought to have, who had view of frank-pledge

WHAT

Whalley, or his authority, (for this heavy passage is probably a quotation,) does not seem to be aware that cucking-stool itself is a corruption. The genuine word is cuckquean, for which see Vol II p 482. To the meaning there given may be added that of *virago*, or as above, an "unquiet scold."

³ *I know there is a pond of capacity for her*] Stow is the best commentator here. "*Horse poole* in West Smithfield (he says) was sometime a *great water*, and because the inhabitants in that part of the citie did there water their horses, the same was in old records called horse poole. It is now much decayed, the springs being stopt up, and the land water falling into a small bottom remaining inclosed with bricke, is called Smithfield pond." It was still, however, large enough to contain Ursula

mistress Commodity, that's the livery you wear, 'twill be out at the elbows shortly. It's time you went to't for the r'other remnant.

Knock Peace, Urse, peace, Urse;—they'll kill the poor whale, and make oil of hei. Pray thee, go in.

Urs. I'll see them pox'd fist, and piled, and double piled

Winw. Let's away, her language grows greasier than her pigs

Urs. Does it so, snotty-nose? good Lord! are you sniveling? You were engendered on a she-beggar in a barn, when the bald thrasher, your sire, was scarce warm

Winw. Pray thee, let's go.

Quar. No, faith, I'll stay the end of her now; I know she cannot last long. I find by her similes she wanes apace.

Urs. Docs she so? I'll set you gone. Give me my pig-pan hither a litle. I'll scald you hence, an you will not go. [*Exit.*]

Knock Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours and very idle vapours, I assure you.

Quar. You are a very serious ass, we assure you.

Knock. Humph, *ass!* and *serious!* nay, then pardon me my vapour. I have a foolish vapour, gentlemen. Any man that does vapour me the ass, master Quailous—

Quar. What then, master Jordan?

Knock I do vapour him the lie

Quar. Faith, and to any man that vapours me the lie, I do vapour that. [*Strikes him.*]

Knock. Nay then, vapours upon vapours.

[*They fight.*]

Re-enter URSULA *with the dripping-pan.*

Edg. Night. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan!

she comes with the pan, gentlemen ! [*Ursula falls with the pan*]—God bless the woman

Urs Oh ! [*Ereunt Quarulous and Winwife*

Trash [*runs in*] What's the matter ?

Over Goodly woman !

Moon Mistress !

Urs Curse of hell, that ever I saw these fiends !
oh ! I have scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my
leg ! I have lost a limb in the service ! run for
some cream and sallad-oil, quickly Are you
under-peering, you baboon ? rip off my hose, an
you be men, men, men

Moon Run you for some cream, good mother
Joan I'll look to your basket [*Exit Trash*

Leath Best sit up in your chair, Ursula Help,
gentlemen

Knock Be of good cheer, Uise, thou hast
hindered me the currying of a couple of stallions
here, that abused the good race-bawd of Smith-
field, 'twas time for them to go

Night I'faith, when the pan came,—they had
made you run else This had been a fine time
for purchase, if you had ventured

[*Aside to Edgworth*

Edg Not a whit, these fellows were too fine
to carry money

Knock Nightingale, get some help to carry
her leg out of the air take off her shoes Body
o' me ! she has the mallanders,* the scratches,
the crown scab, and the quitter bone in the
t'other leg

* *She has the mallanders, &c*] Diseases incident to horses
I have already observed that almost the whole of Knockem's
conversation is made up of phrases taken from the stable In
his next speech, he mentions the *white of an egg* This sneer at
Shakspeare seems to have escaped the commentators See the
Case is Altered

Urs. Oh, the pox ! why do you put me in mind of my leg thus, to make it prick and shoot ? Would you have me in the hospital afore my time ?

Knock Patience, Urse, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister as big as a windgall. I'll take it away with the white of an egg, a little honey and hog's grease, have thy pasterns well roll'd, and thou shalt pace again by to-morrow. I'll tend thy booth, and look to thy affairs the while. thou shalt sit in thy chair, and give directions, and shine *Ursa major*

[*Exeunt Knockem and Mooncalf with Ursula in her chair.*]

Over. These are the fruits of bottle-ale and tobacco ! the foam of the one, and the fumes of the other ! Stay, young man, and despise not the wisdom of these few hairs that are grown grey in care of thee.

Edg. Nightingale, stay a little. Indeed I'll hear some of this !

Enter COKES, with his box, WASPE, Mistress OVERDO, and GRACE.

Cokes Come, Numps, come, where are you ? Welcome into the Fair, mistress Grace.

Edg. 'Slight, he will call company, you shall see, and put us into doings presently.

Over. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, ale ; for who knows when he openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle ? Hath not a snail, a spider, yea, a newt been found there ? thirst not after it, youth ; thirst not after it.

Cokes. This is a brave fellow, Numps, let's hear him.

Wasp 'Sblood! how brave is he?⁵ in a garded coat! You were best truck with him, e'en stipp, and truck presently, it will become you. Why will you hear him? because he is an ass, and may be a kin to the Cokeses?

Cokes O, good Numps

Over Neither do thou lust after that tawney weed tobacco

Cokes Brave words!

Over Whose complexion is like the Indian's that vents it

Cokes Are they not brave words, sister?

Over And who can tell, if before the gathering and making up thereof, the Alligaita hath not piss'd thereon?

Wasp 'Heait! let 'em be brave words, as brave as they will! an they were all the brave words in a country, how then? Will you away yet, have you enough on him? Mistress Grace, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessary. If you do lose your license, or somewhat else, sir, with listening to his fables, say Numps is a witch, with all my heait, do, say so

Cokes Avoid in your satin doublet, Numps

Over The creeping venom of which subtle serpent, as some late writers affirm, neither the cutting of the perilous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting or burning, can any way persway⁶ or assuage

Cokes Good, i'faith! is it not, sister?

⁵ *Sblood how brave is he?*] Numps perversely mistakes—Cokes applies the word *brave* to the orator's qualities, and not to his laced or garded coat. In the conclusion of *Wasp*'s speech there is an allusion to the common acceptation of the word *cokes*, which is taken by all our old writers for a smingleton, a noddy, an easy gull

⁶ *Can any way persway*] i. e. mitigate

Over. Hence it is that the lungs of the tobaccoist are rotted, the liver spotted, the brain smoked like the backside of the pig-woman's booth here, and the whole body within, black as her pan you saw e'en now, without.

Cokes. A fine similitude, that, sir! did you see the pan?

Edg. Yes, sir.

Over. Nay, the hole in the nose here of some tobacco-takers, or the third nostril, if I may so call it, which makes that they can vent the tobacco out, like the ace of clubs, or rather the flower-de-lis, is caused from the tobacco, the mere tobacco! when the poor innocent pox, having nothing to do there, is miserably and most unconscionably slandered.

- Cokes. Who would have missed this, sister?

Mrs. Over. Not any body but Numps.

Cokes. He does not understand.

Edg. [*picks Cokes's pocket of his purse.*] Nor you feel. [*Aside.*]

Cokes. What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old fox in't? * the best musick in the Fair will not move a log.

Edg. [*Gives the purse aside to Night.*] In, to Ursula, Nightingale, and carry her comfort: see it told. This fellow was sent to us by Fortune, for our first fairing. [*Exit Night.*]

Over. But what speak I of the diseases of the body, children of the Fair?

Cokes. That's to'us, sister. Brave, i' faith!

Over. Hark, O you sons and daughters of

* *And an old fox in it?* This was a familiar and favourite expression for the old English weapon, the broad-sword of Jonson's days, as distinguished from the small (foreign) sword. It is unnecessary to cite examples of a word common to all our ancient writers.

Smithfield¹ and hear what malady it doth the mind it causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling and snarling, and now and then a huilt

Mrs Over He hath something of master Overdo, methinks, brother

Cokes So methought, sister, very much of my brother Overdo and 'tis when he speaks

Over Look into any angle of the town, the Streights, or the Bermudas,⁷ where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with bottle-ale and tobacco? The lecturer is o' one side, and his pupils o' the other but the seconds are still bottle-ale and tobacco, for which the lecturer reads, and the novices pay Thirty pound a week in bottle-ale¹ forty in tobacco¹ and ten more in ale again Then for a suit to drink in, so much, and, that being slavei'd, so much for another suit, and then a third suit, and a fourth suit¹ and still the bottle-ale slavereth, and the tobacco stinketh.

Waspe Heart of a madman¹ are you rooted

⁷ *The Streights, or the Bermudas,*] Cant-names then given to the places frequented by bullies, knights of the post, and fencing masters so our poet, in his epistle to the earl of Dorset

“ ——— Turn pirates here at land,

“ Have their *Bermudas*, and their *Streights* in the *Strand*”

W^HAL

These *Streights* consisted of a nest of obscure courts, alleys, and avenues, running between the bottom of St Martins Lane, Half moon, and Chandos street In Justice Overdo's time, they were the receptacles of fraudulent debtors, thieves, and prostitutes Their present frequenters, it is to be presumed, are of a more reputable description At a subsequent period, this cluster of avenues exchanged the old name of the *Bermudas* for that of the *Caribbee Islands*, which the learned professors of the district corrupted, by a happy allusion to the arts cultivated there, into the *Cribbee Islands*, their present appellation

here? will you never away? what can any man find out in this bawling fellow, to grow here for? He is a full handful higher sin' he heard him. Will you fix here, and set up a booth, sir?

Over. I will conclude briefly——

Waspe. Hold your peace, you roaring rascal, I'll run my head in your chaps else. You were best build a booth, and entertain him; make your will, an you say the word, and him your heir! heart, I never knew one taken with a mouth of a peck afore. By this light, I'll carry you away on my back, an you will not come.

[*He gets Cokes up on pick-back.*]

Cokes. Stay, Numps, stay, set me down. I have lost my purse, Numps. O my purse! One of my fine purses is gone!

Mrs. Over. Is it indeed, brother?

Cokes. Ay, as I am an honest man, would I were an arrant rogue else! a plague of all rogues damn'd cut-purses for me. [*Examines his pockets.*]

Waspe. Bless 'em with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! now, as I am no infidel, that I know of, I am glad on't. Ay, I am, (here's my witness,) do you see, sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I! no, no, I am a dull malt horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not justly served, in your conscience, now, speak in your conscience? Much good do you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart again.

Edg. This fellow is very charitable, would he had a purse too! but I must not be too bold all at a time.

[*Aside.*]

Cokes. Nay, Numps, it is not my best purse.

Waspe. Not your best! death! why should it be your worst? why should it be any, indeed, at all? answer me to that, give me a reason from you, why it should be any?

Cokes Nor my gold, Numps, I have that yet,
 look here else, sister [Shews the other purse
Waspe Why so, there's all the feeling he
 has!

Mrs Over I pray you, have a better care of
 that, brother

Cokes Nay, so I will, I warrant you, let him
 catch this that catch can I would fain see him
 get this, look you here

Waspe So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! very good

Cokes I would have him come again now, and
 but offer at it Sister, will you take notice of a
 good jest? I will put it just where the other
 was, and if we have good luck, you shall see a
 delicate fine trap to catch the cut purse nibbling

Edg Faith, and he'll try ere you be out o' the
 Fair [Aside

Cokes Come, mistress Grace, prithee be not
 melancholy for my mischance, sorrow will not
 keep it, sweet heart

Grace I do not think on't, sir

Cokes 'Twas but a little scurvy white money,
 hang it! it may hang the cut-purse one day I
 have gold left to give thee a fairing yet, as hard
 as the world goes Nothing angers me but that
 no body here look'd like a cut purse, unless
 'twere Numps

Waspe How! I, I look like a cut-purse?
 death! your sister's a cut-purse! and your mo-
 ther and father, and all your kin were cut-purses!
 and here is a rogue is the bawd o' the cut-purses,
 whom I will beat to begin with [Beats Overdo

Over Hold thy hand, child of wrath, and heir
 of anger, make it not Childermass day* in thy

* *Make it not Childermass day*] Overdo alludes to the day
 observed by the church in commemoration of the slaughter of
 the Innocents

fury, or the feast of the French Bartholomew, parent of the massacre.

Cokes Numps, Numps!

Mrs. Over. Good master Humphrey!

Waspe You are the *Patrico*⁹ are you? the patriarch of the cut-purses? You share, sir, they say; let them share this with you? Are you in your hot fit of preaching again? I'll cool you.

[*Beats him again.*]

Over. Murther, murther, murther! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III SCENE I.

The Fair.

LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, JOAN TRASH, and others, sitting by their wares, as before

Enter VAL. WHIT, HAGGISE, and BRISTLE.

Whit. Nay, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen you wilt not be phitin call, master offisher, phat ish a man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, and you ait in an oder oild, being very shuffish-ient noyshes and gallantsh too? one o their brabblesh would have fed ush all dish fortnight, but you ait so bushy about beggersh still, you hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, and t be.

Hag. Why, I told you, Davy Bristle

Bri. Come, come, you told me a pudding,

⁹ You are the *Patrico*, &c.] Among strolling beggars and gypsies, the *patrico* is the orator of the gang, the hedge priest who officiates at their ridiculous ceremonies of marriage, &c

Toby Haggise, a matter of nothing, I am sure it came to nothing. You said, let's go to Uisula's, indeed, but then you met the man with the monsters, and I could not get you from him. An old fool, not leave seeing yet!

Hag Why, who would have thought any body would have quairell'd so early, or that the ale o' the fair would have been up so soon?

Whit Phy, phat a clock toest tou tink it ish, man?

Hag I cannot tell.

Whit Tou art a vish vatchman, i' te mean teem.

Hag Why, should the watch go by the clock, or the clock by the watch, I pray?

Bri One should go by another, if they did well.

Whit Tou art right now! phen didst tou ever know or hear of a shuffishient vatchment, but he did tell the clock, phat bushiness soever he had?

Bri Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knows what a clock it is.

Whit Shleeping or vaking ash well as te clock himself, or te Jack dat shtrikes him.

Bri Let's enquire of master Leatherhead, or Joan Trash here — Master Leatherhead, do you hear, master Leatherhead?

Whit If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not piersh him.

Leath I have a little business now, good friends, do not trouble me.

Whit Phat, because o' ty wrought neet-cap, and ty phelvet sherkin, man? phy! I have sheene tee in ty ledder sherkin, ere now, mashter

o' de hobby-horses, as bushy and stately as tou sheemest to be.

Trash Why, what an you have, captain Whit? he has his choice of jerkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sick, or employed.

Leath God-a mercy Joan, answer for me.

Whit. Away, be not sheen in my company, here be shentlemen, and men of voiship.

[*Exeunt Haggise and Bristle.*]

Enter QUARLOUS and WINWIFE.

Quar. We had wonderful ill luck, to miss this piologue o' the purse; but the best is, we shall have five acts of him ere night: he'll be spectacle enough, I'll answer for't.

Whr. O cieesh ' duke Quarulous, how dosht tou ' tou dosht not know me, I fear. I am te vishesht man, but justish Overdo, in all Bartholomew Fair now. Give me twelve pence from tee, I vill help tee to a vife vorth forty marks for't, and't be.

Quar. Away, rogue; pimp, away.

Whit. And she shall shew tee as fine cut oike for't in her shmock too as tou cansht vish i' faith, vilt tou have her, voishipful Vinwife? I vill help tee to her here, be an't be, into pig-quarter, gi' me ty twelve pence from tee.

Winw. Why, there's twelve pence, pray thee wilt thou begone?

Whit. Tou art a vorthy man, and a voishipful man still.

Quar. Get you gone, rascal.

Whit I do mean it, man Pinsh Quarulous, if tou hasht need on me, tou shalt find me here at

Ursula's, I will see phat ale and punque ish i' te
piesty for tee, bless ty good worship [Exit

Quar Look! who comes here John Littlewit!

Winw And his wife, and my widow, her
mother the whole family

Quar Slight, you must give them all fairings
now,

Winw Not I, I'll not see them

Quar They are going a feasting What
schoolmaster's that is with 'em

Winw That's my rival, I believe, the baker

*Enter Rabbi BUSY, Dame PURECRAFT, John
LITTLEWIT, and Mrs LITTLEWIT*

Busy So, walk on in the middle way, fore-
right, turn neither to the right hand nor to the
left, let not your eyes be drawn aside with
vanity, nor your ear with noises

Quar O, I know him by that stait

Leath What do you lack, what do you buy,
mistress? a fine hobby-horse, to make your son
a tilter? a drum, to make him a soldier? a fiddle,
to make him a reveller? what is't you lack?
little dogs for your daughters? or babies, male
or female?

Busy Look not toward them, hearken not,
the place is Smithfield, on the field of smiths,
the grove of hobby-horses and trinkets, the
wares are the wares of devils, and the whole
Fair is the shop of Satan they are hooks and
baits, very baits, that are hung out on every
side, to catch you, and to hold you, as it were,
by the gills, and by the nostrils, as the fisher
doth, therefore you must not look nor turn
toward them.—The heathen man could stop his

ears with wax against the harlot of the sea;¹ do you the like with your fingers against the bells of the beast.

Winw. What flashes come from him¹

Quar. O, he has those of his oven; a notable hot baker 'twas when he plied the peel.² he is leading his flock into the Fair now.

Winw. Rather driving them to the pens; for he will let them look upon nothing.

Enter KNOCKEM and WHIT from Ursula's booth.

Knock. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot; whither walk you? have a care of your fine velvet caps, the Fair is dusty. Take a sweet delicate booth, with boughs, here in the way, and cool yourselves in the shade; you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale in the Fair, sir. Old Ursula is cook, there you may read; [*Points to the sign, a pig's head, with a large writing under it.*] the pig's head speaks it. Poor soul, she has had a stringhalt, the maryhinchco, but she's prettily amended.

Whit. A delicate show-pig, little mistress, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leaf i' de fire, la' tou shalt ha' de clean side o' de table-clot, and di glass vash'd with phatersh of dame Anness Cleare.³

¹ *The harlot of the sea,*] This is a scurvy designation of the Syren. Whether Bunyan had read *Bartholomew Fair* in the sinful days of his youth, I know not, but we have here the ground work of "Vanity Fair"

² *When he plied the peel,*] i. e. the shovel-like instrument with which bakers withdraw their bread from the oven.

³ *Vash'd with phatersh of dame Anness Cleare.*] There was anciently, near Hoxton, a spring of water called *Agres le Clare*, and corruptly *Annis the Clea*; this was the water meant here by the poet. WIAL.

Lit [*Gazing at the inscription*] This is fine verily *Here be the best pigs, and she does roast them as well as ever she did*, the pig's head says

Knock Excellent, excellent, mistress, with fire o' juniper and rosemary branches! the oracle of the pig's head, that, sir

Pure Son, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye? have you forgot the wholesome admonition so soon?

Lit Good mother, how shall we find a pig, if we do not look about for't! will it run off o' the spit, into our mouths, thank you, as in Lubberland, and cry, *wee, wee!*

Busy No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiveth it may offer itself by other means to the sense, as by way of steam, which I think it doth here in this place—huh, huh—yes, it doth! [*He scents after it like a hound*] And it were a sin of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline or resist the good titillation of the famelic sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold—huh, huh, huh—follow the scent enter the tents of the unclean, for once, and satisfy your wife's frailty. Let your frail wife be satisfied, your zealous mother, and my suffering self, will also be satisfied

* *I think it doth here in this place—huh, huh—yes, it doth* [*He scents after it like a hound*] This passage alludes to a similar place in the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, where the sycophant scents the good dinner preparing within

ενδον εστιν ω μυρωταλω

Πολυ χρημα τετραχων και κρεων ωπλημενων

ὤ, ὤ, ὤ, ὤ, ὤ, ὤ.

“Therefore be bold, *huh, huh, huh*, follow the scent *Lepide* Aristophanes inducit sycophantam olfacientem sacrficiorum nidorem, qui totum senarium naribus absolvit says Vossius on this passage

URTON

Lit. Come, Win, as good winny here as go farther, and see nothing.⁵

Busy We scape so much of the other vanities, by our early entering.

Pure. It is an edifying consideration.

Mrs. Lit. This is scurvy, that we must come into the Fair, and not look on't. "

Lit. Win, have patience, Win, I'll tell you more anon.

[*Exeunt, into the booth, Littlewit, Mrs. Littlewit, Busy, and Purecraft*

Knock. Mooncalf, entertain within there, the best pig in the booth, a poik-like pig. These are Banbury-bloods, o' the sincere stud, come a pig-hunting. Whet, wait, Whet, look to your charge. [Exit *Whit.*

Busy. [*within.*] A pig prepare presently, let a pig be prepared to us.

Enter MOONCALF and URSULA.

Moon. 'Slight, who be these?

Urs. Is this the good service, Jordan, you'd do me?

Knock. Why, Urse, why, Urse? thou'lt have vapours i' thy leg again presently, pray thee go in, it may turn to the scratches else.

Urs. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stink like you! Are these the guests o' the game you promised to fill my pit withal to-day?

Knock. Ay, what ail they, Urse?

Urs. Ail they! they are all sippers, sippers o' the city; they look as they would not drink off two pen'orth of bottle-ale amongst 'em.

⁵ *Come, Win, as good winny here as go farther.*] Littlewit is here playing upon his wife's name: *Winny* is the same as the old word *wonne*, *manere*, to stay, &c. *WHAT.*

Moon A body may read that in them small printed ruffs

Knock Away, thou art a fool, Urse, and thy Mooncalf too in your ignorant vapours now! hence, good guests, I say, right hypocrites, good gluttons In, and set a couple o' pigs on the board, and half a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'em, and call Whit [*Exit Mooncalf*] I do not love to hear innocents abused fine ambling hypocrites! and a stone-puritan with a sonnet head and beard! good mouth'd gluttons, two to a pig, away

Urs Are you sure they are such?

Knock O' the right breed, thou shalt try 'em by the teeth, Urse, where's this Whit?

Re-enter WHIT

Whit Behold, man, and see,
What a worthy man am ee!
With the fury of my sword,
And the shaking of my beard,
I will make ten thousand men afraid

Knock Well said, brave Whit! in, and fear the ale out o' the bottles into the bellies of the brethren, and * * * the sisters drink to the cause, and pure vapours [*Eaeunt Knockem, Whit, and Ursula*]

Quar My roarer is turn'd tapster, methinks Now were a fine time for thee, Winwife, to lay aboard thy widow, thou'lt never be master of a better season or place, she that will venture herself into the Fair and a pig-box, will admit any assault, be assured of that

Winw I love not enterprises of that suddenness though

Quar I'll warrant thee, then, no wife out of

* * * A word or two seems lost, perhaps, see that

the widow's hundred : if I had but as much title to her, as to have breathed once on that straight stomach of hers, I would now assume myself to carry her, yet, ere she went out of Smithfield ; or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confess. But you are a modest undertaker, by circumstances and degrees ; come, 'tis disease in thee, not judgment ; I should offer at all together.—

Enter OVERDO.

Look, here's the poor fool again, that was stung by the Wasp erewhile.

Over. I will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragical conclusions. And I begin now to think, that by a spice of collateral justice, Adam Overdo deserved this beating ; for I, the said Adam, was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse was lost, and my wife's brother's purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it at supper, that will be the spoil, and put my little friend, master Humphrey Wasp's choler quite out of countenance. when, sitting at the upper end of my table, as I use, and drinking to my brother Cokes, and mistress Alice Overdo, as I will, my wife, for their good affection to old Bradley, I deliver to them, it was I that was cudgeled, and shew them the marks. To see what bad events may peep out o' the tail of good purposes ! the case I had of that civil young man I took fancy to this morning, (and have not left it yet,) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company indeed ; which drew the cut-purse ; which drew the money ; which drew my brother Cokes his loss ; which drew on Wasp's anger ;

which drew on my beating a pretty gradation¹ and they shall have it in their dish, i' faith, at night for fruit, I love to be merry at my table I had thought once, at one special blow he gave me, to have revealed myself, but then (I thank thee, fortitude) I remembered that a wise man, and who is ever so great a part of the commonwealth in himself, for no particular disaster ought to abandon a public good design The husbandman ought not, for one unthankful year, to forsake the plough, the shepherd ought not, for one scabbied sheep, to throw by his tar-box, the pilot ought not, for one leak in the poop, to quit the helm, nor the alderman ought not, for one custard more at a meal, to give up his cloke, the constable ought not to break his staff, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night, nor the piper of the parish, *ut parvis componere magna solebam*, to put up his pipes for one rainy Sunday These are certain knocking conclusions, out of which, I am resolved, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come banishment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all,) I will not discover who I am, till my due time, and yet still, all shall be, as I said ever, in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth⁷

Winw What does he talk to himself, and act so seriously, poor fool!

Quar No matter what Here's fresher argument, intend that

⁷ Overdo begins with saying that he will make no more orations, and immediately launches into one! The matchless judgment with which the consistency and individuality of the numerous characters in this drama are preserved, is above all praise The author's attention is not relaxed for an instant

Enter COKES, *Mistress* OVERDO, and *GRACE* WELLBORN, *followed by* WASPE, *loaded with toys.*

Cokes. Come, mistress Grace, come, sister, here's more fine sights yet, i' faith. Od's 'lid, where's Numps?

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine rattles, drums, babies, little dogs, and birds for ladies? what do you lack?

Cokes. Good honest Numps, keep afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat; my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

Waspe. You were best buy a whip in your hand to drive me.

Cokes. Nay, do not mistake, Numps; thou art so apt to mistake! I would but watch the goods. Look you now, the treble fiddle was e'en almost like to be lost.

Waspe. Pray you take heed you lose not yourself; your best way were e'en get up and ride for more surety. Buy a token's worth of great pins, to fasten yourself to my shoulder.

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? fine purses, pouches, pin-cases, pipes? what is't you lack? a pair o' smiths to wake you in the morning? or a fine whistling bird?

Cokes. Numps, here be finer things than any we have bought by odds! and more delicate horses, a great deal; good Numps, stay, and come hither.

Waspe. Will you scourse with him? you are

⁷ *Buy a token's worth of great pins.*] i. e. A farthing's worth. See Vol. I. p. 29.

⁸ *Will you scourse with him?*] i. e. Will you deal with him for his horses? We usually say horse-courser; but my learned

in Smithfield, you may fit yourself with a fine easy going street nag, for your saddle, again Michaelmas term, do has he neer a little odd cart for you to make a caroch on, in the country, with four pied hobby-horses? Why the measles, should you stand here, with your train, cheapning of dogs, birds, and babies? you have no children to bestow them on, have you?

Cokes No, but again I have children, Numps, that's all one

Wasp Do, do, do, do, how many shall you have, think you? an I were as you, I'd buy for all my tenants too, they are a kind of civil savages, that will part with their children for rattles, pipes, and knives. You were best buy a hatchet or two, and truck with 'em

Cokes Good Numps, hold that little tongue o' thine, and save it a labour. I am resolute Bat, thou know'st

Wasp A resolute fool you are, I know, and a very sufficient cockcomb with all my heart,—may you have it, su, an you be angry, t—in your teeth, twice, if I said it not once afore, and much good do you

Winw Was there ever such a self-affliction, and so impertinent?

friend, the editor of Junius, supposes the words should be *horse coser* the verb *cose* was used by the Scots in the sense of bartering, or exchanging. **W H A L**

Scourse, in the sense of swap, or exchange, is common to our old poets. Thus Spenser,

“ And recompenst him with a better *scorse* ”

Again

“ Could not arise the counterchange to *scorse* ”

F Q B III C 9 St 16

But the word was peculiarly applicable to horse dealers, hence the force of Wasp's allusion

Quar. Alas, his care will go near to crack him; let's in and comfort him.

[They come forward.]

Waspe. Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head on me, and had my brains bowled at, or threshed out, when first I underwent this plague of a charge!

Quar. How now, Numps! almost tired in your protectoiship? overparted, overparted?

Waspe. Why, I cannot tell, sir, it may be I am, does it grieve you?

Quar. No, I swear does't not, Numps; to satisfy you.

Waspe. Numps! 'sblood, you are fine and familiar how long have we been acquainted, I pray you?

Quar. I think it may be remembered, Numps, that; 'twas since morning, sure.

Waspe. Why, I hope I know't well enough, sir, I did not ask to be told.

Quar. No! why, then?

Waspe. It's no matter why; you see with your eyes now, what I said to you to-day: you'll believe me another time?

Quar. Are you removing the Fair, Numps?

Waspe. A pretty question, and a civil one! yes faith, I have my lading, you see, or shall have anon; you may know whose beast I am by my burden. If the pannierman's jack were ever better known by his loins of mutton, I'll be flayed, and feed dogs for him when his time comes.

Winw. How melancholic mistress Grace is yonder! pray thee let's go enter ourselves in grace with her.

Cokes. Those six horses, friend I'll have——

Waspe. How!

Cokes. And the three Jews-trumps; and half

a dozen o' birds, and that drum, (I have one drum already) and your smiths, I like that device of your smiths, very pretty well, and four halberts—and, let me see, that fine painted great lady, and her three women for state, I'll have

Waspe No, the shop, buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!

Leath If his worship please

Waspe Yes, and keep it during the Fair, Bobbin

Cokes Peace, Numps — Friend, do not meddle with him, an you be wise, and would shew your head above board, he will sting thorough your wrought nigh-cap, believe me. A set of these violins I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I have in the country, that are every one a size less than another, just like your fiddles. I would fain have a fine young masque at my marriage, now I think on't but I do want such a number of things!—And Numps will not help me now, and I daie not speak to him

Trash Will your worship buy any gingerbread, very good bread, comfortable bread?

Cokes Gingerbread! yes, let's see

[*Runs to her shop*]

Waspe There's the t'other spunge

Leath Is this well, goody Joan, to interrupt my market in the midst, and call away my customers? can you answer this at the pie-poudies?

Trash Why, if his mastership has a mind to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's, I may shew my ware as well as you yours

Cokes Hold your peace, I'll content you both I'll buy up his shop, and thy basket

Waspe Will you, i' faith?

Leath Why should you put him from it, friend?

Waspe Cry you mercy ! you'd be sold too, would you ? what's the price on you, jerkin and all, as you stand ? have you any qualities ?

Trash Yes, good-man, argiv man you shall find he has qualities, if you cheapen him.

Waspe Od's so, you have the selling of him ! What are they, will they be bought for love or money ?

Trash No indeed, sir.

Waspe For what then, victuals ?

Trash He cooins victuals, sir; he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God ! and yet he will do more for a good meal, if the toy take him in the belly, marry then they must not set him at lower ends, if they do, he'll go away, though he fast but put him a-top o' the table, where his place is, and he'll do you forty fine things. He has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great city-suppers, to put down Comat and Cokely,⁹ and been laughed at for his labour ; he'll play you all the puppets in the town over, and the players, every company, and his own company too ; he scares no body.

⁹ To put down Comat and Cokely.] Comat was famous for his travels, an account of which he published under the title of *Comat's Cidnes*. Cokely was the master of a motion or puppet-show, often mentioned in our author's poems. *WHALE*.

There is undoubtedly some personal allusion in many parts of this description : Inigo Jones had studied in Italy, he was therefore something of a traveller, and he appears to have worn velvet, hence, perhaps, the frequent allusions to the finery of his dress. Still, there is much that cannot by any possibility be applied to him, and not a little that appears to fit the poet himself. It seems not altogether improbable that Jonson might take an unlooked pleasure in sportings with the malevolent curiosity of his enemies, and confound the characteristic features of the objects of his satire, in order to lead them astray. In his imaginary personages there is, I believe, commonly something of reality, and in his real ones, much of imagination.

Cokes I' faith ?

Trash He was the first, sir, that ever baited the fellow in the bear's skin, an't like your worship no dog ever came near him since And for fine motions !

Cokes Is he good at those too ? can he set out a masque, thou ?

Trash O lord, master ! sought to fai and near for his inventions, and he engrosses all, he makes all the puppets in the Fair

Cokes Dost thou, in troth, old velvet jerkin ? give me thy hand

Trash Nay, sir, you shall see him in his velvet jerkin, and a scarf too at night, when you hear him interpret master Littlewit's motion

Cokes Speak no more, but shut up shop presently, friend, I'll buy both it and thee too, to carry down with me, and her hamper beside Thy shop shall furnish out the masque, and her's the banquet I cannot go less, to set out any thing with credit What's the price, at a word, of thy whole shop, case and all as it stands ?

Leath Sir, it stands me in six and twenty shillings seven pence halfpenny, besides three shillings for my ground

Cokes Well, thirty shillings will do all, then ! and what comes yours to ?

Trash Four shillings and eleven-pence, sir, ground and all, an't like your worship

Cokes Yes, it does like my worship very well, poor woman, that's five shillings more what a masque shall I furnish out, for forty shillings, twenty pound Scotch, and a banquet of gingerbread ! there's a stately thing ! Numps ? sister ? —and my wedding gloves too ! that I never thought on afore ! All my wedding gloves, gingerbread ? O me ! what a device will there be,

to make 'em eat their fingers ends^d and delicate brooches for the bridemen and all^l and then I'll have this poesie put to them, *For the best grace*, meaning mistress Grace, my wedding poesie

Grace. I am beholden to you, sir, and to your Bartholomew wit.

Waspe. You do not mean this, do you? Is this your first purchase?

Cokes. Yes, faith; and I do not think, Numps, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest act that ever I did in my wardship

Waspe. Like enough! I shall say any thing, I!

Enter EDGORTH, NIGHTINGALE and People, followed, at a distance, by OVERDO.

Over. I cannot beget a project, with all my political brain yet my project is how to fetch off this proper young man from his debauched company. I have followed him all the Fair over, and still I find him with this songster, and I begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity, and the young man of a terrible taint, poetry^l with which idle disease if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a static course. *Actum est* of him for a commonwealth's-ran, if he go to't in ih, me once. [Aside.

Edg. [To *Nightingale*.] Yonder he is buying of gingerbread; set in quickly, before he part with too much of his money.

Night. [Advancing and singing] *My masters, and friends, and good people draw near—*

Cokes. [Runs to the ballad-man.] Ballads! hark, hark! pray thee, fellow, stay a little, good Numps, look to the goods. What ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see myself

Waspe. Why so! he's flown to another lime-

bush, there he will flutter as long more, till he have ne'er a feather left Is there a vexation like this, gentlemen? will you believe me now, hereafter, shall I have credit with you?

Quar Yes, faith shalt thou, Numps, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for t I never saw a young pimp errant and his squire better match'd

Winw Faith, the sister comes after them well too

Grace Nay, if you saw the justice her husband, my guardian, you were fitted for the mess, he is such a wise one his way——

Winw I wonder we see him not here

Grace O! he is too serious for this place, and yet better sport then than the other three, I assure you, gentlemen, wherever he is, though it be on the bench

Cokes How dost thou call it? *A caveat against cut-purses*¹ a good jest, i' faith, I would fain see that demon, your cut-purse you talk of, that delicate handed devil, they say he walks hereabout, I would see him walk now Look you sister, here, here, [*He shews his purse boastingly*] let him come, sister, and welcome Ballad-man, does any cut-purses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two, begin, and shew me one

Night Sir, this is a spell against them, spick and span new, and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own person, and I sing it in mine own defence But 'twili cost a penny alone, if you buy it

Coke No matter for the price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd Bartholomew

Mrs Over Has it a fine picture, brother?²

¹ *Has it a fine picture, brother?* In Jonson's time scarcely any ballad was primed without a wooden cut, illustrative of its

Cokes. O, sister, do you remember the ballads over the nursery chimney at home o' my own pasting up? there be brave pictures, other manner of pictures than these, friend.

Wasp. Yet these will serve to pick the pictures out of your pockets, you shall see.

Cokes. So *I heard them say!* Pray thee mind him not, fellow; he'll have an oar in every thing.

Night. It was intended, sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I may be blameless though, as by the sequel will more plainly appear.

Cokes. We shall find that in the matter. pray thee begin.

Night. To the tune of Paggington's pound, sir.^a

Cokes. [Sings.] *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la!* Nay, I'll put thee in tune and all! mine own country dance! Pray thee begin.

Night. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, sir, both to the purse-cutter and the purse-bearer.

Cokes. Not a word more out of the tune, an

subject. If it was a ballad of "pure love," or of "good life," which afforded no scope for the graphic talents of the Grubstreet Apelles, the portrait of "good queen Elizabeth," magnificently adorned with the globe and sceptre, formed no unwelcome substitute for her loving subjects. The houses of the common people, especially those of the distant counties, seem to have had little other ornamental tapestry than was supplied by these fugitive pieces, which came out every term in incredible numbers, and were rapidly dispersed over the kingdom, by shoals of itinerant syrens.

^a *To the tune of Paggington's pound.* [Peggington's pound, as we now term it: but I am not able to assign the origin of the name. It seems to have been at first a country dance, probably so styled from the inventor of it, in which the performers were *'jounded* or inclined by each other. *WHALE.*

thou lov'st me *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa, la la la*
Come, when?

Night [sings] *My masters, and friends, and
good people, draw near,
And look to your purses, for that I do say,*

Cokes *Ha, ha, this chimes! Good counsel at
first dash*

Night *And tho' little money in them you do bear,
It cost more to get, than to lose in a day*

Cokes *Good!*

Night *You oft have been told,
Both the young and the old,
And bidden beware of the cut-purse so bold,
Cokes Well said! he were to blame that
would not, i' faith*

Night *Then if you take heed not, free me from
the curse,
Who both give you warning, for, and the cut-purse
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy
nurse,*

Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse

Cokes *Good i' faith, how say you, Numps, is
there any harm in this?*

Night *It hath been upbraid to men of my trade,
That oftentimes we are the cause of this crime,*

Cokes *The more coxcombs they that did it, I
wusse*

Night *Alack and for pity, why should it be said?
As if they regarded on places, or time!*

Examples have been

Of some that were seen

*In Westmurster-hall, yea the pleaders betwixen,
Then why should the judges be free from this curse,
More than my poor self, for cutting the purse?*

Cokes *God a mercy for that! why should
they be more free indeed?*

Night *Youth, youth, thou hadst better been
starv'd by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse*

Cokes That again, good ballad-man, that
again [*He sings the burden with him*] O iare! I
would fain rub mine elbow now, but I dare not
pull out my hand — On I pray thee, he that
made this ballad shall be poet to my masque

Night *At Worc'ster 'tis known well, and even in
the jail,
A knight of good worship did there shew his face,
Against the foul sinners, in zeal for to rail,
And lost ipso facto his purse in the place*

Cokes Is it possible?

Night *Nay, once from the seat
Of judgment so great,
A judge there did lose a fair pouch of velvet*

Cokes I' faith?

Night *O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or
worse,
Are those that so venture their necks for a purse!
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy
nurse,*

Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse

Cokes [*Sings after him*] *Youth, youth, &c —*
Pray thee stay a little, friend Yet o' thy con-
science, Numps, speak, is there any harm in
this?

Wasp To tell you true, 'tis too good for you,
less you had grace to follow it

Over It doth discover enormity, I'll mark it
more I have not liked a paltry piece of poetry
so well a good while [*Aside*]

Cokes *Youth, youth, &c*, where's this youth
now? a man must call upon him for his own good,
and yet he will not appear Look here, here's for
him, [*Shews his purse*] handy dandy, which

hand will he have? On, I pray thee with the rest, I do hear of him, but I cannot see him, this master youth, the cut-purse

Night *At plays, and at sermons, and at the sessions,*

'Tis daily their practice such booty to make,
Yea under the gallows at executions,
They stick not the star-e-about purses to take

Nay one without grace,³

At a [far] better place,

At court, and in Christmas, before the king's face,

Cokes That was a fine fellow! I would have him now

Night *Alack then for pity must I bear the curse,
That only belongs to the cunning cut-purse?*

Cokes But where's their cunning now, when they should use it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you [Sings] *Youth, youth, thou hadst better—* The rat-catchers' charms are all fools and asses to this a pox on them, that they will not come! that a man should have such a desire to a thing, and want it!

Quar 'Fore God I'd give half the Fair, an 'twere mine, for a cut-purse for him, to save his longing

Cokes Look you, sister, [Shews his purse again] here, here, where is't now? which pocket is't in, for a wage?

Waspe I beseech you leave your wagers, and let him end his matter, an't may be

Cokes O, are you edified, Numps!

Over Indeed he does interrupt him too much, there Numps spoke to purpose [Aside]

Cokes. Sister, I am an ass, I cannot keep my purse! [*Shows it again, and puts it up*]—On, on, I pray thee, friend

Night Youth, youth, thou ha'st better been starv'd by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse

[*As Nightingale sings, Edgworth gets up to Cokes, and tickles him in the ear with a straw twice to draw his hand out of his pocket.*

Winw. Will you see sport? look, there's a fellow gathers up to him, mark.

Quar. Good, i' faith! O he has lighted on the wrong pocket.

Winw. He has it! fore God, he is a brave fellow: pity he should be detected.

Night. But O, you vile nation of cut-purses all,
Relent and repent, and amend and be sound;
And know that you ought not, by honest men's fall,
Advance your own fortunes, to rise above ground;

And though you go gay

In silks, as you may,

It is not the highway to heaven, (as they say)

Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse,

And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse.

Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,

Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

All. An excellent ballad! an excellent ballad!

Edg. Friend, let me have the first, let me have the first, I pray you.

[*As Nightingale reaches out the ballad, Edgworth slips the purse into his hand.*

Cokes. Pardon me, sir; first come first serv'd; and I'll buy the whole bundle too.

Winw. That conveyance was better than all, did you see't? he has given the purse to the ballad-singer.

Quar. Has he?

Edg Sir, I cry you mercy, I'll not hinder the poor man's profit pray you, mistake me not

Cokes Sir, I take you for an honest gentleman, if that be mistaking, I met you to day afore ha' humph' O Lord! my paise is gone, my purse, my purse, my purse!

Waspe Come do not make a stin, and cry yourself an ass thorough the Fair afore your time

Cokes Why, hast thou it, Numps? good Numps, how came you by it, I maile?

Waspe I pray you seek some other gamester to play the fool with, you may lose it time enough, for all your Fair wit

Cokes By this good hand, glove and all, I have lost it already if thou hast it not, feel else, and mistress Grace's handkerchief too, out of the t'other pocket

Waspe Why, 'tis well, very well, exceeding pretty and well

Edg Are you sure you have lost it, sir?

Cokes O Lord! yes, as I am an honest man, I had it but e'en now, at *Youth, youth*

Night I hope you suspect not me, sir?

Edg Thee! that were a jest indeed! dost thou think the gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee? Away ass, away! [*Exit Night*]

Over I shall be beaten again, if I be spied

[*Aside, retiring*]

Eag Sir, I suspect an odd fellow, yonder, is stealing away

Mrs Over Brother, it is the preaching fellow you shall suspect him He was at your t'other purse, you know! [*Seizes Overdo*]—Nay stay, sir, and view the work you have done, an you be

beneficed at the gallows, and preach there, thank your own handy-work.

Cokes Sir, you shall take no pride in your prefeiment, you shall be silenced quickly.

[*They seize Overdo.*]

Over What do you mean, sweet buds of gentility?

Cokes To have my pennyworths out on you, bud No less than two purses a day serve you! I thought you a simple fellow, when my man Numps beat you in the morning, and pitied you.

Mrs Over. So did I, I'll be sworn, brother; but now I see he is a lewd and pernicious enormity, as master Overdo calls him.

Over. Mine own words tuin'd upon me like swords!

[*Aside.*]

Cokes. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you in the master's pocket, but you must entice it forth, and debauch it? [*Overdo is carried off.*]

Wasp Sir, sir, keep your debauch, and your fine Bartholomew terms to yourself, and make as much on 'em as you please. But give me this from you in the mean time; I beseech you, see if I can look to this.

Cokes. Why, Numps?

Wasp. Why! because you are an ass, sir, there's a reason the shortest way, an you will needs have it. now you have got the trick of losing, you'd lose your breech an 'twere loose. I know you, sir, come, deliver, [*Takes the box from him.*] you'll go and crack the vermin you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine; will you have the truth on't? they are such retchless flies as you are, that blow cut-purses abroad in every corner; your foolish having of money makes them. An there were no wiser than I, sir, the trade should lie open for you, sir, it

should, i' faith, sir I would teach your wit to come to your head, sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, sir

Winw Alack, good Numps!

Waspe Nay, gentlemen, never pity me, I am not worth it Loid send me at home once to Harrow o the Hill again, if I travel any more, call me Coriat with all my heart

[*Exeunt Waspe, Cokes, and Mrs Overdo, followed by Edgworth*]

Quar [*Stops Edgworth*] Stay, sir, I must have a word wth you in private Do you hear?

Edg With me, sir! what's your pleasure, good sir?

Quar Do not deny it, you are a cut purse, sir, this gentleman here and I saw you nor do we mean to detect you, though we can sufficiently inform ourselves toward the danger of concealing you, but you must do us a piece of service

Edg Good gentlemen, do not undo me, I am a civil young man, and but a beginner indeed

Quar Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending for us we are no catchpoles nor constables That you are to undertake is this, you saw the old fellow with the black box here?

Edg The little old governor, sir?

Quar That same I see you have flown him to a mark already I would have you get away that box from him, and bring it us

Edg Wou'd you have the box and all, sir, or only that that is in't? I'll get you that, and leave him the box to play with still, which will be the harder of the two, because I would gain your worship's good opinion of me

Winw He says well, 'tis the greater mastery, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist

Edg. Ay, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

Quar But look you do it now, sirrah, and keep your word, or —

Edg. Sir, if ever I break my word with a gentleman, may I never read word at my need.⁵ Where shall I find you?

Quar Somewhere i' the Fair, hereabouts: dispatch it quickly. [*Exit Edgeworth*] I would fain see the careful fool deluded! Of all beasts, I love the serious ass, he that takes pains to be one, and plays the fool with the greatest diligence that can be.

Grace. Then you would not choose, sir, but love my guardian, Justice Overdo, who is answerable to that description in every hair of him.

Quar So I have heard. But how came you, mistress Wellborn, to be his ward, or have relation to him at first?

Grace. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me, sir,⁶ and now he will marry me to his wife's brother, this wise gentleman that you see; or else I must pay value o' my land.

Quar 'Slid, is there no device of disparagement,⁷ or so? talk with some crafty fellow, some

⁵ *May I never read word at my need*] i. e. may I never have the benefit of clergy, if I am taken and brought to my trial.

WILL.

⁶ *He bought me, sir,*] Before the abolition of the Court of Wards, (in the 12th of Charles II.) the heir of the king's tenant, who held land, *in capite*, during his or her nonage was in wardship to the king, who might sell or present the guardianship and marriage of the said ward to any of his subjects. Immense fortunes were raised by the nobility, and favourites of the court, from these grants, which were odious and oppressive in the highest degree. See Massinger, Vol. IV.

⁷ *Is there no disparagement,*] This has reference to the same subject. "Disparagement," says Cowel, (and Blackstone

picklock of the law would I had studied a year longer in the Inns of court, an 't had been but in your case

Winw Ay, master Quarlous, are you proffering!
[*Aside*

Grace You'd bring but little aid, sir

Winw I'll look to you, in faith, gamester —
[*Aside*] An unfortunate foolish tribe you are fallen into, lady, I wonder you can endure them

Grace Sir, they that cannot work their fetters off must wear them

Winw You see what care they have on you, to leave you thus

Grace Faith, the same they have of themselves, sir I cannot greatly complain, if this were all the plea I had against them

Winw 'Tis true but will you please to withdraw with us a little, and make them think they have lost you I hope our manners have been such hitherto, and our language, as will give you no cause to doubt yourself in our company

Grace Sir, I will give myself no cause,* I am so secure of mine own manners, as I suspect not yours

Quar Look where John Littlewit comes

Winw Away, I'll not be seen by him

Quar No, you were not best, he'd tell his mother, the widow

Winw Heav'! what do you mean?

Quar Ciy you mercy, is the wind there?²
must not the widow be named?² [*Exeunt*

after him,) "is by our common lawyers used especially for matching an heir under his or her degree, or against decency." Against attempts of this kind, the ward had a legal relief

* *Sir, I will give myself no cause, &c*] There is excellent sense in Grace's answer She is one of Jonson's few estimable females

² *Is the wind there?*] A proverbial expression Is it so! Have

Enter LITTLEWIT from Ursula's booth, followed by Mrs LITTLEWIT.

Lt. Do you hear, Win, Win?

Mrs Lit. What say you, John?

Lit. While they are paying the reckoning, Win, I'll tell you a thing, Win; we shall never see any sights in the Fair, Win, except you long still, Win. good Win, sweet Win, long to see some hobby-horses, and some drums, and rattles, and dogs, and fine devices. Win The bull with the five legs, Win; and the great hog Now you have begun with pig, you may long for any thing, Win, and so for my motion, Win.

Mrs. Lit. But we shall not eat of the bull and the hog, John; how shall I long then?

Lit. O yes, Win: you may long to see, as well as to taste, Win how did the pothecary's wife, Win, that longed to see the anatomy, Win? or the lady, Win, that desired to spit in the great lawyer's mouth, after an eloquent pleading? I assure you, they longed, Win, good Win, go in, and long [*Exeunt Littlewit and Mrs. Littlewit.*]

Trash. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother Leatherhead, we shall hear no more of him.

Leath. Ah, the better; let's pack up all and begone, before he find us.

Trash. Stay a little, yonder comes a company; it may be we may take some more money.

I found you out? He alludes to his suspicion of a growing attachment in Winwife to Grace Wellborn.

Enter KNOCKEM and BUSY

Knock Sir, I will take your counsel, and cut my hair,¹ and leave vapours I see that tobacco, and bottle ale, and pig and Whit, and very Ursula herself, is all vanity

Busy Only pig was not comprehended in my admonition, the rest were for long hair, it is an ensign of pride, a banner, and the world is full of those banners, very full of banners And bottle ale is a drink of satan's, a diet-drink of satan's, devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter age of vanity, as the smoke of tobacco, to keep us in mist and error but the fleshly woman, which you call Ursula, is above all to be avoided, having the marks upon her of the three enemies of man, the world, as being in the Fair, the devil, as being in the fire, and the flesh, as being herself

Enter Mrs PURECRAFT

Pure Brother Zeal of-the-land! what shall we do? my daughter Win-the-fight is fallen into her fit of longing again

Busy For more pig! there is no more, is there?

Pure To see some sights in the Fair

Busy Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place swiftly, lest she partake of the pitch thereof Thou art the seat of the beast, O Smithfield, and

¹ *And cut my hair,*] To express his reformation Close hair (see Vol II p 13) was at this time the distinguishing mark of a Puritan The subject of Busy's admonition is humorously marked by this incidental trait of superstitious attachment to ceremonials

I will leave thee ! Idolatry peepeth out on every side of thee. [*Goes forward.*]

Knock An excellent ight hypocrite ! now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the jade. A very good vapour ! I'll in and joy Ursula, with telling how her pig works ; two and a half he eat to his share-, and he has drunk a pail-full ! He eats with his eyes, as well as his teeth. [*Exit.*]

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen ? what is't you buy ? rattles, drums, babies——

Busy Peace, with thy apocryphal wares, thou profane publican, thy bells, thy dragons, and thy Tobie's dogs. Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a very idol, a fience and rank idol ; and thou, the Nebuchadnezzar, the proud Nebuchadnezzar of the Fair, that sett'st it up, for children to fall down to, and worship.

Leath. Cry you mercy, sir, will you buy a fiddle to fill up your noise ?

Re-enter LITTLEWIT and his Wife.

Lit Look, Win, do, look a God's name, and save your longing. Here be fine sights

Pure Ay, child, so you hate them, as our brother Zeal does, you may look on them.

Leath Or what do you say to a drum, sir ?

Busy It is the broken belly of the beast, and thy bellows there are his lungs, and these pipes are his throat, those feathers are of his tail, and thy rattles the gnashing of his teeth.

Trash. And what's my gingerbread, I pray you ?

Busy. The provender that picks him up. Hence with thy basket of popery, thy nest of images, and whole legend of ginger-work.

Leath Sir, if you be not quiet the quicklier, I'll have you clapp'd fairly by the heels, for disturbing the Fair

Busy The sin of the Fair provokes me, I cannot be silent

Pure Goo! brother Zeal!

Leath Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it

It I'd give a shilling you could, i'faith, friend

[*Aside to Leath*

Leath Sir, give me your shilling, I'll give you my shop, if I do not, and I'll leave it in pawn with you in the mean time

It A match, i'faith, but do it quickly then

[*Exit Leatherhead*

Busy [*to Mrs Purecraft*] Hinder me not, woman I was moved in spirit, to be here this day, in this Fair, this wicked and foul Fair, and fitter may it be called a Foul than a Fair, to protest against the abuses of it, the foul abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandise of Babylon again, and the peeping of popery upon the stalls here, here, in the high places. See you not Goldyllocks, the purple strumpet there, in her yellow gown and green sleeves - the profane pipes, the tinkling timbrels? a shop or tencks!

[*Attempts to seize the toys*

It Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with them

Busy And this idolatrous grove of images, this flasket of idols, which I will pull down——

[*Overthrus the gingerbread basket*

Trash O my ware, my ware! God bless it!

Busy In my zeal, and glory to be thus exercised

*Re-enter LEATHERHEAD, with BRISTLE, HAGGISE,
and other Officers.*

Leath. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeal, we cannot sell a whistle for him in tune. Stop his noise first.

Busy. Thou canst not; 'tis a sanctified noise: I will make a loud and most strong noise, till I have daunted the profane enemy. And for this cause——

Leath. Sir, here's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall swear it in the stocks, sir.

Busy. I will thrust myself into the stocks, upon the pikes of the land. [*They seize him.*]

Leath. Carry him away.

Pure. What do you mean, wicked men?

Busy. Let them alone, I fear them not.

[*Exeunt Officers with Busy, followed by
Dame Purecraft.*]

Lit. Was not this shilling well ventured, Win, for our liberty? now we may go play, and see over the Fair, where we list ourselves. my mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and lose us.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, John; but I know not what to do.

Lit. For what, Win?

Mrs. Lit. For a thing I am ashamed to tell you, i' faith; and 'tis too far to go home.

Lit. I pray thee be not ashamed, Win. Come, i' faith, thou shalt not be ashamed: is it any thing about the hobby-horse man? an't be, speak freely.

Mrs. Lit. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorn him; no, I have very great what sha' call 'um John.

[*Whispers him.*]

Lit O, is that all, Win? we'll go back to captain Jordan, to the pig-woman's, Win, he'll help us or she, with a dipping-pan, or an old kettle, or something The poor greasy soul loves you, Win, and after we'll visit the Fair all over, Win, and see my puppet-play, Win, you know it's a fine matter, Win.

[*Exeunt Littlewit and Mrs Littlewit*

Leath Let's away, I counsell'd you to pack up afore, Joan

Trash A pox of his Bedlam purity! He has spoiled half my ware but the best is, we lose nothing if we miss our first merchant

Leath It shall be hard for him to find or know us, when are translated, Joan [Exeunt

ACT IV SCENE I

The Fair

Booths, stalls, a pair of stocks, &c

Enter COKES, BRISTLE, HAGGISE, and POCHER,
with OVERDO, followed by TROUBLEALL

Tro My masters, I do make no doubt, but you are officers

Bri What then, sir?

Tro And the king's loving and obedient subjects

Bri Obedient, friend! take heed what you speak, I advise you, Oliver Bristle advises you.

[Oliver Bristle advises you] Bristle forgets his christian

His loving subjects, we grant you ; but not his obedient, at this time, by your leave , we know ourselves a little better than so ; we are to command, sir, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient subjects going to the stocks ; and we'll make you such another, if you talk.

Tro You are all wise enough in your places, I know.

Bri If you know it, sir, why do you bring it in question ?

Tro I question nothing, pardon me I do only hope you have warrant for what you do, and so quit you, and so multiply you *[Exit.*

Hag. What is he ?--Bring him up to the stocks there. Why bring you him not up ?

[Overdo is brought forward.

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro If you have justice Overdo's warrant, 'tis well ; you are safe : that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not give this button for any man's warrant else.

Bri. Like enough, sir, but let me tell you, an you play away your buttons thus, you will want them ere night, for any store I see about you ; you might keep them, and save pins, I wuss. *[Exit Troubleall.*

Over. What should he be, that doth so esteem and advance my warrant ? he seems a sober and discreet person It is a comfort to a good conscience to be followed with a good fame in his

name. in a former scene. (p 453,) he is called *Daxy* Perhaps the forgetfulness lies with Jonson. The question is of some importance, but I cannot decide it

sufferings The world will have a pretty taste by this, how I can bear adversity, and it will beget a kind of reverence towards me hereafter, even from mine enemies, when they shall see, I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me, nor bend me *[Aside*

Hag Come, sir, here's a place for you to preach in Will you put in your leg?

Over That I will, chearfully

[They put him in the Stocks

Br O' my conscience, a seminary¹ he kisses the stocks

Cokes Well, my masters, I'll leave him with you, now I see him bestowed, I'll go look for my goods, and Numps

Hag You may, sir, I warrant you where's the t'other bawler? fetch him too, you shall find them both fast enough *[Exit Cokes*

Over In the midst of this tumult, I will yet be the author of mine own rest, and not minding their fury, sit in the stocks in that calm as shall be able to trouble a triumph *[Aside*

Re enter TROUBLEALL

Tro Do you assure me upon your words? May I undertake for you, if I be ask'd the question, that you have this warrant?

Hag What's this fellow for God's sake?

Tro Do but shew me Adam Overdo, and I am satisfied *[Exit*

Br He is a fellow that is distracted, they say, one Troubleall he was an officer in the court of pie-poudres here last year, and put out of his place by justice Overdo

¹ O my conscience, a seminary! i. e. a Romish priest educated in the seminaries abroad. *WHAL* See p. 403

Over. Ha !

[*Aside.*

Bri. Upon which he took an idle conceit, and is run mad upon't : so that ever since he will do nothing but by justice Overdo's warrant ; he will not eat a crust, nor drink a little, nor make him in his apparel ready. His wife, sir-reverence, cannot get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without his warrant

Over. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster. How am I bound to satisfy this poor man, that is of so good a nature to me, out of his wits ! where there is no room left for dissembling.

[*Aside.*

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. If you cannot shew me Adam Overdo, I am in doubt of you ; I am afraid you cannot answer it.

[*Exit.*

Hag. Before me, neighbour Bristle,—and now I think on't better,—justice Overdo is a very parantory person.

Bri. O, are you advised of that ! and a severe justicer, by your leave.

Over. Do I hear ill o' that side too ?⁴ [*Aside.*

Bri. He will sit as upright on the bench, an you mark him, as a candle in the socket, and give light to the whole court in every business.

Hag. But he will burn blue, and swell like a boil, God bless us, an he be angry.

Bri. Ay, and he will be angry too, when he lists, that's more ; and when he is angry, be it right or wrong, he has the law on's side ever : I mark that too.

Over. I will be more tender hereafter. I see

⁴ *Do I hear ill o' that side too ?* Am I censured on the side of severity ? We have had this latinism more than once before.

compassion may become a justice, though it be a weakness, I confess, and nearer a vice than a virtue

[*Aside*

Hag Well, take him out o' the stocks again, we'll go a sure way to work, we'll have the ace of hearts of our side, if we can

. [*They take Overdo out*

Enter POCHER, and Officers with BUSY, followed by Mrs PUKECRAFT

Poch Come, bring him away to his fellow there — Master Busy, we shall rule your legs, I hope, though we cannot rule your tongue

Busy No, minister of darkness, no, thou canst not rule my tongue, my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your Bartholomew abominations, till you be made a hissing to the neighbouring parishes round about

Hag Let him alone, we have devised better upon't

Pure And shall he not into the stocks then?

Bri No, mistress, we'll have them both to justice Overdo, and let him do over 'em as is fitting then I, and my gossip Haggise, and my beadle Pocher are discharged

Pure O, I thank you, blessed honest men!

Bri Nay, never thank us, but thank this madman that comes here, he put it in our heads

Re-enter TROUBLEALL

Pure Is he mad? now heaven increase his madness, and bless it, and thank it — Sir, your poor handmaid thanks you

Tro. Have you a warrant? an you have a warrant, shew it.

Pure Yes, I have a warrant out of the word,⁵ to give thanks for removing any scorn intended to the brethren. [*Ereunt all but Troubleall.*]

Tro It is justice Overdo's warrant that I look for; if you have not that, keep your word, I'll keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

Enter EDGORTH and NIGHTINGALE.

Edg Come away, Nightingale, I pray thee.

Tro. Whither go you? where's your warrant?

Edg. Warrant¹ for what, sir?

Tro. For what you go about, you know how fit it is; an you have no warrant, bless you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can do. * [*Exit.*]

Edg What means he?

Night. A madman that haunts the Fair; do you not know him? It's marvel he has not more followers after his ragged heels.

Edg. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had known of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing.⁶ Have you prepared the costard-monger?

Night. Yes, and agreed for his basket of pears; he is at the corner here, ready. And your prize, he comes down sailing that way all alone, without his protector; he is rid of him, it seems.

Edg. Ay, I know; I should have followed his protectorship, for a feat I am to do upon him: but this offered itself so in the way, I could not

⁵ *Out of the word,*] The puritanical phrase for the scripture.

⁶ *Guilt's a terrible thing.*] These incidental reflections, which are scattered through our author's works, sufficiently shew that he had a monitory purpose constantly in view. No writer supports the character of a dramatic moralist with such decorum as Johnson

let scape here he comes, whistle, be this sport
call'd Dorryng the Dotterel

Re-enter COKES

Night Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c [whistles

Cokes By this light, I cannot find my ginger-bread wife, nor my hobby horse man, in all the Fair now, to have my money again and I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more Do you hear, fiend, you that whistle? what tune is that you^r whistle?

Night A new tune I am practising, sir

Cokes Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? nay, on with thy tune, I have no such haste for an answer I'll practise with thee

Enter Costard-monger with a basket of Pears.

Cos Buy any pears, very fine pears, pears fine!

[*Nightingale sets his foot afore him, and he falls with his basket*

Cokes Ods so! a muss, a muss, a muss, a muss!

[*Falls a scrambling for the pears.*

Cos Good gentlemen, my waie, my ware, I am a poor man Good sir, my ware

Night Let me hold your sword, sir, it troubles you

Cokes Do, w^ed my cloke an thou wilt, and my hat too

Edg A delicate great boy! methinks he out-

? A muss, a muss] i e a scramble So Shakspeare,

“ Like boys unto a muss,

“ Kings would start forth and cry——

Antony and Cleopatra, Act III. **WHAL**

The word is very common in our old writers

scrambles them all I cannot persuade myself, but he goes to grammar-school yet, and plays the truant to day.

Night. Would he had another purse to cut, Zekiel.

Edg. Purse! a man might cut out his kidneys, I think, and he never feel 'em, he is so earnest at the sport.

Night. His soul is half-way out on's body at the game.

Edg. Away, Nightingale; that way.

[Nightingale runs off with his sword, cloke, and hat.]

Cokes I think I am furnish'd for cather'ne peas, for one under-meal: * Give me my cloke.

Cos. Good gentleman give me my ware.

Cokes. Where's the fellow I gave my cloke to? my cloke and my hat? ha! ods 'lid, is he gone? thieves, thieves! help me to cry, gentlemen.

[Exit hastily.]

Edg. Away, costardmonger, come to us to Ursula's. *[Exit Cost.]* Talk of him to have a soul! 'heart, if he have any more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking, I'll be hang'd afore my time, presently: where should it be, trow? in his blood? he has not so much toward it in his whole body

* *I think I am furnish'd for cather'ne peas, for one under-meal.]* 1. e. for an afternoon's meal, for a slight repast after dinner. In the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, undermele is latinized by post-meridies.

9 *Heart, if he have any thing more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking.]* The same is said of swine by the Stoic Chrysippus, as we learn from Tully: *Sus vero quid habet præter escam? cui quidem, ne putresceret, animam*

as will maintain a good flea! and if he take this course, he will not have so much land left as to rear a calf, within this twelve month. Was there ever green plover so pulled! That his little overseer had been here now, and been but tall enough to see him steal pears, in exchange for his beaver-hat and his cloke thus! I must go find him out next, for his black box, and his patent, it seems, he has of his place, which I think the gentleman would have a reversion of, that spoke to me for it so earnestly [Exit

Re-enters COKES

Cokes Would I might lose my doublet, and hose too, as I am an honest man, and never stir, if I think there be any thing but thieving and cozening in this whole Fair. Bartholomew Fair, quoth he! an ever any Bartholomew had that luck in't that I have had, I'll be martyr'd for him, and in Smithfield too. I have paid for my pears, a rot on 'em! I'll keep them no longer, [throws away his pears] you were choke-pears to me. I had been better have gone to mum-chance

ipsam pro sale datam dicit esse Chrysippus De Natura Deor lib 2 The application by the poet does not seem out of character. *WHALE*

This sentiment is repeated else, here by our author,

“ ——— is scarce Lath so I,

“ Instead of salt, to keep it sweet ” *Devil's an Ass*

And by Beaumont and Fletcher

“ ——— this soul I speak of,

“ Or rather salt, to keep this heap of flesh

“ From being a walking stench ” *Spanish Curate*

* *I had been better have gone to mum-chance for you,*] Some rude kind of play with the dice. It appears from a former passage that the practice to which Cokes alludes, and which may yet

for you, I wuss. Methinks the Fair should not have used me thus, an 'twere but for my name's-sake, I would not have used a dog o' the name so. O, Numps will triumph now!—

Enter TROUBLEALL.

Friend, do you know who I am, or where I lie? I do not myself, I'll be sworn. Do but carry me home, and I'll please thee; I have money enough there. I have lost myself, and my cloke, and my hat, and my fine sword, and my sister, and Numps, and mistress Grace, a gentlewoman that I should have married, and a cut-work handkerchief she gave me, and two purses, to-day; and my bargain of hobby-horses and gingerbread, which grieves me worst of all.

Tro. By whose warrant, sir, have you done all this?

Cokes. Warrant! thou art a wise fellow indeed; as if a man need a warrant to lose any thing with!

Tro. Yes, justice Overdo's warrant, a man may get and lose with, I'll stand to't.

Cokes. Justice Overdo! dost thou know him? I lie there, he is my brother-in-law, he married my sister, pray thee shew me the way; dost thou know the house?

Tro. Sir, shew me your warrant: I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

Cokes. Why, I warrant thee, come along: thou shalt see I have wrought pillows there, and

be found by the side of our orange-barrows, was sufficiently familiar:

“ Her Grace would have you eat no Dagger pie,
“ Nor play with *costarmongers* at *mum-chance*,” p. 174.

cambric sheets, and sweet bags too Pray
thee guide me to the house

Tio Sir, I'll tell you, go you thither yourself
first alone, tell your woishipful brother your
mind, and but bring me three lines of his hand,
or his clerk's, with Adam Overdo underneath,
(here I'll stay you,) I'll obey you, and I'll guide
you presently

Cokes 'Sidd, this is an ass, I have found him
pox upon me, what do I talking to such a dull
fool! farewell! you are a very coxcomb, do you
hear?

Tio I think I am, if justice Overdo sign to
it, I am, and so we are all he'll quit us all,
multiply us all [*Exeunt*

SCENE II

Another part of the Fair

*Enter GRACE, QUARLOUS, and WINWIFE, with
their swords drawn*

Grace Gentlemen, this is no way that you
take, you do but breed one another trouble and
offence, and give me no contentment at all I
am no she that affects to be quarrell'd for, or
have my name or fortune made the question of
men's swords

Quar 'Slood, we love you

Grace If you both love me, as you pretend,
your own reason will tell you, but one can enjoy

* *And sweet bags too*] i.e. bags of sweet herbs, or perfumes
They were far from being unnecessary in the bedchambers of
those days, and were usually placed under the pillow

me: and to that point there leads a directer line, than by my intimacy which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profest it to you ingenuously, that rather than to be joked with this bridegroom is appointed me, I would take up any husband almost upon any trust; though subtlety would say to me, I know he is a fool, and has an estate and I might govern him, and enjoy a friend beside: but these are not my aims, I must have a husband I must love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one of these politic wives.

Winw. Why, if you can like either of us, lady, say, which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to desist.

Quar. Content, I accord to that willingly.

Grace. Sure you think me a woman of an extreme levity, gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that, meeting you by chance in such a place as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deserving afore the other of me, I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, this is he, and name him.

Quar. Why, wherefore should you not? what should hinder you?

Grace. If you would not give it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit, give me so much of woman and cunning, as not to betray myself impertinently. How can I judge of you, so far as to a choice, without knowing you more? You are both equal, and alike to me yet, and so indifferently affected by me, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away for you are reasonable creatures, you have understanding and discourse; and if fate send me an understanding husband, I have no fear at

all but mine own manners shall make him a good one

Quar Would I were put forth to making for you then

Grace It may be you are you know not what is to aid you will you consent to a motion of mine, gentlemen?

Winw Whichever it be, we'll presume reasonableness, coming from you

Quar And fitness too

Grace I saw one of you buy a pair of tables³ e'en now

Winw Yes, here they be, and maiden ones too, unwritten in

Grace The fitter for what they may be employ'd in You shall write either of you here a word or a name, what you like best, but of two or three syllables at most, and the next person that comes this way, because Destiny has a high hand in business of this nature, I'll demand which of the two words he or she doth approve, and, according to that sentence, fix my resolution and affection without change

Quar Agreed, my word is conceived already

Winw And mine shall not be long creating after

Grace But you shall promise, gentlemen, not to be curious 'o know which of you it is, taken, but give me leave to conceal that, till you have brought me either home, or where I may safely tender myself

Winw Why, that's but equal

Quar We are pleased

Grace Because I will bind both your endea-

³ *A pair of tables,*] i. e. a pocket-book, with blank leaves for writing The word occurs continually in this sense

vours to work together friendly and jointly each to the other's fortune, and have myself fitted with some means, to make him that is forsaken a part of amends.

Quar. These conditions are very courteous. Well, my word is out of the *Arcadia*,⁴ then; *Argalus*.

Winw. And mine out of the Play *Palemon*.
[*They write.*]

Enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. Have you any warrant for this, gentlemen?

Quar. Winw. Ha!

Tro. There must be a warrant had, believe it.

Winw. For what?

Tro. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeed, no matter what.

Quar. 'Slight! here's a fine ragged prophet dropt down i' the nick!

Tro. Heaven quit you, gentlemen!

Quar. Nay, stay a little. good lady, put him to the question.

Grace. You are content then?

Winw. Quar. Yes, yes.

Grace. Sir, here are two names written——

Tro. Is justice Overdo one?

Grace. How, sir! I pray you read them to yourself; it is for a wager between these gen-

⁴ *My words out of the Arcadia, then, Argalus*] The loves of *Argalus* and *Parthena* form an episode, in sir Philip Sidney's romance. The Play mentioned in the next line is either *Palemon and Arcite*, written by Richard Edwards for the amusement of Elizabeth, or the *Queen's Arcadia* by Daniel, long subsequent to it, in which *Palemon*, a shepherd, is a prominent character.

tlemen, and with a stroke, or any difference,
mark which you approve best

Tro They may be both worshipful names for
aught I know, mistress, but Adam Overdo had
been worth three of them, I assure you in this
place, that's in plain English

Grace This man amazes me I pray you like
one of them, sir

Tro [*marks the book*] I do like him there,
that has the best warrant, mistress, to save your
longing, and (multiply him) it may be this
But I am still for justice Overdo, that's my con-
science, and quit you

Winn Is it done, lady?

Grace Ay, and strangely, as ever I saw what
fellow is this trow?

Quar No matter what, a fortune teller we
have made him which is it, which is it?

Grace Nay, did you not promise not to in-
quire?

Enter EDGORTH

Quar 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon
me—Look, here's our Mercury come, the
license arrives in the finest time too! 'tis but
scraping out Cokes his name, and 'tis done

Winn How now, lime-twig, hast thou
touch'd?

Edg Not yet, sir, except you would go with
me and see it, it is not worth speaking on The
act is nothing without a witness Yonder he is,
your man with the box, fallen into the finest
company and so transported with vapours! they
have got in a northern clothier and one Puppy,
a western man, that's come to wrestle before my
lord mayor anon, and captain Whit, and one

Val. Cutting, that helps captain Jordan to roar, a circling boy,⁵ with whom your Numps is so taken, that you may strip him of his clothes, if you will. I'll undertake to geld him for you, if you had but a surgeon ready to sear him. And mistress Justice there, is the gooddest woman! she does so love them all over in terms of justice and the style of authority, with her hood upright that—I beseech you come away, gentlemen, and see't.

Quar. 'Slight, I would not lose it for the Fair; what will you do, Ned?

Winw. Why, stay hereabout for you: mistress Wellborn must not be seen.

Quar. Do so, and find out a priest in the mean time; I'll bring the license.—Lead, which way is't?

Edg. Here, sir, you are on the back o' the booth already; you may hear the noise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the Fair.

Uisula's Booth, as before: KNOCKEM, WHIT, NORTHERN, PUPPY, CUTTING, WASPE, and Mrs. OVERDO, discovered, all in a state of intoxication.

Knock. Whit, bid Val. Cutting continue the vapours for a lift, Whit, for a lift. [*Aside to Whit.*]

⁵ *A circling boy*] Whether this alludes to the mode of surrounding a man, with drawn swords, and driving him from side to side, (so familiar to the Mohawks of a later age,) or to the trick of irritating an adversary by giving him the lie *indirectly*, and so as to avoid the necessity of fighting if he manifested a

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare, the eale's too meeghty

Knock How now ' my galloway nag the staggers, ha ' Whit, give him a slit in the forehead Chea! up, man, a neede and thread to stitch his eais I'd cure him now, an I had it, with a little butter and garlick,*long pepper and grains Where's my noin? I'll give him a mash presently, shall take away this dizziness

Pup Why where are you, zuis? do you, vlinch, and leave us in the zuds now?

Nor I'll ne mare, I is e'en as vull as a paiper s bag, by my troth, I

Pup Do my northern cloth zhrink i' the wetting, ha?

Knock Why, well said, old flea bitten, ' thou'lt never tire I see [*They fall to then vapours again*

Cut No, sir, but he may tire if it please him

Whit Who told dee sho, that he vuld never teel, man?

Cut No matter who told him so, so long as he knows

Knock Nay, I know nothing, sir, pardon me there

Enter behind EDGORTH with QUARLOUS

Edg They are at it still, sir, thus they call vapours

Whit He shall not pardon dee, captain, dou

proper degree of spirit, I am unable to decide Both practices are alluded to by our old writers, and the last is mentioned in more than one place by Jonson himself (p 107) A third species of *cnicus*, occurs in the next scene but this has no reference to the passage before us

* *Old flea-bitten thou'lt never tire,*] This is a familiar observation of the livery-stable "A flea bitten horse never tires"

shalt not be pardoned Pie'dee, shweet-heart,
do not paidon him

Cut 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an I list, whoso-
ever says nay to't

Quar Where's Numps? I miss him?

Waspe Why, I say nay to't

Quar O, there he is.

Knock Io what do you say nay, sir?

Waspe To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long
as I do not like it

Whit Paidon me, little man, dou musht like
it a little

Cut No, he must not like it at all, sir, there
you are i' the wrong

Whit I tink I bee he musht not like it
indeed

Cut Nay, then he both must and will like it,
sir, for all you

Knock If he have reason, he may like it, sir

Whit By no meensh, captain, upon reason, he
may like nothing up on reason

Waspe I have no reason, nor I will hear of no
reason, nor I will look for no reason, and he is
an ass that either knows any, or looks for't from
me

⁷ " *Here (Jonson says) they continue their game of vapours, which is nonsense. Every man to oppose the last man that spoke, whether it concern'd him or no.*—There is no doubt that this is an exact copy of the drunken conversation among the bullies, or roarers, of those times. It is, however, so inexpressibly dull that it were to be wished the author had been content with a shorter specimen of it. His object undoubtedly was to inculcate a contempt and hatred of this vile species of tavern pleasantry, and he probably thought with Swift, when he was drawing up his *Polite Conversation*, that this could only be done by pressing it upon the hearer even to satiety. Some degree of confusion was necessary to his plot, as Knockem and Whit want an opportunity to rob the others of their clokes, &c

Cut Yes, in some sense you may have reason,
sir

Waspe Ay, in some sense, I care not if I grant
you

Whit Pardon me, thou ousht to grant him
nothing in no shensh, if dou do love dysself,
angry man

Waspe Why then, I do grant him nothing,
and I have no sense

Cut 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed

Waspe 'Slid, but I have sense, now I think
on't better, and I will grant him any thing, do
you see

Knock He is in the right, and does utter a
sufficient vapour

Cut Nay, it is no sufficient vapour neither, I
deny that

Knock Then t is a sweet vapour

Cut It may be a sweet vapour

Waspe Nay, it is no sweet vapour neither,
sir, it stinks, and I'll stand to't

Whit Yes, I tink it dosh shtink, captain all
vapour dosh shink

Waspe Nay, then it does not stink, sir, and it
shall not stink

Cut By your leave, it may, sir

Waspe Ay, by my leave it may stink, I know
that

Whit Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it
cannot by thy leave, angry man

Waspe How can it not?

Knock Nay never question him, for he is in
the right

Whit Yesh, I am in de right, I confesh it, so
ish de little man too

Waspe I ll have nothing confest that concerns
me I am not in the right, nor never was in the

right, nor never will be in the right, while I am in my right mind.

Cut Mind' why, here's no man minds you, sir, nor any thing else. [*They drink again.*]

Pup Viend, will you mind this that we do?
[*Offering Northern the cup.*]

Quar Call you this, vapours! this is such belching of quai-rel as I never heard Will you mind your business, sir?

Edg You shall see, sir. [*Goes up to Waspe.*]

Nor. I'll ne make, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

Edg. Will you take that, master Waspe, that nobody should mind you?

Waspe. Why, what have you to do? is't any matter to you?

Edg. No, but methinks you should not be unminded though

Waspe No! I wu' not be, now I think on't. Do you hear, new acquaintance? does no man mind me, say you?

Cut. Yes, sir, every man here minds you, but how?

Waspe. Nay, I care as little how as you do; that was not my question.

Whit. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i' faith la, thou shalt speak for me, and I will fight for tee.

Knock Fight for him, Whit! a gross vapour, he can fight for himself.

Waspe It may be I can, but it may be I wu' not, how then?

Cut Why then you may choose.

Waspe. Why, then I'll choose whether I choose or no.

* *Will you mind your business, sir.*] i. e. make an attempt to get the license from Waspe.

Knock I think you may, and 'tis true, and I allow it for a resolute vapour

Waspe Nay then, I do think you do not think, and it is no resolute vapour

Cut Yes, in some sort he may allow you

Knock In no sort, sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing You mistake the vapour

Waspe He mistakes nothing, sir, in no sort

Whit Yes I pre dee now, let him mistake

Waspe A t— in your teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistaken

Knock T—! ha, t—? a noisome vapour strike, *Whit*

[*Aside to Whit*
They fall together by the ears, while Edgworth steals the license out of the box, and exit

Mrs Over Why gentleme, why gentlemen, I charge you upon my authority, conserve the peace In the king's name, and my husband's, put up your weapons, I shall be driven to commit you myself, else

Quar Ha, ha, ha!

Waspe Why do you laugh, sir?

Quar Sir, you'll allow me my christian liberty I may laugh, I hope

Cut In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, sir

Knock Nay in some sort, sir, he may neither laugh nor hope in this company

Waspe Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any sort, an't please him

Quar Faith, and I will then, for it doth please me exceedingly

Waspe No exceeding neither, sir

Knock No, that vapour is too lofty

Quar Gentlemen, I do not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but——

Cut [*draws a circle on the ground*] Do you hear, sir? I would speak with you in circle.

Quar. In circle, sir! what would you with me in circle?

Cut Can you lend me a piece, a Jacobus, in circle?

Quar. 'Slid, your circle will prove more costly than your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

Cut Your beard's not well turn'd up, sir.

Quar. How, rascal! are you playing with my beard? I'll break circle with you

[*They all draw and fight.*]

Pup. Nor Gentlemen, gentlemen!

Knock [*Aside to Whit.*] Gather up, Whit, gather up, Whit, good vapours.

[*Exit, while Whit takes up the swords, cloaks, &c and conceals them.*]

Mrs Over. What mean you? are you rebels, gentlemen? shall I send out a serjeant at arms, or a writ of rebellion, against you? I'll commit you upon my woman-hood, for a riot, upon my justice-hood, if you persist.

[*Exeunt Quarrelous and Cutting*]

Waspe Upon my justice-hood! marry s— 'o' your hood. you'll commit! spoke like a true justice of peace's wife indeed, and a fine female lawyer! t— in your teeth for a fee, now.

Mrs Over Why Numps, in master Overdo's name, I charge you.

Waspe. Good mistress Underdo, hold your tongue.

Mrs. Over. Alas, poor Numps!

Waspe. Alas! and why *alas* from you, I beseech you? or why *poor* Numps, goody Rich? Am I come to be pitted by your tuft-tuftata now? Why, mistress, I knew Adam the clerk, your

husband, when he was Adam Scrivener,⁹ and writ for two-pence a sheet, as high as he bears his head now, or you your hood, dame —

Enter BRISTLE and other Watchmen

What are you, sir?

Bri We be men, and no iufidels, what is the matter here, and the noises, can you tell?

Waspe Heart, what ha' you to do? cannot a man quarrel in quietness, but he must be put out on't by you? what are you?

Bri Why, we be his majesty's watch, sir

Waspe Watch! 'sblood you are a sweet watch indeed! A body would think, an you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleep at this time a day! Get you to your fleas and your flock-beds, you rogues, your kennels, and lie down close!

Bri Down! yes, we will down, I warrant you down with him, in his majesty's name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the pigeon-holes!

[Some of the Watch seize Waspe, and carry him off]

Mrs Over I thank you, honest friends, in the behalf o' the crown, and the peace, and in master Overdo's name, for suppressing enormities!

Whi Stay, Bristle, here ish anoder brash of

⁹ *When he was Adam Scrivener*] Numps had been reading Chaucer, who addresses his amanuensis by this name

"Adam Scrivenere, if ever it the befalle,

"Boece or Troules for to write new," &c

I am sorry to add that Adam was rather a careless secretary, and gave his master a world of trouble by his "negligence and rape," of which Chaucer complains very feelingly

drunkards, but very quiet, special drunkards, will pay de five shillings very well [*Points to Northern and Puppy, drunk, and asleep, on the bench.* Take 'em to de, in de gish o' God. one of hem do's change cloth for ale in the Fair, here; te toder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my lord mayor's man, and a wrastler. He has wiashed so long with the bottle here, that the man with the beaid hash almosht streek up hish heelsh¹

Bri. 'Slid, the cleik o' the market has been to cry him all the Fair over here, for my lord's service.

Whi. Tere he ish, pie de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. [*Exeunt Bristle and the rest of the Watch with Northern and Puppy.*].—How now, woman o'shilk, vat ailsh ty shweet faish? art tou melancholy?

Mrs. Over. A little distempered with these enormities. Shall I entreat a courtesy of you, captain?

Whi. Entreat a hundied, velvet voman, I vill do it, shpeak out

Mrs. Over. I cannot with modesty speak it out, but—

[*whispers him.*]

Whi. I vill do it, and more and more, for de. What Ursia, an't be bitch, an't be bawd, an't be!

¹ *The man with the beard hash almosht streek up hish heelsh.*
In our author's days, the stone jugs in which ale was brought at public-houses, had the figure of a man, with a large beard, drawn on their outside, and to this he compares a host, in the *New Inn*

"Who's, at the best, some round grown thing, a jug

"Full'd with a beard, that licks out to the guests." *WHAS*

See the *New Inn*.

Enter URSULA

Urs How now, rascal ! what roar you for, old pimp ?

Wh Heie, put up de clokes, Ursh, de purchase Pie de now shweet Ursh, help dis good brave woman to a jordan, an t be

Urs 'Slid call your captain Jordan to her, can you not ?

Wh Nay, pre de leave dy consheits, and bring the velvet woman to de——

Urs I bring her ! hang her heart, must I find a common pot for every punk in your purleus ?

Wh O good voordsh, Ursh, it ish a guest o' velvet, i' fait la

Urs Let her sell her hood, and buy a sponge, with a pox to her ! my vessel is employed, sir I have but one, and, 'tis the bottom of an old bottle An honest proctor and his wife are at it within, if she'll stay her time, so [*Exit*

Wh As soon as tou cansht, snweet Ursh Of a valiant man I tink I am te patientsh man i' the world, or in all Smithfield

Re-enter KNOCKEM

Knock How now Whit ! close vapours, stealing your leaps ! covering in corne.s, ha !

Wh No fait, captain, dough tou beesht a vishe man, dy v t is a mile herce now I vas procuring a shmall courtesie for a woman of fashion here

Mrs Over Yes, captain, though I am a justice of peace's wife, I do love men of war, and the

sons of the sword, when they come before my husband.

Knock. Say'st thou so, filly? thou shalt have a leap presently, I'll horse thee myself, else.

Urs [*within*] Come, will you bring her in now, and let her take her turn?

Whit. Grameicy, good Uish, I tank de.

Mrs Over. Master Overdo shall thank her.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter URSULA, followed by LITTLEWIT, and
Mrs LITTLEWIT

Lit. Good ga'mere Uise, Win and I are exceedingly beholden to you, and to captain Jordan, and captain Whit — Win, I'll be bold to leave you, in this good company, Win; for half an hour or so, Win, while I go and see how my matter goes forward, and if the puppets be perfect, and then I'll come and fetch you, Win

Mrs Lit Will you leave me alone with two men, John?

Lit. Ay, they are honest gentlemen, Win, captain Jordan and captain Whit; they'll use you very civilly, Win God be wi' you, Win [*Exit.*]

Urs What, is her husband gone?

Knock On his false gallop, Uise, away.

Urs An you be right Bartholomew birds, now shew yourselves so we are undone for want of fowl in the Fair, here. Here will be Zekiel Edgworth, and three or four gallants with him at night, and I have neither plover nor quail² for them. persuade this between you two, to become

² *I hate neither plover nor quail*] These are cant terms for loose women, too common to require any examples of their use.

Knock Yes, and wear a dressing, top and top-gallant, to compare with e'er a husband on 'em all, for a foietop - it is the vapour of spirit in the wife to cuckold now a days, as it is the vapour of fashion in the husband not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed citizen is an abominable vapour

Mrs. Lit. Lord, what a fool have I been !

Whit. Mend then, and do every ting like a lady hereafter ; never know ty husband from another man

Knock Nor any one man from another, but in the dark.

Whit. Ay, and then it ish no digsrash to know any man.

Urs. [*within.*] Help, help here !

Knock. How now ? what vapour's there ?

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. O, you are a sweet ranger, and look well to your walks ! Yonder is your punk of Turnbull, ramping Alice, has fallen upon the poor gentlewoman within, and pull'd her hood over her ears, and her hair through it.

Enter ALICE, beating and driving in Mrs. OVERDO.

Mrs. Over. Help, help, in the king's name !

Alice. A mischief on you, they are such as you are that undo us and take our trade from us, with your tuft-taffata haunches.

Knock. How now, Alice !

Alice. The poor common whores can have no traffic for the privy rich ones ; your caps and hoods of velvet call away our customers, and lick the fat from us.

Urs Peace, you foul ramping jade, you——

Alice Od's foot, you bawd in grease, are you talking?

Knock Why, Alice, I say

Alice Thou sow of Smithfield, thou!

Urs Thou tripe of Turnbull!

Knock Cat-a-mountain vapours, ha!

Urs You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd and slash'd you were in Bidewell

Alice Ay, by the same token you rid that week,¹ and broke out the bottom of the cart, night-tub

Knock Why, lion face, ha! do you know who I am? shall I tear ruff,* slit waistcoat, make rags of petticoat ha! go to, vanish for fear of vapours Whit, a kick, Whit, in the parting vapour [*They kick out Alice*] Come, brave woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a lady too

Whit Yes fait, dey shall all both be ladies, and write madam I vill do't myself for dem Do is the word, and D is the middle letter of madam, D D, put 'em together, and make deeds, without which all words are alike, la

Knock 'Tis true Ursula, take them in, open thy wardrobe, and fit them to their calling Green gowns, crimson petticoats, green women, my

You rid that week] i e you were carted for a bawd Thus Dol in the *Alchemist*, A 1, S 1

“ ————Rascals

Would run ti emselves from breath, to see me ride”

To *taw* which occurs just above, is to supple leather by briskly rubbing and *beating* it hence the use of the word as applied by Ursula

* Shall I *tear ruff*, &c] This is something in the strain of Ancient Pistol, whose prowess, if we may trust Dol Tearsheet, was chiefly manifested in exploits of this kind ‘ You a captain, you slave! for what? for *tearing a poor whore's ruff* in a bawdy house?’ *Henry IV* Part II

lord mayor's green women ' guests o' the game,
true bried. I'll provide you a coach to take the
air in.

Mrs Lit. But do you think you can get one?

Knock. O, they are common as wheelbarrows
where there are great dunghills. Every petti-
fogger's wife has 'em; for first he buys a coach
that he may marry, and then he marries that he
may be made cuckold in't for if their wives
ride not to their cuckolding, they do them no
credit. [*Exeunt Ursula, Mrs. Littlewit, and Mrs.*
Overdo.]*—Hide and be hidden, ride and be ridden,*
says the vapour of experience.

Enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. By what warrant does it say so?

Knock. Ha, mad child o' the pie-poudres! art
thou there? fill us a fresh can, Urse, we may
drink together.

Tro. I may not drink without a warrant,
captain.

Knock. 'Slood, thou'll not stale without a war-
rant shortly. Whit, give me pen, ink, and paper,
I'll draw him a warrant presently.

Tro. It must be justice Overdo's.

Knock. I know, man; fetch the drink, Whit.

Whit. I pie dee now, be very brief, captain;
for de new ladies stay for dee.

[*Exit, and re-enters with a can.*

Knock. O, as brief as can be, here 'tis already.
[*Gives Trouble-all a paper.*] Adam Overdo.

Tro. Why now I'll pledge you, captain.

Knock. Drink it off, I'll come to thee anon
again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The back of Ursula's Booth OVERDO *in the stocks,*
People, &c

Enter QUARLOPS *with the license, and* EDGEWORTH

Quar Well, sir, you are now discharged, beware of being spied hereafter

Edg Sir, will it please you, enter in here at Ursula's, and take part of a silken gown, a velvet petticoat, or a wrought smock, I am promised such, and I can spare a gentleman a moiety

Quar Keep it for your companions in beastliness, I am none of them, sir If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your offers But go your ways, talk not to me, the hangman is only fit to discourse with you, the hard of beadle is too merciful a punishment for your trade of life [*Exit Edgworth*]—I am sorry I employ'd this fellow, for he thinks me such, *facinus quos inquinat, æquat* But it was for sport, and would I make it serious, the getting of this license is nothing to me, without other circumstances concur I do think how impertinently I labour, if the word be not mine that the ragged fellow mark'd, and what advantage I have given Ned Winwife in this time now of working her, though it be mine He'll go near to fright her out of all good conceit of me I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity But my hope is in her temper yet, and it must needs be next to despair, that is grounded on

any part of a woman's discretion. I would give, by my troth now, all I could spare, to my clothes and my sword, to meet my tatter'd soothsayer again, who was my judge in the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or saved; for till then I live but under a reprieve. I must seek him. Who be these?

Enter BRISTLE and some of the Watch, with WASPE.

Waspe. Sir, you are a Welsh cuckold, and a prating runt, and no constable.

Bri. You say very well — Come, put in his leg in the middle roundel, and let him hole there.

[They put him in the stocks.]

Waspe. You stink of leeks, metheglyn, and cheese, you rogue.

Bri. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the mean time? if you have a mind to stink too, your breeches sit close enough to your bum. Sit you merry, sir.

Quar. How now, Numps?

Waspe. It is no matter how, pray you look off.

Quar. Nay, I'll not offend you, Numps; I thought you had sat there to be seen.

Waspe. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your business, an you have any.

Quar. Ciy you mercy, Numps; does your leg lie high enough?

I know not," says one of the commentators on Shakespeare, whom I should be sorry to think Dr Farmer, "if the circumstance of putting Kent in the stocks (in *King Lear*) be not indicated in the punishment of Waspe." What can be said to such gratuitous blunders? Nothing, except perhaps it be, that prejudice is blunder than a mill-horse.

Enter HAGGISE

Bri How now, neighbour Haggise, what says justice Overdo's worship to the other offenders?

Hag Why, he says just nothing, what should he say, or where should he say? He is not to be found man, he has not been seen in the Fair here all this live long day, never since seven a clock in the morning. His clerks know not what to think on't. There is no count of pie-poudres yet. Here they be return'd

Enter others of the Watch with BUSY

Bri What shall be done with them then, in your discretion?

Hag I think we were best put them in the stocks in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an hour, or such a thing, till his worship come

Bri It is but a hole matter if we do, neighbour Haggise, come, sir, [*to Waspe*] here is company for you, heave up the stocks

[*As they open the stocks, Waspe puts his shoe on his hand, and slips it in for his leg*]

Waspe I shall put a trick upon your Welsh diligence perhaps

Bri Put in your leg, sir [*Aside*]

Quar What, rabbi Busy! is he come? [*To Busy*]

Busy I do obey thee, the lion may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land, and put apart in the stocks, for the holy cause

Waspe What are you, sir?

Busy One that rejoiceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesy the destruction of fairs

and May-games, wakes and Whitson-ales, and doth sigh and groan for the reformation of these abuses.

Waspe [to *Overdo*.] And do you sigh and groan too, or rejoice in your affliction?

Over I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a thing without me ⁵ Adam, thou art above these batteries, these contumelies *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy friend Horace says; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore, as another friend of thine says, I think it be thy friend Perisus, *Non te quæsieris extra*.

Quar. What's here! a stoic in the stocks? the fool is turned philosopher.

Busy. Friend, I will leave to communicate my spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious relics, those lists of Latin, the very rags of Rome, and patches of Popery.

Waspe. Nay, an you begin to quarrel, gentlemen, I'll leave you. I have paid for quarrelling too lately. Look you, a device, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God be wi' you

[*Slips out his hand*.

Busy. Wilt thou then leave thy brethren in tribulation?

Waspe. For this once, sir [Exit, running.

Busy. Thou art a halting neutral; stay him there, stop him, that will not endure the heat of persecution.

Bri. How now, what's the matter?

Busy. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

⁵ *It is a thing without me*] The justice is humourously affecting the lofty language of stoicism. He begins with the distinctions of Epictetus—*τα εφ' ἡμῖν* and *τα οὐκ εφ' ἡμῖν*.

Enter Dame PURLCRAFT

Quar How, is he a madman !

Tro. Shew me justice Overdo's warrant, I obey you.

Hag. You are a mad fool, hold your tongue.

[Exeunt Haggise and Bristle.]

Tro. In justice Overdo's name, I drink to you, and here's my warrant. *[Shows his can.]*

Over. Alas, poor wretch! how it yearns my heart for him! *[Aside.]*

Quar. If he be mad, it is in vain to question him. I'll try him though.—Friend, there was a gentlewoman shew'd you two names some hours since, Argalus and Palemon, to mark in a book; which of them was it you mark'd?

Tro. I mark no name but Adam Overdo, that is the name of names, he only is the sufficient magistrate; and that name I reverence, shew it me

Quar. This fellow's mad indeed: I am further off now than afore.

Over. I shall not breathe in peace till I have made him some amends. *[Aside.]*

Quar. Well, I will make another use of him is come in my head. I have a nest of beards in my trunk, one something like his

Re-enter BRISTLE and HAGGISE.

Bri. This mad fool has made me that I know not whether I have lock'd the stocks or no; I think I lock'd them. *[Tries the locks.]*

Tro. Take Adam Overdo in your mind, and fear nothing.

Bri. 'Slid, madness itself! hold thy peace, and take that. *[Strikes him.]*

Tro. Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.

[They fight, and leave open the stocks in the scuffle.]

Busy. We are deliver'd by miracle; fellow in

fetters, let us not refuse the means, this madness was of the spirit the malice of the enemy hath mock'd itself [Exeunt *Busy and Overdo*

Pure Mad do they call him! the world is mad in error, but he is mad in truth I love him o' the sudden (the cunning man said all true) and shall love him more and more How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O, that I might be his yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should we draw to madness in truth with us! [Exit

Br How now, all 'scaped! where's the woman? it is witchcraft! her velvet hat is a witch, o' my conscience, or my key! the one—The madman was a devil, and I am an ass, so bless me, my place, and mine office! [Exeunt, *affrighted*

ACT V SCENE I

The Fair, as before

A Booth

LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD *dressed as a puppet-show man*, FILCHER, and SHARKWELL *with a flag*

Leath Well, luck and Saint Bartholomew! out with the sign of our invention, in the name of wit, and do you beat the drum the while all the foul i' the Fair, I mean all the dirt in Smithfield, — that's one of master Littlewit's car-whitchets now—will be thrown at our banner to-day, if the matter does not please the people O the motions that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to, in my time, since my master Pod⁶

⁶ "Pod was a master of motions before him"

This is Jonson's note, and certainly does not tend to corro-

died ! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh, and the city of Norwich, and Sodom and Gomorrah, with the rising of the prentices, and pulling down the bawdy-houses there upon Shrove-Tuesday ; but the Gun-powder-plot, there was a get-penny !⁷ I have presented that to an eighteen or twenty pence audience, nine times in an afternoon. Your home-born projects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar ; they put too much learning in their things now o'days : and that I fear will be the spoil of this. Littlewit ! I say, Micklewit ! if not too mickle ! look to your gathering there, goodman Filcher.

Filch I warrant you, sir.

Leath An there come any gentlefolks, take two-pence apiece, Shaikwell

Shark I warrant you, sir, three-pence an we can. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another part of the Fair.

Enter OVERDO disguised like a Porter.

Over. This latter disguise, I have borrow'd of a porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends ; which however interrupted, were never destroyed in me : neither is the hour of my severity yet come to reveal myself, wherein,

borate the notion that *Lanthorn Leatherhead* was *Inigo Jones* " *Old Ben* generally spoke out," and he would scarcely have made the predecessor of Jones a puppet-show man. It seems far more probable that the author had the manager of some minor theatre in view.

⁷ *There was a get-penny !* This was the theatrical term for a favourite piece. " Thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds played in thy lifetime by the best company of players, and called their *Get-penny*." *Eastward Hoe*.

cloud-like, I will break out in rain and hail, lightning and thunder, upon the head of enmity Two main works I have to prosecute first, one is to invent some satisfaction for the poor kind wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him coming, I will walk aside, and project for it

Enter WINWIFE and GRACE

Winw I wonder where Tom Quarlous is, that he returns not, it may be he is struck in here to seek us

Grace See, here's our madman again

Enter QUARLOUS, in TROUBLEALL's clothes, followed by Dame PURECRAFT

Quar I have made myself as like him, as his gown and cap will give me leave

Pure Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth

Winw How! my widow in love with a madman?

Pure Verily, I can be as mad in spirit as you

Quar By whose warrant? leave your canting Gentlewoman, have I found you? [*To mistress Grace*] save ye, quit ye, and multiply ye! Where's your book? 'twas a sufficient name I mark'd, let me see t, be not afraid to shew't me

Grace What would you with it, sir?

Quar Mark it again and again at your service

Grace Here it is, sir, this was it you mark'd

Quar *Palemon!* fare you well, fare you well

Winw How, *Palemon!*

Grace Yes faith, he has discovered it to you now, and therefore 'twere vain to disguise it longer, I am yours, sir, by the benefit of your fortune

Winw. And you have him, mistress, believe it,

that shall never give you cause to repent her benefit; but make you rather to think that in this choice she had both her eyes.

Grace I desire to put it to no danger of protestation

[*Exeunt Grace and Winwife*]

Quar. Palemon the word, and Winwife the man!

Pure Good sir, vouchsafe a yoke-fellow in your madness, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you in truth.

Quar. Away, you are a herd of hypocritical proud ignorants, rather wild than mad; fitter for woods, and the society of beasts, than houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of canters, outlaws to order and discipline, and the only privileged church-robbers of Christendom. Let me alone.

Palemon the word, and Winwife the man!

Pure. I must uncover myself unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the cunning men's promises. [*Aside*] Good sir, hear me, I am worth six thousand pound, my love to you is become my rack; I'll tell you all and the truth, since you hate the hypocrisy of the party-colour'd brotherhood. These seven years I have been a wilful holy widow, only to draw feasts and gifts from my entangled suitors: I am also by office an assisting sister of the deacons, and a devourer, instead of a distributor of the alms. I am a special maker of marriages for our decayed brethren with our rich widows, for a third part of their wealth, when they are married, for the relief of the poor elect. as also our poor handsome young virgins, with our wealthy bachelors or widowers; to make them steal from their husbands, when I have confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I have not my bargain, they may sooner turn

a scolding drab into a silent minister, than make me leave pronouncing reprobation and damnation unto them. Our elder, Zeal-of-the-land, would have had me, but I know him to be the capital knave of the land, making himself rich, by being made a feoffee in trust to deceased biethren, and cozening their heirs, by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus having eased my conscience and utter'd my heart with the tongue of my love, enjoy all my deceits together, I beseech you. I should not have revealed this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think me so too, sir?

Quan Stand aside, I'll answer you presently [*He walks by*] Why should I not marry this six thousand pound, now I think on't, and a good trade too that she has beside, ha? The t'other wench Winwife is sure of, there's no expectation for me there. Here I may make myself some save yet, if she continue mad, there's the question. It is money that I want, why should not I marry the money when 'tis offered me? I have a license and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolved. I were truly mad an I would not!— Well, come your ways, follow me, an you will be mad, I'll shew you a warrant!

[*Takes her along with him*]

Pure Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire

Over [*Stopping him*] Sir, let me speak with you

Quan By whose warrant?

Over The warrant that you tender, and respect so, Justice Overdo's. I am the man, friend

Troubleall, though thus disguised (as the careful magistrate ought) for the good of the republic in the Fair, and the weeding out of enormity. Do you want a house, or meat, or drink, or clothes? speak whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you; what want you?

Quar. Nothing but your warrant.

Over. My warrant! for what?

Quar. To be gone, sir.

Over. Nay, I pray thee stay; I am serious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee. Think what may do thee good.

Quar. Your hand and seal will do me a great deal of good; nothing else in the whole Fair that I know.

Over. If it were to any end, thou shouldst have it willingly.

Quar. Why, it will satisfy me, that's end enough to look on; an you will not give it me, let me go.

Over. Alas! thou shalt have it presently; I'll but step into the scrivener's here by, and bring it. Do not go away. *[Exit.]*

Quar. Why, this madman's shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think. Can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise justice, and he bring me his hand, I shall go near to make some use on't.

Re-enter OVERDO.

He is come already!

Over. Look thee! here is my hand and seal, Adam Overdo; if there be any thing to be written, above in that paper that thou want'st

faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an interlude, or what is't?

Filch Yes, sir, please you come near, we'll take your money within

Cokes Back with these children, they do so follow me up and down!

Enter LITTLEWIT

Lit By your leave, friend

Filch You must pay, sir, an you go in

Lit Who I! I perceive thou know'st not me, call the master of the motion

Shark What, do you not know the author, fellow Filcher? You must take no money of him, he must come in gratis master Littlewit is a voluntary, he is the author

Lit Peace, speak not too loud, I would not have any notice taken that I am the author, till we see how it passes

Cokes Master Littlewit, how dost thou?

Lit Master Cokes! you are exceeding well met what, in your doublet and hose, without a cloke or a hat?

Cokes I would I might never stir, as I am an honest man, and by that fire, I have lost all in the Fair, and all my acquaintance too didst thou meet any body that I know, master Littlewit? my man Numps, or my sister Overdo, or mistress Grace? Pray thee, master Littlewit, lend me some money to see the interlude here, I'll pay thee again, as I am a gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me home, I have money enough there

Lit O, sir, you shall command it, what, will a crown serve you?

Cokes I think it will, what do we pay for coming in, fellows?

Filch Two-pence, sir.

Cokes. Two-pence! there's twelve-pence, friend: nay, I am a gallant, as simple as I look now, if you see me with my man about me, and my artillery again.

Lit. Your man was in the stocks e'en now, sir.

Cokes. Who, Numps?

Lit Yes, faith.

Cokes. For what, i' faith? I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough now. What manner of matter is this, master Littlewit? what kind of actors have you? are they good actors?

Lit. Pretty youths, sir, all children both old and young, here's the master of 'em——

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. [*aside to Littlewit.*] Call me not Leatherhead, but Lantern.'

Lit. Master Lantern, that gives light to the business.

Cokes. In good time, sir! I would fain see them, I would be glad to drink with the young company; which is the tiring-house?

Leath. Tioth, sir, our tiring-house is somewhat little, we are but beginners yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go upright in't.

Cokes. No! not now my hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me feather and all, as I was once to day? Have you none of your pretty impudent boys now, to

' *Call me not Leatherhead, but Lantern*] To prevent his being recognised by Cokes, whom, under the former name, he had defrauded of thirty shillings. See p. 448.

bring stools,¹ fill tobacco, fetch ale, and beg money, as they have at other houses? Let me see some of your actors

Lit Shew him them, shew him them Master Lantern, this is a gentleman that is a favourer of the quality [Exit Leatherhead

Over Ay, the favouring of this licentious quality is the consumption of many a young gentleman, a pernicious enormity [Aside

Re-enter LEATHERHEAD with a basket

Cokes What! do they live in baskets?

Leath They do lie in a basket, sir, they are o' the small players

Cokes These be players minors indeed Do you call these players?

Leath They are actors, sir, and as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb shows indeed, I am the mouth of them all

Cokes Thy mouth will hold them all I think one tailor would go near to beat all this company with a hand bound behind him

Lit Ay, and eat them all too, an they were in cake-bread²

Cokes I thank you for that, master Littlewit, a good jest! Which is your Buirbage now?

Leath What mean you by that, sir?

¹ *Have you none of your boys now to bring stools, &c*] Cokes alludes to the common practice at the regular theatres See Vol II p 224

² *Ay, and eat them too, an they were in cake bread*] This allusion to the voracity of tailors for *cake bread*, must have conveyed some pleasant idea to the audiences of those times, of the nature of which we are now ignorant, since it is found in most of our old dramas Several instances of it are given in

Cokes. Your best actor, your Field ?

Lit. Good, i'faith ! you are even with me,³ sir.

Leath. This is he, that acts young Leander, sir: he is extremely beloved of the womenkind, they do so affect his action, the green gamesters, that come here ! and this is lovely Hero; this with the beard. Damon, and this pretty Pythias: this is the ghost of king Dionysius in the habit of a scrivener, as you shall see anon at large.

Cokes. Well, they are a civil company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to flee, nor jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do: and then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of them, or making them drunk, as to the other, by reason of their littleness. Do they use to play perfect, are they never fluster'd ?

Leath. No, sir, I thank my industry and policy for it, they are as well govern'd a company, though I say it—And here is young Leander, is as proper an actor of his inches, and shakes his head like an hostler.⁴

the notes to Massinger, (Vol. III. 447,) to which, may be added the following from Nabbes.

Ralph I could take the wall of three times three tailors, though in the morning, and at a baker's stall

Doho That were a way to have thy skin bodkined full of oislet holes * *Covent Garden.*

³ *Good, i'faith ! you are even with me,*] Whalley supposes (according to the established mode) that some reflections on the players were intended, but the language is purely complimentary. Field was the Burbage of some rival theatre.

⁴ *Shakes his head like an hostler*] Whalley calls this an allusion to Will. Ostler, the player, and then quarrels with Jonson for his bad pun ! I do not understand the allusion.

* Not of eyes of needles, as Mr. Weber interprets *cyletholes*, (Ford, vol. II. p. 45) but of holes punched with a bodkin, for the admission of inkle, tape, &c To stumble in difficult ground is common to all: it is peculiar to this unfortunate gentleman to blunder where no one besides himself ever encountered the slightest rub.

Cokes But do you play it according to the printed book ? I have read that

Leath By no means, sir

Cokes No ! how then ?

Leath A better way, sir, that is too learned and poetical for our audience what do they know what *Hellespont* is, *guilty of true love's blood*² or what *Abydos* s² or *the other, Sestos hight* ?

Cokes Thou art in the right, I do not know myself

Leath No, I have entreated master Littlewit to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar strain for our people

Cokes How, I pray thee, good master Littlewit ?

Lit It pleases him to make a matter of it, sir, but there is no such matter, I assure you I have only made it a little easy, and modern for the times, sir, that's all As for the *Hellespont*, I imagine our Thames here, and then Leander I make a dyer's son about Puddle-wharf and Hero a wench o' the Bank-side, who going over one morning to Old Fish-street, Leander spies her land at Trig-stairs, and falls in love with her Now do I introduce Cupid, having metamorphosed himself into a drawer, and he strikes Hero in love with a pint of sherry, and other pretty passages there are of the friendship, that will delight you, sir, and please you of judgment

Cokes I'll be sworn they shall I am in love

² According to the printed book ²] i e according to Marlow's translation of the Greek poem by Musæus This version of the Loves of Hero and Leander was very popular, and, indeed, not without reason It commences thus

“Of *Hellespont*, *guilty of true love's blood*,
In view, and opposite, two cities stood,
Sea borderers, disjoin'd by Neptune's might
The one *Abydos*, th' other *Sestos hight*,” &c

with the actors already, and I'll be allied to them presently.—They respect gentlemen, these fellows—Hero shall by my fairing: but which of my fairings?—let me see—I' faith, my fiddle; and Leander my fiddle-stick: then Damon my drum, and Pythias my pipe, and the ghost of Dionysius my hobby-horse. All-fitted.

Enter WINWIFE, and GRACE.

Winw. Look, yonder's your Cokes gotten in among his play-fellows, I thought we could not miss him at such a spectacle.

Grace. Let him alone, he is so busy he will never spy us.

Leath. Nay, good sir!

[To Cokes, who is handling the puppets.]

Cokes. I warrant thee I will not hurt her, fellow; what, dost thou think me uncivil? I pray thee be not jealous; I am toward a wife.

Lit. Well, good master Lantern, make ready to begin that I may fetch my wife; and look you be perfect, you undo me else, in my reputation.

Leath. I warrant you, sir, do not you breed too great an expectation of it among your friends; that's the hurter of these things.

Lit. No, no, no.

[Exit.]

Cokes. I'll stay here and see; pray thee let me see.

Winw. How diligent and troublesome he is!

Grace. The place becomes him, methinks.

Over. My waid, mistress Grace, in the company of a stranger! I doubt I shall be compell'd to discover myself before my time. *[Aside.]*

*Enter KNOCKEM, EDG WORTH, and Mrs LITTLEWIT, followed by WHIT supporting Mrs OVERDO, masked*⁶

Filch Two-pence apiece, gentlemen, an excellent motion⁶

Knock Shall we have fine fire-works, and good vapours?

Shark Yes, captain, and water-works too

Whit I pree ñee take care o' dy shmall lady there, Edgworth, I will look to dish tall lady myself

Leath Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, gentlemen

Whit Predee mashter o' the monshiteish, help a very sick lady here to a chair to sit in

Leath Presently, sir

[*A chair is brought in for Mrs Overdo*]

Whit Good fait now, Ursula's ale and aquavita ish to blame for t, shit down, shweet heart, shit down and sleep a little

Edg [*To Mrs Littlewit*] Madam, you are very welcome hither.

Knock Yes, and you shall see very good vapours

Over Here is my care come! I like to see him in so good company and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion should resoit hither

[*Aside*]

Edg There is a very private house, madam

Leath Will it please your ladyship sit, madam?

Mrs Lit Yes, goodman They do so all to

⁶ *Mrs Littlewit and Overdo masked*] This was not an unusual practice at the theatres But there was a necessity for wearing masks on the present occasion, to prevent their being recognized by their acquaintance

be-madam me, I think they think me a very lady.

Edg. What else, madam?

Mrs. Lit. Must I put off my mask to him?

Edg. O, by no means.

Mrs. Lit. How should my husband know me then?

Knock. Husband! an idle vapour; he must not know you, nor you him: there's the true vapour.

Over. Yea! I will observe more of this. [*Aside.*]
Is this a lady, friend?

Whit. Ay, and dat is anoder lady, shweet-heart, if dou hasht a mind to 'em, give me twelve-pence from tee, and dou shalt have eder oder on 'em.

Over. Ay! this will prove my chiefest enor-mity: I will follow this. [*Aside.*]

Edg. Is not this a finer life, lady, than to be clogg'd with a husband?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin, trow, in the name o' the motion?

Edg. By and by, madam; they stay but for company.

Knock. Do you hear, puppet-master, these are tedious vapours, when begin you?

Leuth. We stay but for master Littlewit, the author, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

Mrs. Lit. That's I, that's I.

Edg. That was you, lady; but now you are no such poor thing.

Knock. Hang the author's wife, a running vapour! here be ladies will stay for ne'er a Delia of them all.

Whit. But hear me now, here ish one o' de ladisk ashleep, stay till shee but vake, man.

Enter WASPL

Waspe How now, friends ! what's here to do ?

Filch Two-pence apiece, sir, the best motion
in the Fair

Waspe I believe you lie, if you do, I'll have
my money again, and beat you

Mrs Lit Numps is come !

Waspe Did you see a master-of mine come in
here, a tall young 'squire of Harrow o' the Hill,
master Bartholomew Cokes ?

Filch I think there be such a one within

Waspe Look he be, you were best but it is
very likely I wonder I found him not at all the
rest I have been at the Eagle, and the Black
Wolf, and the Bull with the five legs and two
pizzles—he was a calf at Uxbridge fair two
years ago—and at the dogs that dance the
morrice, and the hare of the Tabor, and mist
him at all these ! Sure this must needs be some
fine sight that holds him so, if it have him

Cokes Come, come, are you ready now ?

Leath Presently, sir

Waspe Hoyday, he's at work in his doublet
and hose ! do you hear, sir, are you employ'd,
that you are bare-headed and so busy ?

Cokes Hold your peace, Numps, you have
been in the stocks, I hear

Waspe Does he know that ! nay, then the
date of my authority is out, I must think no
longer to reign, my government is at an end
He that will correct another must want fault in
himself

Winw Sententious Numps ! I never heard so
much from him before

Leath Sure master Littlewit will not come; please you take your place, sir; we'll begin.

Cokes. I pray thee do, mine ears long to be at it, and my eyes too. O Numps, in the stocks, Numps! where's your sward, Numps!

Waspe I pray you intend your game, sir, let me alone

Cokes. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit down, Numps; I'll interpret to thee: did you see mistress Grace? It's no matter, neither, now I think on't, tell me anon.

Winw. A great deal of love and care he expresses!

Grace. Alas, would you have him to express more than he has? that were tyranny.

Cokes. Peace, ho' now, now.

Leath. *Gentles*,⁶ *that no longer your expectations may wander,*
Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander.

⁶ *Gentles*, &c.] When I read the opening of the *Hecuba* of Euripides:

ΗΚΩ, νεκρων κευθμωνα και σκοτε πυλας
Λιτων,—Πολυδαρος, κ. τ. λ.—

that of the *Perse* of Æschylus:

Ταδε μεν Περσων των οιχσμενων
Ελλαδ' εις αιαν πιστα καλειται:—

or even the

——— αυλος αδ' εληλυθα
‘Ο πασι κλεινος Οιδιπες καλαμενος—

of Sophocles, I cannot help thinking of the single actor of *Thespes*, announcing his own name and family, and telling the simple tale of his achievements or misfortunes

This sort of *direct* explanation was afterwards, with much more propriety, taken from the *perisons* of the *drama*, and assigned to the *actors* in a *detached* prologue, such as those of *Plautus* and *Terence* a practice which, if we did not know the attachment of Ben Jonson to every thing ancient, we might

*With a great deal of cloth, lapp'd about him like a
scarf,
For he yet serves his father, a dyer at Puddle-
a harf,
Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our
Abydus,
As the Bankside is our Sestos, and let it not be
deny'd us
Now as he is beating to make the dye take the fuller,
Who chances to come by, but fair Hero in a sculler,
And seeing Leander's naked leg and goodly calf,
Cast at him from the boat a sheep's eye and an half
Now she is landed, and the sculler come back
By and by you shall see what Leander doth lack*

Lean Cole, Cole, old Cole'

Leath That is the sculler's name without controul

Lean Cole, Cole, I say, Cole'

Leath We do hear you

Lean Old Cole'

*Leath Old Cole' is the dyer turn'd collier? how
do you sell?*

*Lean A pox o' your manners, kiss my hole here,
and smell*

*Leath Kiss your hole and smell! there's manners
indeed*

Lean Why, Cole, I say, Cole'

Leath Is't the sculler you need?

suspect he meant to ridicule, by the pleasant use he has made of it in the pro'ogue to his puppet shew of *Hero and Leander*, in *Bartholamew Fair*

“Gentles, that no longer, &c

TWING'S *Aristotle*, p. 292

This was undoubtedly the poet's object, though it may be thought to detract from that habitual reverence with which he is supposed to have contemplated even the errors of the ancient writers—but though he was strongly prejudiced, he was not absolutely blind, and this is not the only instance in which he has noticed their improprieties *naso adunco*

Lean. *Ay, and be hang'd.*

Leath. *Be hang'd! look you yonder.*

Old Cole, you must go hang with master Leander.

Cole. *Where is he?*

Lean. *Here, Cole what fairest of fairs,
Was that fare that thou landedst but now at Trig-
stairs?*

Cokes. *What was that, fellow? pray thee tell
me, I scarce understand them.*

Leath. *Leander does ask, sir, what fairest of fairs,
Was the fare he landed but now at Trig-stairs?*

Cole. *It is lovely Hero.*

Lean. *Nero?*

Cole. *No, Hero.*

Leath. *It is Hero*

*Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth without
erring,*

*Is come over into Fish-street to eat some fresh
herring*

*Leander says no more, but as fast as he can,
Gets on all his best clothes, and will after to the
Swan.*

Cokes. *Most admirable good, is't not?*

Leath. *Stay, sculler.*

Cole. *What say you?*

Leath. *You must stay for Leander,
And carry him to the wench*

Cole. *You rogue, I am no pander.*

Cokes. *He says he is no pander. 'Tis a fine
language; I understand it now.*

Leath. *Are you no pander, goodman Cole? here's
no man says you are;
You'll grow a hot cole, it seems; pray you stay for
your fare.*

Cole. *Will he come away?*

Leath. *What do you say?*

Cole. *I'd have him come away.*

Leath *Would you have Leander come away
why, pray sir, stay*
You are angry, goodman Cole, *I believe the fair
maid*
Came over with you a' trust tell us, sculler, *are
you paid?*

Cole *Yes, goodman Hogrubber of Pickthatch*

Leath *How, Hogrubber of Pickthatch*

Cole *Ay, Hogrubber of Pickthatch Take you
that* [Strikes him over the pate

Leath *O, my head!*

Cole *Harm watch, harm catch*

Cokes *Harm watch, harm catch, he says, very
good, I' faith the sculler had like to have
knock'd you, sirrah*

Leath *Yes, but that his faze call'd him away*

Lean *Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row,
row*

Leath *You are knavishly loaden, sculler, take
heed where you go*

Cole *Knave in your face, goodman rogue*

Lean *Row, row, row, row, row*

Cokes *He said, knave in your face, friend*

Leath *Ay, sir, I heard him, but there's no
talking to these watermen, they will have the
last word*

Cokes *Od's my life! I am not allied to the
sculler yet, he shall be Dauphin my boy But
my fiddle-stick' does fiddle in and out too much
I pray thee speak to him on't, tell him I would
have him tarry in my sight more*

Leath *I pray you be content, you'll have
enough on him, sir*

*But my fiddle stick, &c] Cokes means Leander, who was
now represented, in the show, as rowing away Dauphin my
boy, is the burden of a ridiculous old song, of which mention is
made by Steevens in his notes on King Lear, A 3 5th 4*

*Now, gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
But that you have heard of a little god of love call'd
Cupid,*

*Who out of kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her,
This present day and hour doth turn himself to a
drawer.*

*And because he would have their first meeting to be
merry,*

*He strikes Hero in love to him with a pint of sherry;
Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her,*
Who after him into the room of Hero doth venture.*

[Leander goes into mistress Hero's room.

Jonas. *A pint of sack, score a pint of sack in the
Coney.*

Cokes. Sack! you said but e'en now it should
be sherry.

Jonas. *Why so it is, sherry, sherry, sherry!*

*Cokes. *Sherry, sherry, sherry!* By my troth
he makes me merry. I must have a name for
Cupid too. Let me see, thou might'st help me
now, an thou would'st, Numps, at a dead lift;
but thou art dreaming of the stocks still.—Do
not think on't, I have forgot it; 'tis but a nine
days' wonder, man; let it not trouble thee.

* *Which he tells her, &c.*] It was the fashion not only for the puppets of the text, but for those of flesh and blood, to introduce themselves to strangers with a propitiatory cup of wine, which preceded their appearance. There is a story told of bishop Corbet and Jonson, which illustrates this practice, and is at the same time so characteristic of both, that it has every appearance of being genuine. "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, in comes bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of raw wine, and gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah!' says he, 'carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him. The fellow did and in those terms 'Friend,' says bishop Corbet, 'I thank him for his love, but prithee tell him from me that he is mistaken, for sacrifices are always burnt.'" *Mery Passages and Jeastes.* Harl. MSS. No. 6395.

Waspe I would the stocks were about your neck, sir, condition I hung by the heels in them till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart

Cokes Well said, resolute Numps! but hark you, friend, where's the friendship all this while between my drum Damon, and my pipe Pythias?

Leath You shall see by and by, sir

Cokes You think my hobby-horse is forgotten too, no, I'll see them all enact before I go, I shall not know which to love best else

Knock This gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours, Whit, puff with him

Whit No, I pre dee, captain, let him alone, he is a child, i' faith, la

Leath *Now, gentles, to the friends, who in
number are two,
And lodged in that ale-house in which fair Hero
does do*

*Damon, for some kindness done him the last weel,
Is come, fair Hero, in Fish street, this morning to
seek*

*Pythias does smell the knavery of the meeting,
And now you shall see their true-friendly greeting*

Pythias *You whore masterly slave, you*

Cokes Whore-maste ly slave you! very friendly and familiar, that

Damon *Whore-master in thy face,
Thou hast lain with her thyself, I'll prove it in this
place*

Cokes Damon says Pythias has lain with her himself, he'll prove't in this place

Leath *They are whore-masters both, sir, that's
a plain case*

Pythias *You lie like a rogue**

* You lie like a rogue] This squabble is a burlesque on the quarrel between Jack and Wylle, in the old drama of *Damon and Pythias*

- Leath. *Do I lie like a rogue?*
 Pythias. *A pimp and a scab.*
 Leath. *A pimp and a scab!*
I say, between you, you have both but one drab.
 Damon. *You lie again.*
 Leath. *Do I lie again?*
 Damon. *Like a rogue again.*
 Leath. *Like a rogue again!*
 Pythias. *And you are a pimp again.*
 Cokes. *And you are a pimp again, he says.*
 Damon. *And a scab again.*
 Cokes. *And a scab again, he says.*
 Leath. *And I say again, you are both whore-*
masters again.
And you have both but one drab again.
 Damon and Pythias. *Dost thou, dost thou, dost*
thou? [They fall upon him.
 Leath. *What, both at once?*
 Pythias. *Down with him, Damon.*
 Damon. *Pink his guts, Pythias.*
 Leath. *What, so malicious?*
Will ye murder me, masters both, in my own house?
 Cokes. *Ho! well acted, my drum, well acted,*
my pipe, well acted still!
 Waspe. *Well acted, with all my heart.*
 Leath. *Hold, hold your hands.*
 Cokes. *Ay, both your hands, for my sake! for*
you have both done well.
 Damon. *Gramercy, pure Pythias.*
 Pythias. *Gramercy, dear Damon.*
 Cokes. *Gramercy to you both, my pipe and*
my drum.
 Pythias and Damon. *Come, now we'll together to*
breakfast to Hero.
 Leath. *'Tis well you can now go to breakfast to*
Hero.

You have given me my breakfast, with a hone and honero

Cokes How is't, friend, have they hurt thee?

Leath O no

*Between you and I, sir, we do but make show —
Thus, gentles you perceive, without any denial,
'Twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendship's true trial*

Though hourly they quarrel thus, and roar each with other,

They fight you no more than does brother with brother,

*But friendly together, at the next man they meet,
They let fly their anger, as here you might see't*

Cokes Well, we have seen it, and thou hast felt it, whatsoever thou sayest What's next, what's next?

Leath *This while young Leander with fan Hero is drinking,*

*And Hero grown drunk to any man's thinking!
Yet was it not three pints of sherry could flaw her,
Till Cupid, distinguish'd like Jonas the drawer,
From under his apron, where his lechery lurks,
Put love in her sack. Now mark how it works*

Hero O Leander, Leander, my dear, my dear Leander,

I'll for ever be thy goose, so thou'lt be my gander

Cokes Excellently well said, Fiddle, she'll ever be his gose, so he'll be her gander, was't not so?

Leath Yes, sir, but mark his answer now

Lean *And sweetest of geese, before I go to bed,
I'll swim over the Thames, my goose, thee to tread*

Cokes Brave! he will swim over the Thames, and tread his goose to-night, he says

Leath Ay, peace, sir, they'll be angry if they

hear you eaves-dropping, now they are setting their match.

Lean. *But lest the Thames should be dunk, my goose, my dear friend,
Let thy window be provided of a candle's end.*

Hero. *Fear not, my gander, I protest I should handle
My matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.*

Lean. *Well then, look to't, and kiss me to boot.*

Leath. *Now here come the friends again, Pythias and Damon,
And under their clokes they have of bacon a gummon.*

Pythias. *Drawer, fill some wine here.*

Leath. *How, some wine there!*
There's company already, sir, pray forbear.

Damon. *'Tis Hero.*

Leath. *Yes, but she will not to be taken;
After sack and fresh-herring, with your Dunmow bacon.*

Pythias. *You lie, it's Westfabian.*

Leath. *Westphalian you should say.*

Damon. *If you hold not your peace, you are a coxcomb, I would say.*

[Leander and Hero kiss.
What's here, what's here? kiss, kiss, upon kiss!

Leath. *Ay, wherefore should they not? what harm is in this?*

'Tis mistress Hero.

Damon. *Mistress Hero's a whore.*

Leath. *Is she a whore? keep you quiet, or, sir, knave, out of door.*

Damon. *Knave out of door!*

Hero. *Yes, knave out of door.*

Damon. *Whore out of door.*

[They fall together by the ears.

Hero. *I say, knave out of door.*

Damon *I say, whore out of door*
 Pythias *Yea, so say I too*
 Hero *Kiss the whore o' the a—*
 Leath *Now you have something to do*
You must kiss her o' the a—, she says
 Damon and Pythias *So we will, so we will*
 [They kick her
 Hero *O my haunches, O my haunches, hold, hold*
 Leath *Stand'st thou still!*
 Leander, *where art thou? stand'st thou still like a sot,*
And not offer'st to break both their heads with a pot?
See who's at thine elbow there! puppet Jonas and
Cupid
 Jonas, *Upon 'em, Leander, be not so stupid*
 Lean *You goat-bearded slave!*
 Damon *You whore-master knave!* [They fight
 Lean *Thou art a whore-master*
 Jonas *Whore-masters all*
 Leath *See, Cupid with a word has tane up the*
brawl
 Knock *These be fine vapours!*
 Cokes *By this good day, they fight biavely*
do they not, Numps?
 Waspe *Yes, they lack'd but you to be their*
second all this while
 Leath *This tragical encounter falling out thus*
to busy us,
It uses up the ghost of their friend Dionysius,
Not like a monarch, but the master of a school,
In a scrivener's furr'd gown, which shews he is no
fool
For therein he hath wit enough to keep himself warm
O Damon, he cries, and Pythias, what harm
Hath poor Dionysius done you in his grave,
That after his death you should fall out thus and rave,
And call amorous Leander whore-master knave?

Damon. *I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it.*

Rabbi Busy rushes in.

Busy. Down with Dagon! down with Dagon! 'tis I, I will no longer endure your profanations.

Leath. What mean you, sir?

Busy. I will remove Dagon there, I say, that idol, that heathenish idol, that remains, as I may say, a beam, a very beam,—not a beam of the sun, nor a beam of the moon, nor a beam of a balance, neither a house-beam, nor a weaver's beam, but a beam in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beam, an exceeding great beam; such as are your stage-players, rimers, and morrice-dancers, who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the brethren, and the cause; and been born out by instruments of no mean countenance.

Leath. Sir, I present nothing but what is licensed by authority.

Busy. Thou art all license, even licentiousness itself, Shimei!

Leath. I have the master of the revels' hand for't, sir.

Busy. The master of the rebels' hand thou hast, Satan's! hold thy peace, thy scurrility, shut up thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it thou dost plead for Baal. I have long opened my mouth wide, and gaped; I have gaped as the oyster for the tide,¹ after thy

I have gaped as the oyster for the tide] A satire upon the low, familiar, and profane jargon of the Puritans in their public prayers and preachings. A specimen of it is given by Eachard, in his *Contempt of the Clergy*. "Our souls are constantly gaping after thee, O Lord, yea, verily, our souls do gape even as an oyster gapeth."

destruction but cannot compass it by suit or dispute, so that I look for a bickering, ere long, and then a battle ²

Knock Good Banbury vapours !

Cokes Friend, you'd have an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no man of the fist, he has friends that will to cuffs for him Numps, will not you take our side ?

Edg Sir, it shall not need, in my mind he offers him a fairer course, to end it by disputation hast thou nothing to say for thyself, in defence of thy quality ?

Leath Faith, sir, I am not well-studied in these controversies, between the hypocrites and us But here's one of my motion, puppet Dionysius, shall undertake him, and I'll venture the cause on't

Cokes Who, my hobby-horse ! will he dispute with him ?

Leath Yes, sir, and make a hobby-ass of him, I hope

Cokes That's excellent ! indeed he looks like the best scholar of them all Come, sir, you must be as good as your word now

Busy I will not fear to make my spirit and gifts known assist me zeal, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full !

Winw What a desperate, profane wretch is this ! is there any ignorance or impudence like his, to call his zeal to fill him against a puppet ?

Quar I know no fitter match than a puppet to commit with an hypocrite !

² *I look for a bickering ere long, andt hen a battle*] The Rabbi was gratified in both — All this proves how profoundly Jonson had entered into the views and expectations of this turbulent and aspiring race had his royal master understood them half so well, long years of calamity and disgrace might have been averted

Busy. First, I say unto thee, idol, thou hast no calling.

Dion. *You lie, I am call'd Dionysius.*

Leath. The motion says, you lie, he is call'd Dionysius in the matter, and to that calling he answers

Busy. I mean no vocation, idol, no present lawful calling.

Dion. *Is yours a lawful calling?*

Leath. The motion asketh, if yours be a lawful calling.

Busy. Yes, mine is of the spirit.

Dion. *Then idol is a lawful calling.*

Leath. He says, then idol is a lawful calling; for you call'd him idol, and your calling is of the spirit,

Cokes. Well disputed, hobby-horse.

Busy. Take not part with the wicked, young gallant he neigheth and hinneth;³ all is but hinnying sophistry. I call him idol again; yet, I say, his calling, his profession is profane, it is profane, idol.

Dion. *It is not profane.*

Leath. It is not profane, he says.

Busy. It is profane.

³ *He neigheth and hinneth, &c*] This is not much unlike the furious huist of zeal of *Hope-on-high Bomby*, against the hobby-horse. See vol. II. p. 51.

Dion. *It is not profane.*

⁴ *Busy.* *It is profane.*] Mr. Selden (see his *Table Talk*) observes on this passage, that the author intended satirically to express the vain disputes of the puritanical divines, by Inigo Lanthorn's disputing with a puppet in Bartholomew Fair: *It is so, it is not so It is so, it is not so* crying thus to one another a quarter of an hour together Mr. Selden quoted from memory, but this is the passage he meant WHAL.

Mr. Whalley adds, that Selden understood Inigo Jones to be meant by Lanthorn Leatherhead. It appears so; and yet it is

Dion *It is not profane*
 Busy *It is piofane*

evident that no jot of this ridiculous scene attaches to any part of his character. Jones was neither a theologian, nor a puppet-show man: he was a painter and an architect, and in one or other of these capacities, had Jonson meant to be severe on him, he would assuredly have been introduced. Selden had a very imperfect recollection of this scene: he confounds Lanthorn with Busy, &c. In a word, (to have done at once with the subject,) I am convinced that Jonson has been as unjustly treated in this, as in a hundred other instances, and charged with maligning those of whom he never thought. The fact is, that when a growing sense of propriety had driven the mysteries and moralities from the stage, the Vice and the Devil of those pieces, from whose grotesque extravagancies the vulgar could not be suddenly weaned, took refuge in the puppet shows, where they wantoned with serious subjects more indecently than before. Happily, all traces of these profane exhibitions have long been lost among us, but they are still found on the continent. I have seen, in one of the chief cities of France, the Crucifixion played by puppets, and though the sight was inexpressibly revolting, I could not perceive that the people, who were probably accustomed to it, were either shocked or disgusted. Against these monstrosities, then, as has been already observed, Jonson in the first place directed his satire, making it, at the same time, the vehicle of a well deserved attack on the blind zeal, hypocrisy, and ignorance of those unwearied persecutors of the stage, the Puritans.

But this was not all. It would seem that there was scarcely a regular play, of which some imitation was not performed by puppets. "I have seen," says a personage in an old play, "all our stories, (i. e. historical dramas), acted by mamets." and Decker tells us, that he saw *Julius Cæsar*, and the *Duke of Guise* in a puppet show, "villainous motions," he calls them; and, indeed, it is scarcely possible to name a popular event that was not taken up by these wooden competitors of the "quality." A ready guess may be formed at the ignorance and absurdities of these drolleries, and Jonson appears, in some measure, to have written his *Damon and Pythias* to expose and correct them. Hence the gross and vulgar language, the motley assemblage of characters, the ridiculous confusion of time and place, &c. in this laughable interlude. If the reader wishes to suppose that he also looked somewhat higher, and included a few of the minor theatres in his censurè, I have

Dion. *It is not profane.*

Leath. Well said, confute him with *Not*, still.
You cannot bear him down with your base noise,
sir.

Busy. Nor he me, with his treble creaking,
though he creak like the chariot wheels of Satan;
I am zealous for the cause——

no objection to it. The result of all this is, that his *Lan-thorn Leatherhead* is the representative of one of those depre-dators on the property of the regular stage, which he degraded, and thus *mixed his heels with other men's heads*, and that Inigo Jones, unless it can be proved that he ever *headed a company of players, and baited a fellow in a bear's skin*, (p. 448,) must be dismissed from *Bartholomew Fair*.

A word may yet be added on behalf of the poet. He has been, I trust, already exculpated from the absurd charge of *sneering* at Shakspeare, in his mention of *servant-monsters*, (p. 379,) but full justice cannot be done to him unless a reference be continually made to the real state of *Bartholomew Fair* in those times. An extract from an old treatise of this name, will shew that Jonson was no careless observer of the passing scene, and that he alludes, in almost every instance, to what had actually met his view. "Hither," (says this ancient tract,) "resort people of all sorts and conditions. Christ Church Cloisters are then hunge full of pictures. It is remarkable and worth your observation to beholde and heare the strange sights and confused noise in the Faire. Here a knave in a foole's coat," (this is our author's Arthur o'Bradley) "with a trumpet sounding, or on a drum bearing, invites you to see his puppets there a rogue like a wild woodman, or in an antick shape like an incubus, desires your company to view his motion, &c. &c., *Barthol. Faire*," 4to p. 5.

It is unnecessary to quote more, though there is much more to the purpose, but this is sufficient to prove the malice of the poet's enemies. It is manifest (exclusive of what appears in the notes on the Induction) that there really were *servant-monsters*, in *Bartholomew Fair*, though Jonson did not choose to introduce them into his drama, and that he might therefore venture to notice the circumstance without any disrespect to Shakspeare, who, like himself, might be indebted to the inventive talents of those "knaves," and whose Caliban perhaps appeared on the stage, "*in an antick shape, like an incubus*"

Leath As a dog for a bone

Busy And I say, it is profane, as being the page of *Pride*, and the waiting woman of *Vanity*

Dion Yea ! what say you to your tire-women, then ?

Leath Good

Dion Or feather-makers in the Friers,⁵ that are of your faction of faith ⁶ are not they with their perukes, and their puffs, their fans, and their huffs, as much pages of *Pride*, and waiters upon *Vanity* ? What say you, what say you, what say you ?

Busy I will not answer for them

Dion Because you cannot, because you cannot Is a bugle-maker a lawful calling ? or the confection-makers ? such you have there, or your French fashioners ? you would have all the sin within yourselves, would you not, would you not ?

Busy No, Dagon

Dion What then, Dagonet ? is a puppet worse than these ?

Busy Yes, and my main argument against you is, that you are an abomination, for the male, among you, putteth on the apparel of the female,⁶ and the female of the male

⁵ Or feather-makers in the Friers, &c] See vol II p 466
This is a home-thrust

⁶ The male among you putteth on the apparel of the female, &c] This was, as Jonson says, the old stale argument against the players, for it had been urged with great bitterness, by Stubbs, and other Puritans of Elizabeth's days, and recently enforced with illiberal vehemence on the strength of some ill-understood passages of Scripture. It appears from Hawkins, that many difficulties were encountered at Cambridge, (which then abounded in Puritans,) in procuring proper persons to act the parts of Surda, Rosabella, &c solely from the unwillingness of the students to put on a female dress, which, they affirmed, it was unlawful for a man to wear. The worst is, that when women appeared in female characters, the objectors were not a jot better satisfied than before.

Dion. *You lie, you lie, you lie abominably.*

Cokes. Good, by my troth, he has given him the lie thrice.

Dion. *It is your old stale argument against the players, but it will not hold against the puppets; for we have neither male nor female amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeal as thou art* ¹ [Takes up his garment.

Edg. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, fiend, a plain demonstration.

Dion. *Nay, I'll prove, against e'er a Rabbi of them all, that my standing is as lawful as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I have as little to do with learning as he, and do scorn her helps as much as he."*

Busy. I am confuted,¹ the cause hath failed me.

Dion. *Then be converted, be converted."*

Leath. Be converted, I pray you, and let the play go on ¹

Busy. Let it go on; for I am changed, and will become a beholder with you.

Cokes. That's brave, i'faith, thou hast carried it away, hobby-horse; on with the play.

Over. [*discovering himself.*] Stay, now do I forbid; I am Adam Overdo ¹ sit still, I charge you.

¹ *I am confuted, &c*] It appears from D'Ufey that this defeat of the Rabbi, was a source of infinite delight to the audience. The triumph of Dionysius, however, was of a transient nature, and he was *confuted*, in his turn, with more effectual weapons than those of "demonstrations." This is beautifully touched by Iord Buckhurst, in the epilogue to *Tartuffe*.

"Many have been the vain attempts of wit
Against the still prevailing hypocrit:
Once, and but once, a poet got the day,
And vanquish'd Busy in a puppet-play!
But Busy rallying, fill'd with holy rage,
Possess'd the pulpit, and pull'd down the stage."

Cokes. What, my brother in law!

Grace My wise guardian!

Edg Justice Overdo!

Over It is time to take enormity by the forehead, and brand it, for I have discovered enough

Enter QUARLOUS in Troubleall's clothes, as before,
and Dame PURECRAFT

Quar Nay, come, mistress bride, you must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me, in truth. I have here justice Overdo for it.

Over Peace, good Troubleall, come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too, you also, young man, [*to EDGWORTH*] shall be my care, stand there.

Edg Now, mercy upon me.

Knock Would we were away, Whit, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds, for fear o' the cage. [*They attempt to steal away*]

Over Stay, is not my name your terror?

Whit Yesh fait, man, and it ish for tat we would be gone, man.

Enter LITTLEWIT.

Lit O, gentlemen! did you not see a wife of mine? I have lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted, my little pretty Win. I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the pig-woman's, with captain Jordan, and captain Whit, very good men, and I cannot hear of her. Poor fool, I fear she's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see Win?

Over If this grave matron be your mother, sir, stand by her, *et digito compesce labellum*, I

may perhaps spring a wife for you anon. Brother Bartholomew, I am sadly sorry to see you so lightly given, and such a disciple of enormity, with your grave governor Humphrey. but stand you both there; in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your course. Mistress Giace, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.

Winw. Pardon me, sir, I am a kinsman of hers.

Over. Are you so! of what name, sir?

Winw. Winwife, sir.

Over. Master Winwife! I hope you have won no wife of her, sir; if you have, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leisure. Now, to my enormities: look upon me, O London! and see me, O Smithfield! the example of justice, and Mirrour of Magistrates, the true top of formality, and scourge of enormity. Harken unto my labours, and but observe my discoveries; and compare Hercules with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or Columbus, Magellan, or our countryman Drake, of later times. Stand forth, you weeds of enormity, and spread. First, Rabbi Busy, thou superlunatical hypocrite;—[*to Leatherhead.*] Next thou other extiemity, thou profane professor of puppetry, little better than poetry — [to *Whit.*] Then thou strong debaucher and seducer of youth, witness this easy and honest young man, [*pointing to Edge.*]—[*to Knock.*] Now, thou esquire of dames, madams, and twelve-penny ladies;—Now, my green madam herself of the price; let me unmask your ladyship.

[*discovers Mrs. Lat.*]

Lat. O my wife, my wife, my wife!

Over. Is she your wife? *redde te Harpocratem.*